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COBBETT'S
TOUR IN SCOTLAND;

AND IN THE FOUR

NORTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND:

IN THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR

1832.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT,
M. P. FOR OLDHAM.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT 11, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET;
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DEDICATION.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE BOROUGH OF OLDHAM,
IN LANCASHIRE.

MY FRIENDS,

I beg you to receive this little book, the first that I have published since you did me the honour to choose me to be one of your representatives in the House of Commons; I beg you to accept of it as a mark of the sincerity of my gratitude towards you, as a mark of my admiration of your sense and of your public virtue; and, moreover, I beg you to accept of it as containing a record of the patriotic sentiments of the people of Scotland, and of the approbation, which they, beforehand, gave to that choice which you have made. The old and sound maxim, with all oppressors, is, "*Divide and oppress*;" and, the oppressions, which this kingdom (formerly three kingdoms) has so long had to endure, have, in a great measure, arisen from the means which have been found for acting upon that crafty and malignant maxim. These means have been afforded

by the *prejudices*, which arose from the innumerable *falsehoods* (many of which have become proverbs), which have been sedulously propagated and perpetuated by those who found their own interest in the oppressing of us. To be powerful and free; to be able to beat down all oppressors beneath our feet, *cordial union* amongst us all is the only thing wanted; but, to secure that happy union, we must first *know one another well*; and, that you may well know our brethren of Scotland; that you may well know what they and their country are; that the latter is by no means that which we have hitherto thought it to be; and that they themselves are worthy of our highest esteem, and of our warmest affection, the following pages are sent forth to the world, and are addressed in a more particular manner to you, by

Your faithful friend,

And most obedient Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

London, 28. Dec. 1832.

P R E F A C E.

THE publication of this TOUR has been put off longer than I could have wished. I intended to put it to the press immediately on my return from Scotland to London, which return took place on the 23rd of November; but, upon my arrival in London, I found, that the Parliament would be dissolved in a week or ten days from that time; that I must be compelled to go very soon back to Lancashire; and I found so much business upon my hands, during the short space between my return to London and the day of the dissolution of Parliament, that it was impossible for me to find time even for the writing of this short preface, and for attending to the sheets of the work as would have gone through the press.

With regard to THE MATTER contained in this little book, it consists, as the reader is already apprised, of a record of my observations, made

during the TOUR described in the title-page; and also of a record of transactions, rather of a political nature, in which I myself was a principal actor. I have inserted the divers parts, according to the date of the place and time, at which, and when, they were first written. In giving an account of the reception which I met with on my *Tour*, I have thought, that justice to myself as well as to my friends required, that I should preserve the several addresses presented to me, without leaving out even the names which were signed to them. There can be no doubt that every one who signed any one of these addresses will be pleased to see his name thus recorded, more especially as he thus put down his name before the event which has lately taken place at OLDHAM.

In some few instances I have made small alterations, of a verbal nature, and here and there I have enlarged my observations and statements of facts; but, generally speaking, I have not found it necessary to make alterations or additions in the part which was already written. I have made what I deem a very interesting *addition* relative to the resources of the *Highlands* of Scotland, and their comparative value

with some parts of England; and this addition seemed to me to be necessary, in order to give my readers something like correct notions with regard to that part of the kingdom, which has always been so greatly undervalued, not only by Englishmen, but by all the rest of the world.

The MOTIVES to the making of this publication, are, to communicate to everybody, as far as I am able, correct notions relative to Scotland; its soil; its products; its state, as to the well-being or ill-being of the people; but, above all things, it is my desire, to assist in doing justice to the character, political as well as moral, public as well as private, national as well as social, of our brethren in that very much misrepresented part of the kingdom. This is a duty particularly incumbent upon me; for, though I never have carried my notions of the sterility and worthlessness of Scotland, and of the niggardly character of its inhabitants, to the extent which many others have; though I have, in reprobating the conduct of the "*booing*" *pro-consular feelosofers*, always made them an exception in favour of the *people* of Scotland; though I have always done this, still, I could not prevent myself from imbibing,

in some degree, the prejudices, which a long train of causes, beginning to operate nearly a thousand years ago, have implanted in the minds of Englishmen; though I had intimately known, for many years, such great numbers of Scotchmen, for whom I had the greatest regard, still the prejudices, the false notions, lay lurking in my mind; and, in spite of my desire always to do justice towards everybody, the injustice would slip out, even without my perceiving it. In any other man it would have been of some importance that these erroneous notions should be corrected; but, in me, whose writings, I might fairly presume, extended to every part of the civilized world, it became of very great importance; and it became my bounden duty to do that justice, which I have endeavoured to do in the following pages; and to make, by a true statement of facts, derived from ocular proof, that atonement for past errors, which I have in these pages endeavoured to make.

From how many pairs of English lips have I heard the exclamation: "Good God! who would have thought that Scotland was such a country! What monstrous lies we have been told about that coun-

“try and people!” And, which has pleased me exceedingly, not one man have I met with to whom the discovery does not seem to have given delight. If I had before wanted a motive to give further extension to my account of Scotland, these exclamations would have been motives sufficient; for, they would have proved, that bare justice demanded that, which, by this publication, I am now endeavouring to do.

Were it *possible*, that either this statement of motives, or that any part of the work itself, could be, by even the most perverse of human beings, ascribed to any desire on my part to curry favour with the SCOTCH, or to any selfish desire whatsoever; were this only possible, I am afraid, that I should not have had the courage to make this statement; but, as this is completely impossible, I make it as being the just due of the people of Scotland, for whose well-being, whose honour, whose prosperity, whose lasting peace and happiness, I have as great a regard, as I have for the well-being, prosperity and happiness of those who inhabit the spot where I myself was born.

WM. COBBETT.

London, 28. Dec. 1832.

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COBBETT'S TOUR,

&c.

PROGRESS IN THE NORTH.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 23. September, 1832.

FROM BOLTON, in Lancashire, I came, through BURY and ROCHDALE, to TODMORDEN, on the evening of Tuesday, the 18. September. I have formerly described the valley of TODMORDEN as the most curious and romantic that was ever seen, and where the water and the coal seem to be engaged in a struggle for getting foremost in point of utility to man. On the 19. I stayed all day at Todmorden to write and to sleep. On the 20. I set off for LEEDS by the stage-coach, through HALIFAX and BRADFORD, and as to *agriculture*, certainly the poorest country that I have ever set my eyes on, except that miserable *Nova Scotia*, where there are the townships of HORTON and of WILMOT, and whither the sensible suckling statesman, Lord HOWICK, is wanting to send English country girls, lest they should breed if they stay in England! This country, from TODMORDEN to LEEDS, is, however, covered over with population, and the two towns of HALIFAX and BRADFORD are exceedingly populous. There appears to be nothing produced by the earth but the natural grass of the country,

which, however, is not bad. The soil is a sort of a yellow-looking, stiffish stuff, lying about a foot thick, upon a bed of rocky stone, lying upon solid rock beneath. The grass does not seem to burn here; nor is it bad in quality; and all the grass appears to be wanted to rear milk for this immense population, which absolutely covers the whole face of the country. The only grain crops that I saw were those of very miserable oats; some of which were cut and carried; some standing in *shock*, the sheaves not being more than about a foot and a half long; some still standing, and some yet *nearly green*. The land is very high from HALIFAX to BRADFORD, and proportionably cold. Here are some of those "Yorkshire hills" that they see from Lancashire and Cheshire.

I got to Leeds about four o'clock, and went to bed at eight precisely. At five in the morning of the 21st, I came off by the coach to NEWCASTLE, through HARROWGATE, RIPON, DARLINGTON, and DURHAM. As I never was in this part of the country before, and can, therefore, never have described it upon any former occasion, I shall say rather more about it now than I otherwise should do. Having heard and read so much about the "Northern harvest;" about the "Durham ploughs," and the "Northumberland system of husbandry," what was my surprise at finding, which I verily believe to be the fact, that there is not as much corn grown in the North-Riding of Yorkshire, which begins at Ripon, and in the whole county of Durham, as is grown in the Isle of Wight alone. A very small part, comparatively speaking, is *arable* land; and all the outward appearances show, that that which is arable was formerly pasture. Between DURHAM and NEWCASTLE there is a pretty general division of the land into grass fields and corn fields; but, even here, the absence of *homesteads*, the absence of barns, and of labourers' cottages, clearly show, that agriculture is a sort of novelty; and that nearly all was

pasturage not many years ago, or at any rate, only so much of the land was cultivated as was necessary to furnish straw for the horses kept for other purposes than those of agriculture, and oats for those horses, and bread corn sufficient for the graziers and their people. All along the road from LEEDS to DURHAM I saw hardly any wheat at all, or any wheat stubble, no barley, the chief crops being oats and beans mixed with peas. These everywhere appeared to be what we should deem most miserable crops. The oats, tied up in sheaves, or yet uncut, were scarcely ever more than two feet and a half long, the beans were about the same height, and in both cases the land is so full of grass, as to appear to be a *pasture*, after the oats and the beans were cut.

The land appears to be divided into very extensive farms. The corn when cut, you see put up into little stacks of a circular form, each containing about *three* of our southern wagon-loads of sheaves, which stacks are put up round about the stone house and the buildings of the farmer. How they thrash them out I do not know, for I could see nothing resembling a barn, or a barn's door. By the corn being put into such small stacks, I should suppose the thrashing places to be very small, and capable of holding only one stack at a time. I have many times seen one single rick containing a greater quantity of sheaves than *fifteen or twenty of these stacks*; and I have seen more than twenty stacks, each containing a number of sheaves equal to, at least, fifteen of these stacks; I have seen more than twenty of these large stacks, standing at one and the same time, in one single homestead in Wiltshire. I should not at all wonder if TOM BARING's farmers at MICHELDEN had a greater bulk of wheat-stacks standing now than any one would be able to find, of that grain especially, in the whole of the North-Riding of Yorkshire, and in one half of Durham.

But this by no means implies that there are beggarly coun-

ties, even exclusive of their waters, coals, quarries and mines. They are not *agricultural* counties; they are not counties for the producing of bread, but they are counties made for the express purpose of producing meat; in which respect they excel the southern counties, in a degree beyond all comparison. I have just spoken of the *beds of grass* that are everywhere seen after the oats and beans have been cut. Grass is the natural produce of this land, which seems to have been made on purpose to produce it; and we are not to call land *poor* because it will produce nothing but meat. The size and shape of the fields, the sort of fences, the absence of homesteads and labourers' cottages, the thinness of the country churches, everything shows that this was always a country purely of pasturage. It is curious, that, belonging to every farm, there appears to be a *large quantity of turnips*. They are sowed in drills, cultivated between, beautifully clean, very large in the bulb, even now, and apparently having been *sowed early in June if not in May*. They are generally the white globe turnip, here and there a field of the Swedish kind. These turnips are not fed off by sheep and followed by crops of barley and clover, as in the South, but are raised, I suppose, for the purpose of being carried in and used in the feeding of oxen, which have come off the grass lands in October and November. These turnip lands seem to take all the manure of the farm; and, as the reader will perceive, they are merely an adjunct to the pasturage, serving, during the winter, instead of hay, wherewith to feed the cattle of various descriptions.

This, then, is not a country of farmers, but a country of graziers; a country of pasture, and not a country of the plough; and those who formerly managed the land here were not husbandmen, but herdsmen. FORTESCUE was, I dare say, a native of this country; for he describes England as a country of shepherds and herdsmen, not working so very hard as the people of France did, having more leisure for

contemplation, and, therefore, more likely to form a just estimate of their rights and duties : and he describes them as having, at all times, in their houses, plenty of flesh to eat, and plenty of woollen to wear. St. AUGUSTINE, in writing to the Pope an account of the character and conduct of his converts in England, told him that he found the English an exceedingly good and generous people ; but that they had one fault, their fondness for flesh-meat was so great, and their resolution to have it so determined, that he could not get them to abstain from it, even on the fast-days ; and that he was greatly afraid that they would return to their state of horrible heathenism, rather than submit to the discipline of the church in this respect. The Pope, who had more sense than the greater part of bishops have ever had, wrote for answer : “ Keep them within the pale of the church, at any rate, even if they slaughter their oxen in the church-yards : let them make shambles of the churches, rather than suffer the devil to carry away their souls.” The taste of our fathers was by no means for the potato ; for the “ nice *mealy* potato.” The Pope himself would not have been able to induce them to carry “ *cold potatoes in their bags*” to the plough-field, as was, in evidence before the special commissions, proved to have been the common practice in Hampshire and Wiltshire, and which had been before proved by evidence taken by unfeeling committees of the borough-monger House of Commons. Faith ! these old papas of ours would have burnt up not only the stacks, but the ground itself, rather than have lived upon miserable roots, while those who raised none of the food were eating up all the bread and the meat. BROUGHAM and BIRKBECK, and the rest of the Malthusian crew, are constantly at work preaching *content to the hungry and the naked*. To be sure, they themselves, however, are not content to be hungry and naked. Amongst other things, they tell the working-people

that the working-folks, especially in the North, used to have no bread, except such as was made of oats and of barley. That was better than potatoes, even the "*nice mealy ones*;" especially when carried cold to the field in a bag. But these literary impostors, these deluders, as far as they are able to delude; these vagabond authors, who thus write and publish for the purpose of persuading the working-people to be quiet, while they suck luxuries and riches out of the fruit of their toil; these literary impostors take care not to tell the people, that these oat-cakes and this barley-bread were always associated with great lumps of *flesh-meat*; they forget to tell them this, or rather these *half-mad*, perverse, and perverting literary impostors suppress the facts for reasons far too manifest to need stating.

The cattle here are the most beautiful by far that I ever saw. The sheep are very handsome; but the horned cattle are the prettiest creatures that my eyes ever beheld. My sons will recollect, that, when they were little boys, I took them to see the "*DURHAM OX*," of which they drew the picture, I dare say, a hundred times. That was upon a large scale, to be sure, the model of all these beautiful cattle: short horns, strait back, a taper neck, very small in proportion where it joins on to the small and handsome head, deep dewlap, small boned in the legs, hoop-ribbed, square-hipped, tail slender. A great part of them are white, or approaching very nearly to white: they all appear to be half fat, cows and oxen and all; and the meat from them is said to be, and I believe it is, as fine as that from Lincolnshire, Herefordshire, Romney Marsh, or Pevensy Level; and I am ready, at any time, to swear, if need be, that one pound of it fed upon this grass is worth more, to me at least, than any ten pounds or twenty pounds fed upon oil-cake, or the stinking stuff of distilleries; aye, or even upon turnips. This is all *grass-land*, even from Staffordshire to this point. In its very nature it produces grass that fattens. The little

producing-land that there is even in the South of Lancashire and the West-Riding of Yorkshire, produces grass that would fatten an ox, though the land be upon *the tops of hills*. Every-where, where there is a sufficiency of grass, it will fatten an ox; and well do we Southern people know, that, except in mere vales and meadows, we have no land that will do this; we know that we might put an ox up to his eyes in *our grass*, and that it would only just keep him from *growing worse*: we know that we are obliged to have *turnips and meal* and cabbages and parsnips and potatoes, and then, with some of our hungry hay for them to *pick their teeth with*, we make shift to put fat upon an ox. Yet, so much are we like the beasts, which, in the fable, came before Jupiter to ask him to endow them with faculties incompatible with their divers frames and divers degrees of strength, that we, in this age of "*vaunt improvements, Ma'um*," are always hankering after laying fields down in pasture, in the South, while these fellows in the North, as if resolved to rival us in "*improvement*" and perverseness, must needs break up their pasture-lands, and proclaim defiance to the will of Providence, and, instead of rich pasture, present to the eye of the traveller half-green starveling oats and peas, some of them in blossom in the last week of September. The land, itself, the earth, of its own accord, as if resolved to vindicate the decrees of its Maker, sends up grass under these miserable crops, as if to punish them for their intrusion; and, when the crops are off, there comes a pasture, at any rate, in which the grass, like that of Herefordshire and Lincolnshire, is not (as it is in our Southern counties) mixed with weeds; but, standing upon the ground as thick as the earth can bear it, and fattening everything that eats of it, it forbids the perverse occupier to tear it to pieces. Such is the land of this country; all to the North of Cheshire, at any rate, leaving out the East-Riding of York-

shire and Lincolnshire, which are adapted for corn in some spots and for cattle in others.

These Yorkshire and Durham cows are to be seen in great numbers in and about London, where they are used for the purpose of giving milk, of which I suppose they give great quantities; but it is always an observation that, if you have these cows you must *keep them exceedingly well*; and this is very true: for, upon the food which does very well for the common cows of Hampshire and Surrey, they would dwindle away directly and be good for nothing at all; and these sheep, which are as beautiful as even imagination could make them, so round and so loaded with flesh, would actually perish upon those downs and in those folds, where our innumerable flocks not only live but fatten so well, and with such facility are made to produce us such quantities of fine mutton and such bales of fine wool. There seems to be something in the soil and climate, and particularly in the soil, to create everywhere a sort of cattle and of sheep fitted to it; Dorsetshire and Somersetshire have sheep different from all others, and the nature of which it is to have their lambs in the fall instead of having them in the spring. I remember, that, when I was amongst the villages on the COTSWOLD-HILLS, in Gloucestershire, they showed me their sheep, in several places, which are a stout big-boned sheep. They told me, that many attempts had been made to cross them with the small-boned Leicester breed, but that it had never succeeded, and that the race always got back to the COTSWOLD breed immediately.

Before closing these rural remarks, I cannot help calling to the mind of the reader an observation of LORD JOHN SCOTT ELDON, who, at a time when there was a great complaint about "*agricultural distress*" and about the fearful increase of the poor-rates, said, "that there was no such distress in *Northumberland*, and no such increase

"of the poor-rates:" and so said my dignitary, Dr. BLACK, at the same time: and this, this wise lord, and this not less wise dignitary of mine, ascribed to "the bad practice" of the farmers o' the Sooth paying the labourers their "wages out of the poor-rates, which was not the practice in "the North." I thought that they were telling what the children call *stories*; but I now find that these observations of theirs arose purely from that want of knowledge of the country, which was, and is, common to them both. Why, LORD JOHN, there are no such persons here as we call farmers, and no such persons as we call farm-labourers. From CHESHIRE to NEWCASTLE, I have never seen *one single labourer's cottage by the side of the road!* Oh, Lord! if the good people of this country could but see the endless strings of vine-covered cottages and flower-gardens of the labourers of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire; if they could go down the vale of the AVON in Wiltshire, from *Marlborough* Forest to the city of SALISBURY, and there see *thirty* parish churches in a distance of thirty miles; if they could go from that city of SALISBURY up the valley of WYLLY to WARMINSTER, and there see *one-and-thirty* churches in the space of twenty-seven miles; if they could go upon the top of the down, as I did not far (I think it was) from ST. MARY COTFORD, and there have under the eye, in the valley below, *ten parish churches within the distance of eight miles*, see the downs covered with innumerable flocks of sheep, water meadows running down the middle of the valley, while the sides rising from it were covered with corn, sometimes a hundred acres of wheat in one single piece, while the stack-yards were still well stored from the previous harvest; if JOHN SCOTT ELDON's countrymen could behold these things, their quick-sightedness would soon discover why poor-rates should have increased in the SOUTH and not in the NORTH; and, though their liberality would suggest an

apology for my dignity, Dr. BLACK, who was freighted to London in a smack, and has ever since been impounded in the STRAND, relieved now and then by an excursion to BLACKHEATH or CLAPHAM COMMON; to find an apology, for their countryman, Lord JOHN, would be putting their liberality to an uncommonly severe test; for he, be it known to them, has chosen his country abode, not in the STRAND like my less-informed dignity, Dr. BLACK, nor, in his native regions in the North; but has, in the beautiful county of DORSET, amidst valleys and downs precisely like those of Wiltshire, got as near to the sun as he could possibly get, and there, from the top of his mansion he can see a score of churches, and from his lofty and ever-green downs, and from his fat valleys beneath, he annually sends his flocks of long-tailed ewes to APPLESHAW fair, thence to be sold to all the southern parts of the kingdom, having L. E. marked upon their beautiful wool; and, like the two factions at MAIDSTONE, all tarred with the same brush. It is curious, too, notwithstanding the old maxim, that we all try to get as nearly as possible in our old age to the spot whence we first sprang, that Lord JOHN's brother WILLIAM (who has some title that I have forgotten) has taken up his quarters on the healthy and I say beautiful COTSWOLDS of Gloucestershire, where, in going in a post-chaise from STOWE-IN-THE-WOLD to CIRENCESTER, I thought I should never get by the wall of his park; and I exclaimed to Mr. DEAN, who was along with me, "Curse this North-umbrian ship-broker's son, he has got one-half of the 'county;" and then all the way to CIRENCESTER I was explaining to Mr. DEAN *how the man had got his money*, at which DEAN, who is a Roman Catholic, seemed to me to be ready to cross himself several times.

No, there is no apology for Lord JOHN's observations on the difference between the poor-rates of the South and those of the North. To go from London to his country-houses, he

must go across Surrey and Hampshire, along one of the vales of Wiltshire, and *one of the vales* of Dorsetshire, in which latter county he has many a time seen in one single large field, *a hundred wind-mows* (stacks made in the field, in order that the corn may get quite dry before it be put into great stacks); he has many a time seen, on one farm, two or three hundred of these, each of which was very nearly as big as the stacks which you see in the stack-yards of the North-Riding of Yorkshire and of Durham, where a large farm seldom produces more than ten or a dozen of these stacks, and where the farmer's property consists of his cattle and sheep, and where little, very little, agricultural labour is wanted. Lord JOHN ought to have known the cause of the great difference, and not to have suffered such nonsense to come out of a head covered with so very large a wig.

I looked with particular care on the sides of the road all the way through Yorkshire and Durham. The distance, altogether, from OLDHAM in Lancashire to NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, is about a hundred and fifty miles; and, leaving out the *great* towns, I did not see so many churches as are to be seen in any twenty miles of any of the valleys of Wiltshire. All these things prove that these are by nature counties of pasturage, and that they were formerly used solely for that purpose. It is curious that there are none of those lands here which we call "*meadows*." The rivers run in *deep beds*, and have generally very steep sides; no little rivulets and occasional overflowings that make the meadows in the South, which are so very beautiful, but the grass in which is not of the rich nature that the grass is in these counties in the North: it will produce milk enough, but it will not produce beef. It is hard to say which part of the country is the most valuable gift of God; but every one must see how perverse and injurious it is to endeavour to produce in the one that which nature has intended to confine to the other. After all the unnatural efforts that have

been made here to ape the farming of Norfolk and Suffolk, it is only *playing at farming*, as stupid and "loyal" parents used to set their children *to play at soldiers during the last war*. If any of these sensible men of NEWCASTLE were to see the farming in the South downs, and to see, as I saw in the month of July last, four teams of large oxen, six in a team, all ploughing in one field in preparation for wheat, and several pairs of horses, in the same field, dragging, harrowing, and rolling, and had seen on the other side of the road, from five to six quarters of wheat standing upon the acre, and from nine to ten quarters of oats, standing alongside of it, each of the two fields from fifty to a hundred statute acres; if any of these sensible men of NEWCASTLE could see these things, they would laugh at the childish work that they see going on here under the name of farming; the very sight would make them feel how imperious is the duty on the lawgiver to prevent distress from visiting the fields, and to take care that those whose labour produced all the food and all the raiment, shall not be fed upon potatoes and covered with rags; contemplating the important effects of their labour, each man of them would say as I said when this mean and savage faction had me at my trial, "I would see all these labourers hanged, and be hanged along with them, rather than see them live upon potatoes."

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 24. September, 1832.

Since writing the above I have had an opportunity of receiving information from a very intelligent gentleman of this county, who tells me, that in Northumberland there are some lands which bear very heavy crops of wheat; that the agriculture in this county is a great deal better than it is farther south; that, however, it was a most lamentable thing that the paper-money price of corn tempted so many men to break up these fine pastures; that the turf thus destroyed

cannot be restored, probably in a whole century ; that the land does not now, with present prices, yield a clear profit, anything like what it would have yielded in the pasture ; and that thus was destroyed the *goose with the golden eggs*. Just so was it with regard to the *downs* in the south and the west of England, where there are hundreds of thousands of acres, where the turf was the finest in the world, broken up for the sake of the paper-money prices, but now left to be *downs again* ; and which will not be *downs* for more than a century to come. Thus did this accursed paper-money cause even the fruitful qualities of the earth to be anticipated, and thus was the soil made *worth less* than it was before the accursed invention appeared ! This gentleman told me, that this breaking up of the pasture-land in this country had made the land, though covered again with artificial grasses, *unhealthy for sheep* ; and he gave as an instance the facts, that three farmers purchased a hundred and fifty sheep each, *out of the same flock* ; that two of them, who put their sheep upon these recently broken-up lands, *lost their whole flocks by the rot*, with the exception of *four* in the one case and *four* in the other, out of the three hundred : and that the third farmer, who put his sheep upon the old pastures, and kept them there, *lost not a single sheep out of the hundred and fifty* ! These, ever accursed paper-money, are amongst thy destructive effects !

I shall now, laying aside for the present these rural affairs, turn to the politics of this fine, opulent, solid, beautiful, and important town. With respect, however, to matters in which I myself have been and am concerned, and in giving account of which it will not be necessary for me to speak of the character or conduct of other parties, I am at liberty to proceed freely ; and, indeed, justice to myself, justice to my friends, and justice to our cause, demand of me that I discharge this duty without loss of time.

I have to relate then, that, while at MANCHESTER, I

received an invitation to lodge while here, at the house of a friend, of whom I shall have to speak more fully hereafter; that every demonstration of respect and kindness met me at the door of the coach in which I came from LEEDS, on Friday, the 21. September; that in the early part of Saturday, the 22. a deputation of gentlemen, with Mr. LARKIN, the surgeon, at their head, waited upon me with an *address*, which I shall presently insert. Let the readers, in my native county and parish, remember, that I am now at the end of thirty years of calumnies poured out incessantly upon me from the poisonous mouths and pens of three hundred mercenary villains, called newspaper editors and reporters; that I have written and published more than a hundred volumes in those thirty years; and that more than a thousand volumes (chiefly paid for out of the taxes) have been written and published for the sole purpose of impeding the progress of those truths that dropped from my pen; that my whole life has been a life of sobriety and labour; that I have invariably shown that I loved and honoured my country, and that I preferred its greatness and happiness far beyond my own; that, at four distinct periods, I might have rolled in wealth derived from the public money, which I always refused on any account to touch; that, for having thwarted this Government in its wastefulness of the public resources, and particularly for my endeavours to produce that reform of the Parliament which the Government itself has at last been compelled to resort to; that, for having acted this zealous and virtuous part, I have been twice stripped of all my earnings by the acts of this Government; once lodged in a felon's jail for two years, and once driven into exile for two years and a half; and that, after all, here I am on a spot within a hundred miles of which I never was before in my life; and here I am receiving the unsolicited applause of men amongst the most intelligent in the whole kingdom, and the names of some of whom have been pronounced

accompanied with admiration, even to the southernmost edge of the kingdom.

The ADDRESS, which was preceded by a speech of Mr. LARKIN, was delivered to me printed on *white satin*; and I will take care that it shall be preserved in a suitable manner, not only for my life-time, but for the life of one, at least, that shall come after me. Upon occasions like this I always think what base and degenerate dogs those must be, who, while the world is looking at them with scorn, can crawl upon their bellies to obtain marks of approbation from ministers and kings. I will now insert first, the speech of Mr. LARKIN, and then the address, together with all the signatures, being well assured that my excellent friends in LONDON, at OLDHAM, at MANCHESTER, and everywhere else, will think this the best answer to be given to the sneaking and base PRIGS of MANCHESTER, and to their not less base instigators at WESTMINSTER.

MR. LARKIN'S SPEECH.

TO MR. COBBETT.

" SIR,—I am deputed by the gentlemen who have signed
 " this address, an address of congratulation on your arrival
 " in this town, to present it to you. To me this is an office
 " which I perform with sentiments of pride and gratification
 " which language is inadequate to express; and I embrace
 " with eagerness the opportunity it affords of acknowledging
 " the deep debt of gratitude which, as a Catholic, I owe to
 " the historian of the Protestant Reformation. Sir, you
 " conclude your English Grammar with the following sentences of advice to your son: ' Never esteem men merely
 " ' on account of their riches or their station. Respect
 " ' goodness, find it where you may. Honour talent where-
 " ' ever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honour it

“ ‘most when accompanied with exertion, and especially
“ ‘when exerted in the cause of truth and justice; and,
“ ‘above all things, hold it in honour when it steps forward
“ ‘to protect defenceless innocence against the attacks of
“ ‘powerful guilt.’ We, sir, on this occasion are actuated
“ precisely by the sentiments you have so well expressed in
“ these beautiful lines. In you we honour talent not only
“ unassociated with vice, but attended with great virtues;
“ not only attended with great virtues, but accompanied
“ with great exertions; not only accompanied with great
“ exertions, but with exertions that have uniformly been in
“ the cause of truth and justice; and, above all things, we
“ honour you, because you have never failed to step forward
“ to protect defenceless innocence against powerful guilt.
“ To us it is peculiarly pleasing to have this opportunity of
“ laying before you our unaffected sentiments of admiration
“ and esteem, because in addressing you we cannot be
“ suspected of flattery, nor accused of hypocrisy. You,
“ sir, have not riches, nor places, nor pensions, nor honours,
“ nor stars, nor ribands, nor garters, at your disposal; what
“ motive then can we have in presenting an address to you
“ but that of giving expression to our feeling in the sim-
“ plicity and sincerity of our hearts? You have made not
“ only individuals, but a nation your debtor. There is not
“ one of us who has not personally experienced the advan-
“ tages of your exertions. In your admirable Grammars
“ of the French and English languages, what useful in-
“ struction and how pleasingly conveyed! in your ‘Advice
“ to Young Men,’ what excellent lessons, and what in-
“ centives to virtue and independence! in your agricultural
“ works, what knowledge of rural affairs! in your ‘Cottage
“ Economy,’ what knowledge of domestic concerns! in
“ your *Political Register*, what knowledge of the economy
“ of nations! In these works what a versatility and variety
“ of talent do we behold! What evidence of a mind at

"once comprehensive and minute in its views, embracing
"things of vast and gigantic magnitude, and not disdaining
"those that appear little and unimportant. We are proud
"of you as our countryman; and regard with admiration
"a genius that has elevated you from the guidance of the
"plough to a fitness to guide a kingdom. I have now, sir,
"the honour to read to you the following address."

He then put the address into my hands, which I received
with greater pride than I ever received anything in my life;
and as I knew nothing of what the address was to be, I
returned a short extempore answer, which I am afraid was
a very awkward affair, compared with the matter as well as
with the manner of that which had been uttered by
Mr. LARKIN.

THE ADDRESS.

"SIR,—We, the undersigned, gladly take this oppor-
"tunity, by many of us long desired, of conveying to you
"our respect and our congratulations on your arrival in this
"town. We respect you, sir, less for the unrivalled talent
"of your writings than for the utility of those writings,
"especially regarding them as directed to better the con-
"dition and improve the minds of the labouring class;
"that class, which, if honours were rightly distributed,
"ought to be held the highest, as all the rest depend upon
"it. There is, however, sir, another feature of your
"writings, in our eyes, even more important than that to
"which we have just alluded; your strictures upon the
"money affairs, or currency of this great kingdom. In your
"views on this most momentous matter you have, in our
"opinion, been right from first to last; and so deeply and
"thoroughly convinced are we of the truth of your
"doctrines, that we embrace this opportunity of declaring,
"that on one essential point we take your advice. We
"declare, sir, (and your reasonings are the cause of the

"declaration,) that if any alteration whatever in the
 "currency be attempted, every one of us, who have monies
 "either lodged in savings banks, or otherwise similarly in-
 "vested, will, on hearing of such attempt, immediately *turn*
 "such money into gold, and keep it so.

"We further congratulate you, sir, on the passing of the
 "Reform Bill, inasmuch as it will inevitably bring about,
 "in the fulness of time, the success of those great measures
 "of which you, during a long life, have been the most able
 "and most unwearied advocate. Your admission into Par-
 "liament, we have no doubt, will be one of the consequences
 "of that bill; and we shall esteem your advocacy in Par-
 "liament of those great measures which you have so long
 "advocated out of it, as the surest evidence that the reform,
 "which we have hailed as real, is real indeed.

"We wish you, sir, health and happiness, and that you
 "may have the felicity of witnessing, and carrying into
 "effect, that full consummation of national regeneration;
 "to the success of which you have been, by your writings in
 "our opinion, the greatest contributor."

"Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sept. 19, 1832."

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| Thomas Doubleday | Charles Larkin | B. C. Wright |
| Jonathan Wooller | W. Davie Wright | Moses Marshal Young |
| Eneas Mackenzie | John Carr | Edward Fleming |
| A. Turnbull | Thomas Alderson | William Campbell |
| John Wright | William Charlton | Joseph Thew |
| James Richardson | Robert Dixon | John Gray |
| William Headley | Thompson Pearson | Richard Haddrick |
| Benjamin Thew, jun. | John Winter | Elihu Robinson |
| Thomas Hoggett | Thomas Brown | Hugh Brennan |
| G. Bagnall | William Hodgson | Nicholas Walker |
| James Thompson | George Abbutt | John Hewison |
| John Harley | William Tweedie | Edward Elliott |
| Henry Sibbett | John Hodgson | R. H. Wright |
| James Dow | John Dixon | James Kirker |
| Henry Hart, Hexham | Thomas Robson | William Blacklock |
| George Hutton | Mark Wardle | John Paterson |
| William Dent | John Fenton | Henry Robson, printer |
| Junius Mackenzie | William Gilchrist | David Jackson |
| Henry Weir | Metcalfe Ross | Robert Bone |
| William Foster | Arthur Weir | John Headlam |
| J. Etridge Wilkinson | George Spencer | Thomas Tucker |
| John Wilson | William Wright | Henry Scott |

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| John Lister, jun. | John Hiedspeth | Joseph Robson |
| Robert Atkinson | William Mather | Robert Rutherford |
| Robert Lister, jun. | Thomas Watson | John Wilson |
| James Scott | John Pyle | Charles Sobers |
| Oswald Kobson | William Summers | William Sobers |
| John Todd | William White | Thomas Boud |
| Thomas Burdon | William Watson | Mark Wardle |
| Nicholas Andrews | S. Jopling | Thomas Snowdon |
| Robert Haswell | J. Handyside | Henry Hogg |
| Charles P. Rippon | Joseph Palley | Thomas Wright |
| Hugh Wilson | L. Haslam, of Wid- | John Walker |
| William W. Wilson | drington | James R. Williams |
| George Gray | H. Haslam | John Trotter |
| William Boxts | W. L. Murphy | William Sinton |
| William Walker | Thomas Youngson | Henry Robertson |
| Thomas Hawdon | William Haswell | James Johnston |
| Christopher Brennan | John Snow | Christopher Liddell |
| John Wardropes | John Gallon | Frederick Goodall |
| John Bainbridge | George Cooper | Thomas Snowdon |
| George Hall | John Emerson | Joseph Routledge |
| George Nicholson | William Hogg | Francis Fenwick |
| William Hymers | James Blanckley | W. Newton |
| John Lister | William Kidd | Thomas Walton |
| Isaac Tucker | William Magnay | Robert Wright |
| Robert Lister | George Smith | Thomas Watkins |
| Isaac Tukes, sen. | John Wil-on | John Thompson |
| William Joyce | William Mason | William Curtin |
| John Nixon | John Airey Robson | William Jamieson |
| James Beydon | William Garrett | Joseph Walton |
| Michael Robson | Richard Long | Thomas Wilson |
| William Humble | Thomas Race | Thomas Neel |
| John Robson | John Moore | Robert Scott |
| John Renton | Thomas Cree | Cuthbert A. Rumford |
| James Hann | John Aynsley | Matthew Oliver |
| William Hodgson | Hugh Wilson | R. Norrison |
| William Bainbridge | William Marshall | Thomas Waters |
| George Mather | T. Brown Nicholson | Nicholas Giles, jun. |
| John Donkin | Robert Sutherland | Nicholas Thompson |
| James Liddell | Thomas Galloway | John Young |
| Robert Jackson | Thomas Thompson | William Ornsby |
| William Heslop | Robert Wright | James F. Stewart |
| William Gibson | George Sayers | Henry Scott |
| William Wilson | William Hall | Thomas Lowes |
| John Hanning | James Church | C. Joppling |
| William Tucker | George Wardle | William Rooke |
| John Tucker | W. B. Smith | John Latimer |
| Mark Maddison | John Hogg | John Walton |
| Ebenezer Sinclair | Thomas Johnson | James Howe |
| Andrew Naylor | G. Andrews | Thomas Coalson |
| William Holmes | Henry Silversides | John Goodgen |
| Robert Pratt | Charles Winter | John Farley |
| Robert Jobbling | Robert Hogg | James Brannan |
| David Scott | Thomas Barton | Thomas Moore |
| Robert Moody | Joseph Laing | Thomas Monton |
| Andrew Kay | Robert Archer | John Hawthorn |
| John Gray | John Reid | John Williams |
| Richard Mort | W. Shotton | William Marx |

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| Christopher Elliott | Robert Walton | R. Cush |
| John Douglas | Richard Lambert | Thomas Thompson |
| Robert James Grant | Henry Howard | William Crawford |
| William Gilchrist | Thomas Ridley | John Miller |
| Thomas Scott | William Soulsby | John Dryden |
| Robert Wilson | William Spence | Thomas Stevens |
| John Ward | Thomas N. Bowes | Thomas Bowman |
| Robert Nicholson | Samuel Kent | Timothy Brown |
| John Gibson | William Turner | Jonathan Miller |
| Thomas Young | Robert Dodds | John Robinson |
| George Gaddeon | Thomas Hedley | Matthew Heron |
| John Jenkins | George Sterling | Joseph Corbitt |
| Isaac Martin | Henry Dees | Lawrence Buckley |
| Thomas Thomson | Edward Brankston | William Jons |
| George Rinford | William Wear | George Davison |
| Thomas Saxon | John Wilson | Samuel Chapman |
| George Wilkinson | William Wright | William Galloway |
| Isaac Bickerstaff | Andrew Mather | John Curtis |
| A. Carnaby | John Veitch | John Cummins |
| Thomas Caraby | George Guthrie | Charles Thoratou |
| Thomas Thompson | John Turnbull | James Mann |
| George Richardson | William Guthrie | Edward Simpson |
| John Sherwood | Ralph Turnbull | Thomas Wallace |
| David Waldin | William Robson | William Walker |
| John Jordson | William Johnston | T. B. Calasea |
| George Pringle | Thomas Shadforth | John Angus |
| John Bates | Richard Stott | William Allhusen |
| Austin Cuthborts | George Gibson | John O'Connor |
| Charles James | William Sniton | Hugh Trevor |
| Ralph Carnaby | William Kirtou | Dennis Brennan |
| John Gray | John Grey | J. Elsbery |
| Robert Munro | Robert Haigh | T. Boagey |
| Charles Macnay | George Richmond | J. Rowell |
| James Owen | John Nelson | Thomas Carriek |
| George Thompson | William Warrior | John Williamson |
| William Thompson | John Gibroy | B. Falcus |
| John Ramsay | Francis Codling | J. E. Taylor |
| Joseph Fallow | John Wallace | William Grey |
| George Thomas | John Robson | William Dent |
| John Patterson | William Boag | John More |
| Anthony Hodgson | William Andrews | Phelin Dogherty |
| James Thomson | William Walters | John Jackson |
| Joseph Reed | John Wattle | Benjamin Ward |
| Isaac Martinson | William Huntley | John Jemmison |
| Thomas Brown | James Thompson | Andrew Miller |
| William Montgomery | Joseph Paul | Forster Burden |
| William Barron | Joseph Wall | Patrick Kildraunan |
| John Nugent | Matthew Hedger | Paul Kinkay |
| John Anderson | John Brady | William Brown |
| William Robinson | John Robinson | Simon Logan |
| Joseph Nicholson | George Harrison | Lewis Gordon |
| William Johnson | William Maffin | John Clarke |
| Thomas Gee | John Dryden | Thomas Hobson |
| William Farsyth | Adam Dickson | Samuel Oliver |
| Michael Rutter | Thomas Blamire | William Potts |
| Joseph Lamb | Robert Morrow | Michael Barratt |
| Charles Lamb | John Anderson | John Delouchery |

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| Alexander Bondelly | Nathaniel Stukes | George Will. Hodges |
| Thomas Parish | John Tindale | Henry Davis |
| Henry Randall | John Mason | Cecil Wright |
| Joseph Matthews | Henry Rigg | John Hume |
| Michael Proctor | Mark Wright | Thomas Lietch |
| John Perrey | John Paget | William Lietch |
| W. K. Lietch | Lionel Wood | Anthony Tate |
| Jonathan Lee | Matthew Rigg | Charles Wilson |
| John Johnstone | Frans, Emilius Ashton | Thomas Tyle |
| Francis Wold | Rogers Edwards | Edward Smith |
| Thomas Anderson | Hector Wright | John Mac Lalan |
| George Forster | John Jones | Edward Godwin |
| Robert Clarke | William Chapman | William Wilson |
| Daniel Macguire | Edward Cheap | James Anderson |
| Gilbert Ward | Charles Wilmot | J. Robinson |
| Wilford Hanson | Edward Campbell | John Kinloch |
| Christopher Lawson | Lewis Clifford | G. Henderson |
| E. Thwaites | Vileras Cromm | Edward Tinling |
| Thomas Peters | George Young | Luke Richardson |
| Andrew Jones | James Devonport | William Burke |
| Simon Coates | Andrew Robinson | Roger Holmes |
| George Thompson | Thomas Scafe | William Turnbull |
| Henry Armstrong | William Ellison | Henry Watson |
| K. Emmett | John Joseph Fagan | Thomas Milbank |
| Anthony Tate | John Dads | Robert Lietch |
| John Edwards | Thomas Hope | George Jackson |
| William James | William Hope | James Tate |
| James Gates | Edward Soulsby | Axum Fox |
| Henry Latouche | Samuel Soulsby | Salah Bootiman |
| Michael Robson | John Surtus | Redmond Sarsfield |
| William Hogg | Jacob Brown | Richard Barker |
| Ephraim Dixon | George Dotchin | Anak Smith |
| Thomas Wild | James Shears | Denis Monrath |
| Morgau Davis | Henry Harrison | Maurice Fitzgerald |
| William Denison | Charles Ellison | Alexander M'Donald |
| William Hancock | David John Leitch | William Mark |
| Charles Shipley | Nichol Stenhouse | Roger Montjoy |
| Thomas Pearson | William Miles Boston | Hugh Morgan |
| — Ramsay | John Bowes Wright | Hoyle Stinger |
| J. Longstaff | Thomas Compton | Thomas Suiver |
| George Young | John Maclarau | Joseph Harrison |
| Thomas Styles | Alexander Ramsay | John Jackson |
| George Armstrong | John Hodgson | Joseph Gible |
| Quintin Simpson | Charles Tarlton | George Hair |
| Thomas Friars | David Watson | James Wilson |
| John Percey | William Watson | Thomas Stokoe |
| John Dale | John Hogg | William Bramlery |
| D. Howard | Saunders Tweedale | John Reed |
| P. Elstob. | Bowes Wilson | Joseph Salkeld |
| Charles Shadforth | Edward Johuson | Thomas Storey |
| Thomas Shields | John Preston | Alfred Jepson |
| E. Dennison | Thos. Adam Kinloch | Henry M'Farlane |
| John Landers | William Jobson | Henry Harrison |
| Oliver Smiles | Charles Atkinson | William Metcalfe |
| Vincent Ogilvie | John Grey | Henry Waine |
| Thomas Young | Robert Stephenson | James Horner |
| Torguil M'Leod | Andrew West | William Warburton |

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| William Jepson | Richard Wood | John Wood |
| John Wirehead | George Liddle | William Cowel |
| John Catherall, sen. | Thomas Rasby | Thomas Cowel |
| Thomas Todd | Andrew Young | George Harrison |
| William Fenwick | Robert Story | John Liddle |
| John Fenwick | John Plumber | Thomas Morris, sen. |
| John Wilson | Richard Marris | Henderson Morris |
| John Wardwick | Michael Kennedy | Matthew Morris |
| William Prudhoe | Thomas Wilkinson | George Peal |
| Robert Lawson | John Cowel | Moses Willoby |
| Edward Wardle | Thomas Wood | Thomas Barkas |
| John Kennedy | William Wardle | James Wright |
| John Purves | Taylor Story | George Simpson |
| William Johnson | Robert Story | James Miller |
| John Arrowsmith | Jacob Story | William Jevens |
| Thomas Bails | William Coats | Robert Marshal |
| John Bails | A. Coats | John Phillip |
| Robert Hewison | Joseph Coats | William Kelley |
| John Brown | Anthony Grinwell | Adam Nixon |
| John Hunter | Michael Grinwell | John Lockey |
| Archibald Walker | William Clark | William C. Appleby |
| Nich. Dixon | Thomas Clark | Thomas Soulsby |
| George Newby | Charles Patterson | John Ritchardson |
| Joseph Guest | John Story | William Humble |
| John Robson | Thomas Rosby | R. Humble |
| George Davison | Joseph Rosby | James Barnett |
| Thomas Thomson | John Rosby | Nicholas Higgins |
| Alex. Collingwood | John Plumber | Thomas Carrick |
| James Grey | Charles Plumber | Robert Nixon |
| William Colmack | Robert Plumber | Alfred Robinson |
| Christopher Shiner | William Plumber | Benjamin Brown |
| Benjamin Burkles | Thomas Morris | James Smith |
| Thomas Jones | George Morris | William Gibson |
| John Starad | Richard Morris, jun. | John Moffet |
| Ed. Minnikin | Robert Morris | |

North Shields, 25. Sept. 1832.

I came here this forenoon, and am to lecture at the theatre this evening. This place is about eight miles from Newcastle, down the river TYNE towards the sea; and as much like Wapping it is as any two peas were ever like each other. SOUTH SHIELDS is just opposite, on the other side of this "LITTLE THAMES," called the TYNE; and such places for stir and bustle, on the sides of the river and on the river, never were seen, except at London itself; and, really, these places seem to surpass even London in this respect. To describe to an inhabitant of London this famous

group of towns, NEWCASTLE, NORTH SHIELDS, GATESHEAD, and SOUTH SHIELDS, a very few words are necessary; the Tyne is the Thames; Newcastle is the city of London; Gateshead is Southwark; the bridge that connects these is old London-bridge; North Shields is Wapping; and South Shields is Deptford: and all these are so precisely like the big thing in Middlesex and Surrey, that it would almost make one believe that the former place had bred, and that this was a young one. As you go over the bridge from GATESHEAD to Newcastle, there are the ships innumerable, lying below the bridge as far as you can see down the river; and there are the barges and the boats above the bridge; and all the same sort of people at work, and all the same sort of work going on. When you get over the bridge there is the Thames-street turning round the corner to the right and to the left; and there is the Custom-house; and there is the Billingsgate, only with the fish a little fresher, and with fishwomen not quite so drunken nor quite so nasty; and there is the "Fish-street-hill," just as much like "t'other place" as if it had been spit out of its mouth, only that it has not a *lying monument* as t'other place has. NEWCASTLE is a really solid fine town; just such streets as the city of London; just such shops; and just such industrious and busy-looking people. Nor is it (worse is its luck!) destitute of a corporation, yielding, as far as I can find, in point of wisdom, justice, honesty, fair dealing with the people, not one jot to CHARLEY PEARSON, FIGGINS the printer's tinker, and the rest of the THING under which we have the happiness to live in Middlesex. To be sure, there is not such ample scope for guttling and guzzling; but this corporation, too, is allowed to raise taxes *on the river*; it has the fingering of public property of various descriptions; and I am well assured, that the manner of its management, and the application and distribution of the funds, are such, that CHARLEY PEAR-

SON'S Common Council and HUGHES HUGHES'S Court of Aldermen have no reason to blush at hearing the corporation of NEWCASTLE called their legitimate offspring. Not to be deficient in anything belonging to the parent, the child has a DEBT, too; a *funded* debt; and, like t'other THING, which, again, resembles the great THING of all at WESTMINSTER, it can never pay off! So that in all things this famous town of Newcastle resembles the city of London; and GATESHEAD and the two SHIELDSSES resemble those bustling appendages before-mentioned. It is impossible, by the use of any words, to give an adequate idea of the stir and bustle upon this river, of which there seems to be scarcely any square yard of water which experiences one half hour at a time without something or other being floating upon it.

Sunderland, 26. Sept. 1832.

From NORTH SHIELDS you look across the water to SOUTH SHIELDS; and there is a steam-boat taking passengers across every half hour. By this steam-boat I crossed at twelve o'clock to-day, and got to this place about two. SUNDERLAND is seven miles from SOUTH SHIELDS, in a south-easterly direction, near the mouth of a river called the WEAR, on the right bank of which, going downwards, the greater part of the town lies. To go into the town you go over an iron bridge of very beautiful architecture. The river is narrow, running down between rocks which are nearly perpendicular and of great height. The bridge crosses this river from rock to rock, and is so far above the water that ships of considerable size go under the bridge by only lowering their top-gallant-masts. The main street at SUNDERLAND is, they say, *a mile and three quarters long*; and it has innumerable shops, finer, on an average, than

those of the STRAND, FLEET-STREET, and CHEAPSIDE ; so that, though there is nothing but coals produced here, they cause the other parts of the world to bring hither all manner of conveniences and fineries. There are considerable glass manufactories here and in the neighbourhood of NEWCASTLE ; but these also are occasioned by the coals.

But the most interesting and valuable product of this part of England is, the people, of whom it is impossible to speak too much in praise. My readers will remember well the famous speeches and petitions sent up from NEWCASTLE, during the discussions on the Reform Bill. They will remember well how much we admired the speeches of Messrs. ATTWOOD, DOUBLEDAY, LARKIN, FIFE, and others. Not a man of my readers, I dare say, has not wished that he could have seen or heard these men, whose speeches and proceedings absolutely gave a tone to the whole country, and whose names became familiar in the mouths of even the chopsticks of Sussex and Kent. I have now seen these men with my own eyes ; and they are a fair *sample*, perhaps rather a picked sample, of the whole of the people of this district of the country in Durham and Northumberland, which seems to have been always famous for men of great genius and energy. In going from SOUTH SHIELDS to SUNDERLAND we went near to JARROW, so famous as the birth-place of "the venerable BEDE ;" to be sure, as to *venerable* there was some difference between him and the two SCOTTS, ELTON and STOWELL, and that MITFORD who was afterwards Lord REDESDALE ; but they also were natives of NEWCASTLE and the neighbourhood ; and having had the good luck to go to the South, they astonished the natives, and became great men, which *they never would have been if they had remained here* : and so conscious do they appear to have been of this, that they have all taken special good care never to come back to settle here again. They have sent their new and fine names to

be put up at the corners of the streets, which names have hitherto escaped the fate of that of WELLINGTON; and in all probability will now continue to escape it.

Let me now give my readers in the South, if I can, something like an adequate idea of the face of the country, of the *farming*, and of the collieries, and of the state of the working people, which last is always the most interesting object with every man of sense, writing upon the state of a country. Observe, that, in going from NEWCASTLE to NORTH SHIELDS, you go a road pretty nearly parallel with the river, and get seven miles nearer to the sea. Along this seven miles the farming is excellent; fine corn fields, large and beautiful fields of turnips of both kinds, sowed in rows with inter-cultivation; and I saw not one field of turnips which was not fine; the pastures very fine; the hay-stacks, containing from forty, perhaps, to seventy tons of hay each, made even neater than those in Middlesex, and thatched with greater care. No barley, but prodigious quantities of wheat and of oats; the stacks much larger than those on the road from Leeds to Newcastle, and in some cases from twenty to thirty of them in one farm-yard. The cows, the finest that man ever set his eyes on; a good deal of white in their colour; some quite white; short horns; strait back; just like those in the HOLDERNESS country of Yorkshire, and in great abundance as to numbers though the proportion of pasture land has been, unwisely, so considerably diminished. The turnips are for winter food in the stall for the cattle.

FROM SOUTH SHIELDS to SUNDERLAND the country still the same, or rather better as it lies nearer the sea. There are no barns such as we have in the South. All the farm buildings are of stone; each has a place sufficiently large for beating out the corn by a thrashing machine; and there appears to be no such thing as a *barn's floor* or a *stail* in the whole of these counties. The terrific word "*Swing*,"

which was at once a signature and a signal, is the name of that part of the flail which the thrasher brings into contact with the straw. Therefore Mr. SWING never was heard of in this county; but his doings would have been heard of had it not been for a reason very different indeed from that of any difference that there is in the *character*, in the morality, or in the intelligence, or understanding, or education in those who labour on the land. SCOTT ELDON and Dr. BLACK used to prate away about the *good sense* of the labourers in the North, and about the *poor-rates* not being excessive in the North. They did not seem to know that here agriculture is only a small part of the business of the county, and that in the southern, eastern, and western counties it is the whole business. They did not seem to know that there were no farm labourers living in cottages here; and that there was scarcely an instance in this part of England of a person working upon the land, not living, or, at least, boarding, in *the house* of the farm on which he worked. A man who has been paid as a statesman for pretty nearly fifty years, and another who has been a professed enlightener of the people for twenty years, ought to have known that there was no such thing as a village *purely agricultural* to the north of LEEDS, while the southern, eastern, and western counties consist of very little else; such men *ought* to have known this; but they did not know it, therefore they spread about error instead of spreading what ought to be called knowledge.

Durham, 27. Sept. 1832.

In coming from SUNDERLAND to DURHAM, a distance of fourteen miles, I came from the sea-beach to the centre of the county, and gradually to inferior land. I perceive, that the county of DURHAM, along by the sea-side, has a strip

of land, varying in width from five miles to ten or twelve, resembling the country in the East-Riding, and in the eastern part of the North-Riding of Yorkshire, to which latter, indeed, it joins. The East-Riding is separated from the rich part of Lincolnshire by the HUMBER; and thus this fine land runs all along by the sea-side from LYNN, in Norfolk, to the mouth of the TYNE; and then it goes all along the sea-coast to the TWEED, including in its way the estates of Lord GREY at the hamlet of HOWICK; and from the TWEED it continues on to the FIRTH of FORTH, taking in the fine farming countries of Berwickshire, and EAST Lothian, to behold which is a pleasure that I yet have to come.

This eastern part of the county of DURHAM is, like all the rest of these counties, generally level; or, at least, much more so than the counties in the South and the West. The country is fine, but not pretty: the harvest was all in; but the stubbles and the stacks proved it to have been good; and, as to the pastures, the turnips, and the cows, they exceeded everything of which a Southern, or Western, or Eastern, farmer can have an idea. The sheep appear to be of the LEICESTER breed, the CHEVIOT-HILL sheep not having found their way into these rich pastures.

But the great business of life here relates to the produce of the sub-soil still more than to that which comes from the surface. The *collieries* are the chief part of the property of the county. SUNDERLAND, the two SHIELDS and GATESHEAD, and NEWCASTLE itself, have been created by these collieries. Here is the most surprising thing in the whole world; thousands of men and thousands of horses continually living under ground: children born there, and who sometimes, it is said, seldom see the surface at all, though they live to a considerable age. The thing is not like the mining in Cornwall, which causes so much tumbling about the surface and disfiguring of the face of the country. You see here

and there a group of large buildings, and see the smoke issuing from some place where there is a steam-engine amidst those buildings. Out of a hole somewhere amidst that group of buildings come everlasting ship-loads of coals. There is a railway from the pit to carry the coals to the ships : the wagons carrying the coals are made of sheet iron ; they are all of a size. A whole train of them marches one after the other, sometimes drawn by a horse, but more frequently impelled by the pulling of a rope, or a chain, which passes along a little gutter below the surface of the ground, which rope or chain is pulled by the force of an engine, and thus you see a score of these wagons loaded going one way, and another score of empty ones passing them going the other way, without your being able to discover any cause for their motion. The coals are lifted up out of the pit by the same engine and tipped into the wagons ; then, when the wagons get to the ships, they are seized by another engine and tipped into them. Then there are *railways down under ground for bringing the coals to the mouth of the pit*, and horses living there to draw the wagons upon those railways. Some of the horses go down and live there for ten or a dozen years ; and a gentleman told me, that Lord DURHAM, or his father, I forget which, had eight hundred horses under ground for years together. Now, when the old women at SUTTON SCOTNEY are putting their tea-kettles, those sources of such comfort, over the handful of coals that they have got from WINCHESTER, let them have the gratitude to thank the fellows great and small, that take so much pains and exercise so much ingenuity to send them this sort of fuel to assist their scanty supply of wood. All that you see of the collieries are the railways, the wagons, and the group of buildings of which I have spoken. While the men are at work below sending up the coals, the surface consists of corn fields, pastures, and turnip-fields, as fine as man ever set his eyes upon. The coal-pits are considerably distant from each

other, and some of them as much as fifteen miles from the ships, the wagons marching backward and forward without either horse or man to attend them. The engines occasion no very great deal of smoke, so that the country is but little disfigured by these stupendous proceedings. In the vicinage of each colliery there are extensive rows of small houses, in which the families of the *pit-men* and other workmen reside. These are all built of stone, and covered with tiles. All very solid, and very good, and invariably well furnished; hardly one without a good chest of drawers, and other evidences of good living. Kept very clean, too, and the ground before their houses generally very clean. I particularly observed, aye, and I observed it with singular pleasure, that there were scarcely any potatoes to be seen, either in large pieces or small pieces of ground. Very few appear to be planted except in the vicinage of towns; and everything shows that this root is used here merely as *garden-stuff*; and that the people live, as they ought to do, principally upon meat and bread. No wretches go to work here with "*cold potatoes in their bags*," as they did in Hampshire *before the times of the fires*, and as the farmer was proceeding to tell the jury that they did, when JUDGE VAUGHAN stopped him, and told the jury that that had *nothing at all to do with the matter!* And, here, let me observe, that it was unfortunate that the Prime Minister had lived all his life amongst the well-fed farming people of Durham and Northumberland; and that he was exposed to the terrible danger of acting upon the representations of others who lived in Hampshire and Wiltshire. Lord GREY can know nothing of the lives which the labourers of those two counties have led for some years past: it was impossible that he, residing as he has done so constantly at home, should be able to bring his mind to an idea of what was passing in those two counties, nor in any of the counties of the South, East, or West. I said at the time; I believed it then, and

I still believe it; that, if it had been possible for him to know the situation of the labourers in the South, Hampshire would not now contain pretty nearly three hundred children made fatherless by the Special Commissions; and, I hope, that his Lordship is yet to have the satisfaction of reflecting that *he has restored fathers to those children*. If he could see the widows and the mothers and the children that I saw only at SUTTON SCOTNEY in July last, I will not believe that this act of mercy would be delayed for another four months. At any rate, it is *with me the very first object*; an object which I will never either abandon or neglect. If those men of the southern and western counties; and, indeed, of all the counties involved in the transactions alluded to; if all the men engaged merely in those violences which arose manifestly out of their sufferings from want; if these men be brought back to their wives, their children, and their parents, then let the whole of the matter be buried in oblivion; but, if they be not, life shall quit me before I cease to make every effort in my power to keep alive those transactions, in every way that I, legally, can do it; and in thus acting, I shall only be pursuing those precepts which I have taken so much pains to impress upon the minds of others.

This city of DURHAM is, like all old towns and cities, of shape very irregular, and the streets are by no means what we call handsome; but the inequality of the ground is so great, and the situation of the castle and the tower and of the cathedral church (which was formerly the church of the Abbey of ST. CUTHBERT), the little hill on which these are situated is so lofty, and so nicely guarded and ornamented by the river WEAR, which comes pretty nearly round it in the form of a horse-shoe, and then goes off under two bridges over which you pass in going through the town from SUNDERLAND to NEWCASTLE; all these make the site of this city the most interesting and beautiful that is

is possible to conceive. The Bishop, VAN MILDERT, whose father was brought over I believe from Germany by old Queen CHARLOTTE, is a sort of sovereign prince here. He has his court of Registry, and all manner of offices such as belong to regal dominion and revenue. The Dean and Chapter are a sort of petty sovereigns, too; each of them having, perhaps, a revenue exceeding that of the King of Hanover. They have "*royalties*" of coal-mines and of lead-mines; they have the tithe of the lands above: they have the rents of the lands above, and of the mines beneath. I wonder what law, MOSAIC, APOSTOLIC, CANONICAL, COMMON or STATUTE, ever gave them the right to sell, and *cause to be carried away*, the soil of the lands given to them in trust. I wonder where they can find law for taking away part of the earth, and not leaving to their successor that which they have so received in trust. However, we shall, I trust, proceed, with regard to these matters, in a way that will preclude all necessity for any *legal inquiry* of the tedious description at which I have just hinted.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 28. Sept. 1832.

I lectured at the theatre at NORTH SHIELDS, on the 25th; at SUNDERLAND, at the theatre, on the 26th; and in a room at an inn at DURHAM, on the 27th. This evening I have given a third lecture in the play-house at this place. And now for a little "EGOTISM," as the stupid and envious vagabonds call it. A stupid publication called the *Westminster Review*, set up about six or seven years ago, began, from its very start, to hold forth JERRY BENTHAM as the greatest of lawgivers and the greatest of men. It was, and has been, conducted principally by that BOWRING who is called a doctor, and who is not half so legitimate a doctor as my Dr. BLACK. BOWRING was the

editor at any rate, and JERRY BENTHAM the hero of the work. The appellation commonly given to BENTHAM was, "THE GREAT BENTHAM." Well, great as JERRY was, death smote the great mortal at last. He made a WILL, which BOWRING was stupid enough to publish; and, from that WILL, it appeared that JERRY was and always had been the proprietor of this *Westminster Review*! Out then came the fact, that this miserable queer old coxcomb had either been calling himself the "GREAT BENTHAM" for seven years; or, which was worse, had been paying a base hireling for doing it! That was "EGOTISM" indeed; that would cover the name of BENTHAM with everlasting infamy, if it were not screened from our recollection by the total insignificance of the incomprehensible conundrums that he was continually putting upon paper. For a man who is attacked by scores of those base and envious creatures whom POPE called "the race that write;" for such a man to assert his own claims to public attention, and in his own name, too, is not "EGOTISM," but self-defence and public duty. Is it egotism in me to say, that I foretold that the country banks would blow up, and that WELLINGTON's name would be rubbed from the corners of the streets, and his picture come down from the sign-posts? Is it "EGOTISM" in me to receive marks of respect from anybody, and to put an account of them upon record? Why in me any more than in anybody else? When ministers or kings are addressed, the whole matter is a thing of previous contrivance. A copy of the address is communicated to the party beforehand; the answer is studied and got ready; the parties know one another well; and the motives, on both sides, are sometimes supposed not to be the purest that ever animated the minds of men. These marks of respect bestowed on me, must of necessity be voluntary and be sincere; in this case especially, they came from persons whom I have never seen before, and the

greater part of whom will, in all human probability, never see me again. Be this as it may, however, I received an ADDRESS at SUNDERLAND; and, "egotism" or "egotism" not, here I publish it with all the names subjoined to it, and which, I was told, would have been twenty times as numerous, if I could have spared time to stop for the signing.

"SIR,—We, the undersigned, take this opportunity, " which we have long desired, of conveying to you our " feelings of respect and congratulation on your arrival at " Sunderland. In you, sir, we behold the instructor of " youth, the advocate of the weak, the defender of the oppressed, the great champion of the labouring classes in " England, the unsparing exposé of all abuses, and the " firmest and most able supporter of the rights and liberties " of the people. In your writings we find displayed the " most powerful reasoning, combined with the greatest " beauty and simplicity of style, with knowledge most profound, and sagacity and penetration which nothing can " elude. In your hands, subjects the most intricate and " complex, become easy and intelligible to every capacity; " and while your works display talents of the most unrivalled " description, they were never surpassed in point of ability. " You have studied politics not merely in the mansions and " palaces of the great, but in the cottages of the poor: and " while you have exposed the ignorance of the men who " have for years wielded the destinies of this great, but " oppressed country, you have made subjects too deep even " for their comprehension, familiar to the minds of the poor " and humble.

" Grateful as we are to you for your advocacy of reform, " we are not less grateful for your powerful exposition of the " fraud of the paper-money system. Upon this subject, " your writings have been at once profound and prophetic, " and stamp you in our estimation as the greatest statesman " of the age: events have been the commentators on the wis-

“ dom of your writings on this subject ; and we read those
 “ truths of your predictions in the poverty and wretchedness
 “ which ‘ Peel’s Bill ’ (that statesman whose ignorance and
 “ conceit you have so admirably exposed) has disseminated
 “ over the country.

“ We beg to congratulate you on the passing of the Bill
 “ of Reform ; like every other work of human intellect, it
 “ is imperfect ; but imperfect as it is, we believe it to be
 “ the first stone in the foundation of the liberties of English-
 “ men, liberties which have too long been a sound and not
 “ a substance. Your admission into Parliament, we trust,
 “ will be one of the most important consequences of that bill.

“ We wish you health, happiness, and long life, and that
 “ you may, ere you submit to that decree, which limits all
 “ human efforts, behold the full triumph of your opinions,
 “ and the complete humiliation of all your enemies.

Thomas Wright
 John C. Robertson
 Robert Robinson
 J. Gibson
 William Penson
 Michael Craig
 John Wilan
 John Hastie
 Robert Johnson
 George Goldsmith
 Thomas Fairbairn
 William Robinson
 Alexander Reed
 William Jackson
 Thomas Bliss, jun.
 Edward Maddison
 Henry Taylor
 Thomas Armstrong
 William Sharp
 Taylorson Sharp
 Francis Thomas
 Thomas Robson
 James Dunning
 William King
 John Lister
 John Marley
 William Miller
 Thomas Hubberthorn
 John Davison

Thos. Taylor Watson
 John Stephenson
 John Blagburn
 John Harrop
 Anthony Humphrey
 Robert Wardropper
 John Hobson
 John Burnand
 William Ransam
 Edward O. Smith
 R. Lodge
 Richard Osbaldiston
 George Moffat
 George Rochester
 J. Kidson
 Thomas Boys
 William Thurlbeck
 Newson Sharn
 Thomas Stubbs
 George Johnson
 Joseph Jackson
 Cuthbert Sharp
 William Reevely
 James Shocklock
 James Atkin
 Thomas Rippon
 Thomas Johnson
 Joseph Collingwood
 Robert Davison

George Richardson
 Robert Jowsey, sen.
 Robert Jowsey, jun.
 William Wilson, sen.
 William Wilson, jun.
 Thomas Reed
 James Lanham
 William Miller
 Thomas Clark
 William Allizon
 George Thurlbeck
 Thomas Bell
 William Marchell
 William Vickers
 Peter Telford
 Hercules Sharp
 J. Tate
 William Dodds
 William Chalk
 James Dunn
 John Lindsay
 John R. Moffat
 Thomas Mart
 James Houghton
 William Chalk, jun.
 Joseph Graham
 Alexander Blayland
 John Craggs
 William Robson

Morpeth, 1. Oct. 1832.

From Newcastle I came to MORPETH, on Saturday, the fore part of the day, in order to lecture here on Saturday night, which I did to a very respectable audience in the Town-hall, sitting, for the first time in my life, where the judge used to sit, and where the chairman of the Quarter Sessions sits now, I believe. Being thus seated on the bench, and looking down upon the big table around which the lawyers used to sit, I could not help letting my thoughts fly off to WINCHESTER, VAUGHAN and ALDERSON and DENMAN and WILDE ("our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin and counsellor, THOMAS WILDE, "one of our venerable Sergeants at Law"), and WILDE, I say, and CHARLEY PEARSON, and WILKINS the meuntebank, whom the POTTERS have got at *Pipkin-palace*: I could not help letting my thoughts ramble away thus to the South, and bring the two MASONS, poor COOK of MICHELDEVER, FARMER BOYES of OWSELBURY, Lady NORTHESK, Mrs. LONG, and all the tribe of the RICKETTSSES, and Mrs. FUSSELL and her son, and VAUGHAN forbidding the farmer to talk about the "cold potatoes in the bag," while he listened to and complimented an Irishwoman of the name of CAVAN, whose chap is called a *lord*, and who and whose chap receives a pretty good sum of public money every year; while he listened to, and complimented this woman for evidence tending to show that the labourers *were well treated*. Being in the judgment-seat, it was impossible for me not to think of these things; therefore, if I wandered in my lecture, which I dare say I did, I trust my very indulgent hearers will, if any of them should read this, have the goodness to excuse such wandering; and that my readers will, from like motive, have the goodness to excuse the wanderings in which I have immeshed myself here. It was impossible for my body to be so situated without thinking of WILKINS the meuntebank, TOM POR-

TER and the pumpings of the children of his neighbour, "our right entirely beloved" WILDE, his co-judges ALDERSON, VAUGHAN, and DENMAN, DRAYTON the auctioneer, TAFFY JENKINS, FARMER BOYES, and HENRY COOK, whose *spirit*, though the body be wasting in the grave, is, and will continue to be, mightier than if the body were alive: of all these, and of TOM BARING, and of that fine estate, which has come to him from the GREAT ALFRED himself; of ALEXANDER, and of the famous BINGHAM, his first-born; of FRANCIS also the son of TOM; of the handcuffs put round Mrs. DEACLE's little beautiful wrists; of ALEXANDER's recent adventure as Chancellor of the Exchequer: of all these things (each, of which will hereafter have to be discussed in a more formal manner) it was impossible for me, placed, as I was, in the *seat of judgment*, not to think; and not to think *seriously* too.

But it is time now, at any rate, to return to my subject, reserving these matters for future opportunities. From NEWCASTLE to MORPETH we came away from the eastern coast; for though MORPETH is to the north of NEWCASTLE it is also to the west of it. Before, however, I proceed to any chopstick observations, I must step back a bit to NEWCASTLE, where, after the lecture at the play-house, on Friday night, something took place which offers another very plausible occasion for my indulging in my "*egotism*."

I was informed, during the day of Friday, that some gentlemen intended to come upon the stage at the close of h lecture, and there, before the audience, to present me with a copy of the "*History of the Town of Newcastle*," the author of which, the late Mr. ENEAS MACKENZIE, was renowned for his devotion to public liberty, even in this town so distinguished for the public spirit of its inhabitants. Accordingly, thi ceremony took place in the presence of an audience consisti n towards of nine hundred persons,

amongst whom were many of both sexes, of the first figure in the town. The deputation appointed for this purpose, consisted of about a dozen gentlemen, the spokesman being that Mr. DOUBLEDAY whose speeches we had read with such delight in London : and amongst the gentlemen who accompanied him was that Mr. LARKIN whose speech upon one occasion in particular, made the ears of the boroughmongers tingle so nicely ; and so worked upon the delicate feelings of the coal-merchant, VANE TENPEST LONDONDERRY, as to make him, it was said, pretty nearly as black in the face as the goods that come up out of his pits, which he rents, by-the-bye, of the Dean and Chapter of Durham ; and which, if he rent them at all, he shall, if I can have my will, rent of the nation, in a very short time, because as the DEBT is the nation's, I do not see why the Dean and Chapter's coal-pits should not be the nation's too : black as these coals, it is said, did the reading of the speech in question turn the face of this great coal-trading peer, the son of old SAUNDERS STEWART, and the brother of the soft and gentle CASTLEREAGH, who, at the very time when he was filling all the offices of the three secretaries of state, cut his own throat and killed himself at NORTH CRAY, in Kent, the Kentish jury declaring, on the oaths of true men, that he was mad when he did it ; and that, of course, the three offices of the secretaries of state (one of which was intrusted with the deciding on matters of life and death) were in the hands of a madman : black in the face as the coals that come out of his pits, or as the garb of his landlords at DURHAM ; black as these, was, it is said, the face of the illustrious descendant of STEWART MACGREGOR, when he read the speech just alluded to ; and impassioned, indeed, was his eloquence, when he complained of that speech in the house of Nobles, who, at last, so benevolently passed the Reform Bill. Amongst the gentlemen who did me this honour, was the maker of that blood-stirring speech. Mr.

DOUBLEDAY brought the work (in two volumes), elegantly bound in morocco ; and, laying it on the table before me, addressed me, in pretty nearly the following words :

“ Mr. COBBETT,—I am deputed by a body of your friends, respectfully to beg your acceptance of these volumes. They contain a history of the ancient town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne ; and we trust they will not be less acceptable in your eyes, when we tell you, that they were written by one who, to the minute accuracy of a historian, added a zeal for the rights of the people, and an unwearied activity in their cause. We take this public way, Sir, of presenting these volumes, before this large and respectable audience, to testify, as strongly as possible, the sense we entertain of the utility of your exertions, whether by speech or writing ; and we take this opportunity of adding, that we trust, that those exertions, so successfully made out of Parliament, will soon be made within its walls. We trust, Sir, your reception here has been such, that, when, in after times (and may many years of happiness be in store for you !), your eye shall meet these volumes, you will see them with no other emotion than that of a pleasing recollection of your visit and of your friends in this town. Philosophers say men act from mixed motives, and, perhaps, you will think them right, when I conclude by making a request of you. It is the earnest wish of your friends, Sir, that you should not leave this town without favouring us with one lecture more ; and it is their wish that the subject be *the Paper-Money System*.”

Now, to *recollect* what I said in answer ; for, as to preparing an answer beforehand, without knowing what was to be said to me, that would have been impossible ; and, indeed, got-up addresses and prepared answers are things that belong to the humbug, by which this nation has so long been cheated. My answer was necessarily suggested by the

words that had been addressed to me; and, from the report which I am here about to give of it, nearly a thousand witnesses will be able to say how nearly my recollection is correct.

“Gentlemen, I receive this book with very great pleasure
“for several reasons: first, because it is presented to me by
“gentlemen whose speeches and efforts, during the struggle
“for the Reform Bill, had so considerable an influence, by
“the example which they gave us in the South, in causing
“the final success of that great measure: second, because it
“is the production of the pen of a gentleman, whose memory is dear to all who knew him, from a recollection of
“his various virtues, but particularly for his loud and
“undeviating course of disinterested labours in the cause of
“Parliamentary Reform: thirdly, I receive this present at
“your hands with peculiar pleasure, as being the history of
“that town whence came the first petition (began under the
“auspices of your excellent townsman, Mr. CHARLES ATT-
“WOOD), praying for the sparing of the lives of the ill-
“treated labourers of the South, amongst whom I was born
“and bred up, and to better whose hard lot while it has been
“my duty, has always, since I had understanding of the
“matter and capacity for the purpose, been the greatest
“object of my life; and, though their sufferings were, at
“last, deep and terrible, their blood was, in part, at least,
“spared, in consequence of your petition, which called
“forth so many others to imitate the humane example.
“For my own part, I have said before, and I here repeat it
“in the presence of an audience on whose good opinion I
“set the highest possible value, that, rather than see the
“working people of England reduced to live upon potatoes,
“I would see them all hanged, be hanged myself, and be
“satisfied to have written on my grave, ‘Here lie the re-
“mains of WILLIAM COBBETT, who was hanged, be-
“cause he would not hold his tongue without complaining,

“ while his labouring countrymen were reduced to live
 “ upon potatoes.’ This book, gentlemen, will not be
 “ necessary to remind me of the town of NEWCASTLE;
 “ the recollection of the great kindness and indulgence that
 “ I have received in which can never be effaced from my
 “ mind. With regard to the request which you have made
 “ to me, gentlemen, respecting another lecture, the honour
 “ is too great not to be eagerly accepted by me; and I will,
 “ therefore, relying on the very great indulgence which I
 “ have heretofore experienced, present myself before you
 “ here on Friday, the 5th of October.”

There, Dr. BLACK! There, “ye loons o’th’Seoth!”
 There, you chopsticks of the Isle of Wight and of Sussex
 and Kent! that’s the way we do things i’ the North!
 There, you Surrey chaps, that creep about amongst the sand-
 hills! that’s the way that we go on in the country where
 the stuff comes from that warms your fingers in the winter.
 Faith! when I get back again, with all the additional
 “*antalluct*” that I am collecting here, I will not take
 things as I have done; I will rule you with a stiffer hand;
 I will make your tongues, as well as your heels, move a
 little nimbler; I shall not suffer you to move as if your legs
 were tied together; I shall not suffer them, at EPSOM, at
 county meetings, to be drawling out their words a yard long,
 their sentences a mile long, and their speeches as long as
 from EPSOM to GUILDFORD; I shall not suffer DENISON
 to be clapping his hand to his heart, and turning up the
 whites of his eyes, and think, that that *is enough*, in addition
 to a good breakfast that he has given to the voters. Faith!
 I will put you to rights; and I will tell Dr. BLACK (between
 him and me!) something about his nativeplace, Berwickshire.
 In short, I will put things in order; and, therefore, prepar e
 yourselves for my return.

In coming from NEWCASTLE to MORPETH we came over
 land vastly inferior to that on the eastern coast. The farms

appear to produce much less ; the pastures are not nearly so good ; and, which is very curious, the cows *change their shape*, as well as their *colour*. They get to be swag-backed, pin-launched, their tails thick and rough, their heads coarse, their faces broad, ribs flat, and horns thick and rather long. This is very curious, that, in so few miles, we should have nearly lost the beautiful HOLDERNESS cows, and got in their stead these ordinary-looking things, like those of the commons and forests of Surrey and Hampshire. I saw some little WEST-HILAND OXEN, as I came along, which, when fat, weigh about a third part as much as the NOTTINGHAM hog, of which I bought the ham ; that is to say, about fifteen score, or three hundred pounds. The beef of them is very good ; and I should suppose that they will fatten upon food which will not fatten a Devonshire, a Herefordshire, a Lincolnshire, or a Durham ox. However, as to these farming matters, I must say more after I get to HEXHAM, which takes me into the western part of the county, and to which I am going this afternoon, for the double purpose of seeing and talking to friends there, and of seeing an acre of my corn. There is some little of it growing here, a specimen of which I have seen, and which is as fine as any that I ever saw in my life. And now for a word or two about politics, which ought not to be wholly omitted, seeing that I am now within a few miles of the residence of *him*, on whose intentions and whose measures so much will now depend !

We hear of meetings of the Ministers at HOWICK, which is not many miles from this place. They may meet ; but everything must depend upon my Lord GREY *himself*. My Lord HOLLAND is, I am afraid, too infirm to meddle much with the matter ; and as to all the rest, they are "*colleagues*," to be sure, but they are either so destitute of talent and knowledge, or so wrong in notions and feelings, or so fickle, perverse, conceited, and of such cormorant and

coarse ambition, that it will be utterly impossible for Lord GREY ever to bring them to an *agreement* with him, with regard to those *great changes* of which I hold it to be impossible that *he must not now see the absolute necessity*. He must ask himself, "What have I made this reform *for* ? " *why* have I exposed myself to the ill-will and lasting "hatred of so many powerful persons? for what reason "have I quitted this tranquil home, where everything about "me is so well ordered, and where all the people that dwell "near me are so happy? why have I exchanged this scene "for the storms of London, and the torment everlasting "with which the discharge of my office is beset?" The answer *must* be, that he has done it for the sake of the peace, the happiness, and the perpetuity of the power of his country; and having laid down these premises, the conclusion in his mind must be, that the Reform *Bill* which he has caused to be carried must be considered by him only as the *means* of effecting *some great change* in the state of the country, and therefore it is reasonable for us to conclude that he has determined upon some such change, to effect which *he has the power completely in his hands*, and to effect which, *in a peaceable manner*, and in a manner which would reflect honour on the character of the country for ever, *no man upon earth but himself has the power*; and this is to me as clear as the sight of the sun at noon-day.

I have frequently expressed my wish and my hope, that the whole thing may be put to rights under his Ministry. I can see no path to a peaceable settlement without that. He is a man of great experience, great knowledge, and great talent. He must anxiously desire to see a happy settlement accomplished. But, be the rest as it may, there is *no other man*. Amongst the wishes and opinions that are afloat, some are wild and some wise, but all men agree that there is now no other man, and that, to raise up another

man in whom the country would confide to the extent in which it confides in him, would require something very nearly approaching to a total breaking-up of this form of government; and, if there were any truth (which there cannot be) in the various stories which we hear about "*his retirement*," and about BROUGHAM becoming Prime Minister; if there were any truth in these stories, which appear to be some of the last droppings from the ropy brains of the WELLINGTON faction; if there were any truth in them, we might begin to prepare ourselves for something like what the CROMWELLIANS called "*a thorough godly revolution*." Oh, no! my Lord GREY cannot "*retire*;" he cannot retire either with honour or with safety; and, in short, it is impossible for him to do it. Seeing all the plagues that he has had to endure, and has still to endure, it would not be at all wonderful if he were at times, forgetting for a moment the just claims of his country upon him, to repent of having meddled with the matter; but, having meddled with it, he must go on; to advance he may deem dangerous; but to stop, he must know, would be death to his reputation.

Yet he cannot remain without proceeding at once to make great changes. I do not say proceed to make them in a *hurry*; but, to show, at once, an intention to make them. He is sure that he will have the people at his back. He can do what he likes for the people, who now know the extent of their power. For many, many years they have not known it. They have been kept in sickness and in slavery, by that system, the intrinsic feebleness of which they now see. They are patient, they are not unreasonable; they are full of knowledge; they yield not to their forefathers, of any age, in point of real patriotism; they desire to overthrow nothing that ought to remain; to assert of them, or any portion of them, worth speaking of, that they seek anarchy and a scramble, is the most atrocious slander that ever was uttered by mortal man: but, they do desire justice;

they do desire to have their burdens lightened ; they do desire impartial laws, impartially executed ; they do desire that they may keep their earnings to themselves, and, as their forefathers did, they desire to live like men, and not like hogs and dogs. In addressing the Lords, some time ago, I endeavoured to convince them, that, in the whole body of the industrious and working people of England, there was scarcely a single man to be found, that had ever entertained the slightest thought of envying his richer neighbour, of wishing to share in his property, of wishing to see all men pulled down to a level. In the whole kingdom there is not a man who knows the sentiments of persons of this description so well as I do. The sentiments of how many thousands upon thousands of them have I heard ; and I should not be afraid to take my oath ; nay, I would freely take my oath, that I never could gather from one single working man, during the whole course of my communication with them, that he wished for anything beyond ; that he wished for any change other than, that which would leave him the enjoyment of the fair fruit of his earnings. There never was a working people in the whole world, so reasonable, so just, and so easily satisfied. These are the materials with which Lord GREY has to work. By making timely and sufficient concessions, he may do everything with these materials ; and, if he, at once, show a disposition to do that which is required to be done, none but a perverse man, actuated by some petty selfish motive, will endeavour to thwart him by urging him to go faster than reason could prescribe. The old saying, that "Rome was not built in a day," will apply here ; but, then, in order to encourage men to hope that the building will be finished, it must be begun ; and I do hope, that it will be begun in the *King's speech* to the first reformed Parliament ; and that Lord GREY will then tell the country from the mouth of the King, the state in which he finds the kingdom, and give us

a solemn pledge that he is determined to alter that state. This is what *he ought to have done before* ; but, hampered with colleagues, who have been instrumental in bringing the kingdom to its present state, he said nothing about it: he must say something about it now, and he is the only man in the kingdom, known at all to public authority, who can say it with propriety and consistency. Let us hope, then, that he will do it ; let us hope, that he sees the necessity of great changes to be made ; let us hope, that he will set about those changes in earnest ; and, then, shame upon the man who shall endeavour to thwart him, or to drive him on faster than reason and justice demand.

Hexham, 1. Oct., 1832.

I left Morpeth this morning pretty early, in a post-chaise, to come to this town, which lies on the banks of the TYNE, at thirty-four miles distant from MORPETH, and at twenty distant from Newcastle. MORPETH is a great market-town, for cattle especially. It is a solid old town ; but it has the disgrace of seeing an enormous new jail rising up in it. From cathedrals and monasteries we are come to be proud of our jails, which are built in the grandest style, and seemingly as if to imitate the GOTHIC architecture. At MORPETH my friend supplied me with plenty of peaches, along with every other good thing to eat and drink ; and along with that, which was much more valuable than all these put together, his most sensible conversation. He showed me some of my corn, very nearly ripe, and as fine as any that I ever saw in my life.

From MORPETH to within about four miles of HEXHAM, the land is but very indifferent ; the farms of an enormous extent. I saw in one place more than a hundred corn-stacks in one yard, each having from six to seven Surrey

wagon-loads of sheaves in a stack ; and not another house to be seen within a mile or two of the farm-house. There appears to be no such thing as barns, but merely a place to take in a stack at a time, and thrash it out by a machine. The country seems to be almost wholly destitute of people. Immense tracks of corn-land, but neither cottages nor churches. There is here and there a spot of good land, just in the deep valleys that I crossed ; but, generally speaking, the country is poor ; and its bleakness is proved by the almost total absence of the oak tree, of which we see scarcely one all the way from MORPETH to HEXHAM. Very few trees of any sort, except in the bottom of the warm valleys ; what there are, are chiefly the *ASH*, which is a very hardy tree, and will live and thrive where the *OAK* will not grow at all, which is very curious, seeing that the former comes out into leaf so late in the spring, and sheds its foliage so early in the fall. The trees, which stand next in point of hardiness, are the *SYCAMORE*, the *BEECH*, and the *BIRCH*, which are all seen here ; but none of them fine. The *ASH* is the most common tree, and even it flinches upon the hills, which it never does in the *SOUTH*. It has generally become yellow in the leaf already ; and many of the trees are now bare of leaf before any frost has made its appearance. The cattle all along here are of a coarse kind ; the cows, swag-backed and badly shaped, *WEST-HILAND* oxen, except in the dips of good land by the sides of the bourns which I crossed. Nevertheless, even here, the fields of turnips, of both sorts, are very fine. Great pains seem to be taken in raising the crops of these turnips : they are all cultivated in rows, are kept exceedingly clean, and they are carried in as winter food for all the animals of a farm, the horses excepted.

As I approached *HEXHAM*, which, as the reader knows, was formerly the seat of a famous abbey, and the scene of a not less famous battle, and was, indeed, at one time,

the SEE of a bishop, and which has now churches of great antiquity and cathedral-like architecture ; as I approached this town, along a valley down which runs a small river that soon after empties itself into the TYNE, the land became good, the ash trees more lofty, and green as in June ; the other trees proportionably large and fine ; and when I got down into the vale of HEXHAM itself, there I found the *oak tree*, certain proof of a milder atmosphere ; for the *oak*, though amongst the hardest *woods*, is amongst the tenderest of plants known as natives of our country. Here everything assumes a different appearance. The TYNE, the southern and northern branches of which meet a few miles above HEXHAM, runs close by this ancient and celebrated town, all round which the ground rises gradually away towards the hills, crowned here and there with the remains of those castles which were formerly found necessary for the defence of this rich and valuable valley, which, from tip of hill to tip of hill, varies, perhaps, from four to seven miles wide, and which contains as fine corn-fields as those of Wiltshire, and fields of turnips, of both kinds, the largest, finest, and best cultivated, that my eyes ever beheld. As a proof of the goodness of the land and the mildness of the climate here, there is, in the grounds of the gentleman who had the kindness to receive and to entertain me (and that in a manner which will prevent me from ever forgetting either him or his most amiable wife) ; there is, standing in his ground, *about an acre of my corn*, which will ripen perfectly well ; and, in the same grounds, which, together with the kitchen-garden and all the appurtenances belonging to a house, and the house itself, are laid out, arranged, and contrived, in a manner so judicious, and to me so original, as to render them objects of great interest, though, in general, I set very little value on the things which appertain merely to the enjoyments of the rich ; in the same grounds (to come back again to the climate), I perceived that the rather tender

evergreens not only lived but throve perfectly well, and (a criterion infallible) the *biennial stocks* stand the winter without any covering or any pains taken to shelter them; which, as every one knows, is by no means always the case, even at KENSINGTON and FULHAM.

At night I gave a lecture at an inn, at HEXHAM, in the midst of the domains of that impudent and stupid man, Mr. BEAUMONT, who, not many days before, in what he called a speech, I suppose, made at NEWCASTLE, thought proper, as was reported in the newspapers, to utter the following words with regard to me, never having, in his life, received the slightest provocation for so doing. "The *liberty of the press* had nothing to fear from the Government. It was "the duty of the administration to be *upon their guard* to "*prevent extremes*. There was a crouching servility on the "one hand, and an *excitement to disorganization* and to "*licentiousness* on the other, which ought to be discountenanced. The company, he believed, as much disapproved "of that *political traveller* who was now going through "the country—he meant *Cobbett*—as they detested the "servile effusions of the Tories." BEAUMONT, in addition to his native stupidity and imbecility, might have been drunk when he said this, but the servile wretch who published it was not drunk; and, at any rate, BEAUMONT was my mark, it not being my custom to snap at the stick, but at the cowardly hand that wields it.

It is my fashion, to meet, if I can, every assailant upon his own dunghill. BEAUMONT knew I was to be at HEXHAM; that is his dunghill; but he took very good care not to be seen in the neighbourhood at the time; though, which is curious enough, the dirty fellow made his appearance there when he found I was gone off to NEWCASTLE. Such a wretch, such a truly contemptible fellow, cannot be an object of what is properly called *vengeance* with any man who is not worth a straw; but, I say, with SWIFT, "If a

flea or a *bug* bite me, 'I will kill it if I can;'" and, acting upon that principle, I, being at HEXHAM, put my foot upon this contemptible creeping thing, who is offering himself as a candidate for the southern division of the county, being so eminently fitted to be a maker of the laws!

The newspapers have told the whole country that Mr. JOHN RIDLEY, who is a tradesman at HEXHAM, and occupies some land close by, has made a stand against the demand for tithes; and that the tithe-owner recently broke open, in the night, the gate of his field, and carried away what he deemed to be the tithe; that Mr. RIDLEY applied to the magistrates, who could only refer him to a court of law to recover damages for the trespass. When I arrived at HEXHAM, I found this to be the case. I further found that BEAUMONT, that impudent, silly and slanderous BEAUMONT, is the *lay-owner* of the tithes in and round about HEXHAM; he being, in a right line, doubtless, the heir or successor of the abbot and monks of the Abbey of HEXHAM; or, the heir of the donor, EGFRID, *king of Northumberland*. I found that BEAUMONT had leased out his tithes to *middle men*, as is the laudable custom with the pious bishops and clergy of the law-church in Ireland. Finding all this, I, after some introductory matter, made my lecture consist of a *dissertation on tithes*; and, I think, I proved to the entire satisfaction of the people of HEXHAM, that all tithes were public property; that it would be the duty of the reformed Parliament completely to abolish them both in England and in Ireland; and that, in no respect whatsoever did the claim of the lay-impropriator differ from that of the clergy themselves. How it would have delighted BEAUMONT to have seen himself placed in the same boat, cheek-by-jowl, with all the crowds of fat rectors and vicars! How wise he would have looked; and how still more zealous he would have been to prevent "licentiousness in the press;" and how still more necessary he would have found

it to express his "disappointment of the political traveller, Cobbett!"

North Shields, 2. Oct., 1832.

Yesterday morning I came from HENHAM to NEWCASTLE; from NEWCASTLE to SOUTH SHIELDS (where I have lectured this evening); and now I am here with an intention to lecture here to-morrow night. From HENHAM to NEWCASTLE I came down in a post-chaise, on the south-side of the TYNE, along a valley which is as fine a corn country as any that is to be seen in any part of the banks of the THAMES above London-bridge; and I have seen that valley from the source of the THAMES to London-bridge. At its northern source I saw it but a mere gutter; and its other source (the ISIS) I rode across (not more than four yards over), the water not reaching up to the belly of my horse. The sides of the TYNE are very fine: corn-fields, woods, pastures, villages; a church every four miles, or thereabouts; cows and sheep beautiful; oak trees, though none very large; and, in short, a fertile and beautiful country, wanting only the gardens and the vine-covered cottages that so beautify the countries in the South and the West. All the buildings are of stone. Here are coal-works and railways every now and then. The working people seem to be very well off; their dwellings solid and clean, and their furniture good; but the little gardens and orchards are wanting. The farms are all large; and the people who work on them either live in the farm-house, or in buildings appertaining to the farm-house; and they are all well fed, and have no temptation to acts like those which sprang up out of the ill-treatment of the labourers in the South. Besides, the mere country people are so few in number, the state of society is altogether so different, that a man who

has lived here all his lifetime, can form no judgment at all with regard to the situation, the wants, and the treatment of the working people in the counties of the SOUTH.

They say, that here is a very large estate, worth about *seventy thousand pounds a year*, which belonged to LORD DERWENTWATER, and which was confiscated and the rents allotted to GREENWICH HOSPITAL. I wonder how much the HOSPITAL *gets from it*! A very fit subject for *inquiry*. It is quite astonishing to know the quantity of the property that, in one way and another, belongs to the *nation*. I do not know who it is that *holds* this property now; but, a time may, perhaps, arrive, when I may be able to find it out. If such a time should arrive, I will assuredly see how the matter stands.

They have begun to make a rail-way from CARLISLE to NEWCASTLE; and I saw them at work at it as I came along. There are great *lead-mines* not far from HEXHAM; and I saw a great number of little one-horse carts bringing down the *pigs of lead* to the point where the TYNE becomes navigable to NEWCASTLE; and sometimes I saw loads of these *pigs* lying by the road-side, as you see parcels of timber lying in Kent and Sussex, and other timber counties. No fear of their being stolen: their weight is their security, together with their value compared with that of the labour of carrying. Hearing that BEAUMONT was, somehow or other, connected with this lead-work, I had got it into my head that he was a pig of lead himself, and half expected to meet with him amongst these groups of his fellow-creatures; but, upon inquiry, I found that some of the lead-mines *belonged to him*; descending, probably, in that same right line in *which the tithes descended to him*; and, as the *Bishop of Durham* is said to be the owner of great lead-mines, BEAUMONT and the bishop may possibly be in the *same boat* with regard to the subterranean estate as well as to that upon the surface; and, if this should

be the case, it will, I verily believe, require all the piety of the bishop, and all the wisdom of BEAUMONT, to keep the boat above water for another five years.

As I approached NEWCASTLE, the collieries, the railroads, the citizens' country boxes, the smoke, the bustle, and all the London-like appearance, again met my eye. But, judge of my surprise when I saw a HAMMERSMITH-BRIDGE swinging upon chains, and with just such a lodge for the toll-man to live in; and with everything as much like the WEN as a young ape is like an old one! Over it I went, looking at the tide below, and seeing the boats push about, as I have so often done, going from KENSINGTON to BARN-ELM and back again. This NEWCASTLE is really and truly the London of the NORTH: it has all the solidity of the city of London; all its appearances of industry and of real wealth; all its prospects of permanency; and, there is only this difference in the people, that, at NEWCASTLE they are all of one *breed* and of one stamp; whereas London is inhabited by persons from every part of the kingdom, not omitting a considerable number from the *sister kingdom*! As to which has the *best* population, I am naturally shy about delivering a very decided opinion; but this I will say, that a *better* race than that at NEWCASTLE and its vicinity, I am quite satisfied that there is not upon this earth. Here you find all the good qualities, public and private; and, which is a great thing to say, you find them in every class.

North Shields, 3. Oct., 1832.

I lectured at SOUTH SHIELDS last evening, and here this evening. I came over the river from SOUTH SHIELDS about eleven o'clock last night, and made a very firm bargain with myself never to do the like again. This evening, after my lecture was over, some gentlemen presented an address to me upon the stage, before the audience, accompanied

with the valuable and honourable present of the late Mr. ENEAS MACKENZIE'S HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND; a very interesting work, worthy of every library in the kingdom. I shall insert this address by-and-by; and in the meanwhile proceed with my progress in the NORTH.

From NEWCASTLE to MORPETH; from MORPETH to HEXHAM; and then all the way down the TYNE; though, everywhere such abundance of fine turnips, and, in some cases, of mangel-wurzel, you see scarcely any *potatoes*; a certain sign that the working people do not live like hogs. This root is raised in Northumberland and Durham, to be used merely as *garden-stuff*; and, used in that way, it is very good; the contrary of which I never thought, much less did I ever say it. It is the using of it as a *substitute* for bread and for meat, that I have deprecated it; and, when the Irish poet, Dr. DRENNEN, called it "the lazy root and the root of misery," he gave it its true character. Sir CHARLES WOLSELEY, who has travelled a great deal in *France, Germany, and Italy*, and who, though SCOTTELDON scratched him out of the commission of the peace, and though the sincere patriot BROUGHAM will not put him in again, is a very great and accurate observer as to these interesting matters, has assured me, that, in whatever proportion the cultivation of potatoes prevails in those countries, in that same proportion the working people are wretched; an assurance which is fully corroborated by my son William, who is also a most competent judge, and who has had opportunities of seeing parts of France and Belgium, which Sir CHARLES may not have seen. From this degrading curse; from sitting round a dirty board, with potatoes trundled out upon it, as the Irish do; from going to the field with cold potatoes in their bags, as the working people of Hampshire and Wiltshire DID, but which they have not done since the appearance of certain

corruscations, which, to spare the feelings of the "LAMBS, the BROUGHAMS, the GREYS, and the RUSSELLS," and their dirty bill-of-indictment-drawer DENMAN, I will not describe, much less will I eulogize; from this degrading curse, the county of Northumberland is yet happily free!

Sunderland, 4. Oct., 1832.

I have just been to give my farewell lecture at this place of interesting situation, great trade and bustle, long and beautiful and opulent streets; of kind and most mannerly people; and without any more *cholera morbus*, or ever having had any more ASIATIC *cholera morbus*, or anything of the kind that was contagious, than there is now in the sole of my shoe; and this, too, is the opinion of every sensible person in the town.

This morning I left NORTH SHIELDS in a post-chaise, in order to come hither through NEWCASTLE and GATESHEAD, this affording me the only opportunity that I was likely to have of seeing a plantation of Mr. ARMORER DONKIN, close in the neighbourhood of NEWCASTLE; which plantation had been made according to the method prescribed in my book called the "WOODLANDS;" and to see which plantation I previously communicated a request to Mr. DONKIN. That gentleman received me in a manner which will want no describing to those who have had the good luck to visit NEWCASTLE. The plantation is most advantageously circumstanced to furnish proof of the excellence of my instructions as to planting. The predecessor of Mr. DONKIN also made plantations upon the same spot; and consisting precisely of the same sort of trees. The two plantations are separated from each other merely by a road going through them. Those of the predecessor have been made *six-and-twenty years*; those of

Mr. DONKIN *six years*; and, incredible as it may appear, the trees in the latter are full as lofty as those in the former; and, besides the equal loftiness, are vastly superior in point of shape, and, which is very curious, retain all their freshness at this season of the year, while the old plantations are brownish and have many of the leaves falling off the trees, though the sort of trees is precisely the same. As a sort of reward for having thus contributed to this very rational source of his pleasure, Mr. DONKIN was good enough to give me an elegant copy of the fables of the celebrated BEWICK, who was at once a native of NEWCASTLE and an honour to the town, and whose books I had had from the time that my children began to look at books, until taken from me by that sort of rapine which I had to experience at the time of my memorable flight across the Atlantic, in order to secure the use of that long arm which I caused to reach Corruption from Long Island to London.

In Mr. DONKIN's kitchen garden (my eyes being never closed in such a scene), I saw what I had never seen before in any kitchen garden, and which it may be very useful to some of my readers to have described to them. *Wall-fruit* is, when destroyed in the spring, never destroyed by *dry-cold*; but, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, by wet-frosts, which descend always perpendicularly, and which are generally fatal if they come between the expansion of the blossom and the setting of the fruit; that is to say, if they come after the bloom is quite open, and before it has disentangled itself from the fruit. The great thing, therefore, in getting *wall-fruit*, is to keep off these frosts. The *French* make use of boards, in the neighbourhood of PARIS, projecting from the tops of the walls and supported by poles; and some persons contrive to have curtains to come over the whole tree at night and to be drawn up in the morning. Mr. DONKIN's walls have a top of stone; and this top, or cap, projects about eight inches beyond the face

of the wall, which is quite sufficient to guard against the wet-frosts, which always fall perpendicularly. This is a country of stone to be sure; but those who can afford to build walls for the purpose of having wall-fruit, can afford to cap them in this manner: to rear the wall, plant the trees, and then, to save the expense of the cap, is really something like the old proverbial absurdity, "of losing the ship for the sake of saving a pennyworth of tar."

At Mr. DONKIN's I saw a portrait of BEWICK, which is said to be a great likeness, and which, though imagination goes a great way in such a case, really bespeaks that simplicity, accompanied with that genius, which distinguished the man. Mr. WM. ARMSTRONG was kind enough to make me a present of a copy of the last performance of this so justly celebrated man. It is entitled "WAITS FOR DEATH," exhibiting a poor old horse just about to die, and preceded by an explanatory writing, which does as much honour to the heart of BEWICK as the whole of his designs put together do to his genius. The sight of the picture, the reading of the preface to it, and the fact that it was the last effort of the man; altogether made it difficult to prevent tears from starting from the eyes of any one not uncommonly steeled with insensibility.

From Mr. DONKIN's I came off to SUNDERLAND, through GATESHEAD. Away to my left, down on the side of the TYNE, lay the various works for the drawing up of coals, for the making of copperas, for the making of magnesia, of Epsom salts, of soda, of soap, of glass, and of God knows what besides. Here are hills of lime-stone, out of which, it seems, they get the means of doing these things. Why the salts are called *Epsom salts* I always wondered, seeing that Epsom is a pretty village in my native county of Surrey, famous for nothing that I ever heard of but the *horse-races* upon its down, where liars and scoundrels meet to waste time, or to gamble with money

that they have got out of the taxes; and for *county-meetings* held in the village, where gentlemen, about upon a level (generally speaking), in point of intellect, with the horses that they ride, used to meet, in the days of "PITT and prosperity," to draw up and pass declarations against PAINE'S "RIGHTS OF MAN," and to enter into solemn pledges, to take and to pass Bank-of-England notes, at the time when the old Lady had nothing but one piece of paper to give for another. In my little book, called "PAPER AGAINST GOLD," which every man in this kingdom ought now to read, if he have not already read it, I have recorded the stupidity, the insolence, and baseness of those low tyrants and pretended loyal men of my native county. PITMEN! I will not be so unjust as put the PITMEN of Durham and Northumberland upon a level with these brutes that used to meet at EPSOM, whom, if I could properly describe, the description would make the sensible people of the NORTH scratch the word "EPSOM" out of the appellation of this article of their manufacture.

Lime is burnt here to be sent to Scotland; and the wet sometimes gets in, sets the vessel on fire, and produces very great calamity. Like every thing else here, the lime-burning is on a scale of prodigious magnitude. You see nothing here that is pretty; but every thing seems to be abundant in value; and one great thing is, the working-people live well. Theirs is not a life of ease to be sure, but it is not a life of hunger. The pitmen have twenty-four shillings a week; they live rent-free, their fuel costs them nothing, and their doctor costs them nothing. Their work is terrible, to be sure; and, perhaps, they do not have what they ought to have; but, at any rate, they live well, their houses are good and their furniture good; and though they live not in a beautiful scene, they are in the scene where they were born, and their lives seem to be as good as that of the working part of mankind can reasonably expect.

Almost the whole of the country hereabouts is owned by that curious thing called the *Dean and Chapter* of DURHAM. Almost the whole of SOUTH SHIELDS is theirs, granted upon leases with fines at stated periods. This Dean and Chapter are the *lords of the Lords*. LONDONDERRY, with all his huffing and strutting, is but a tenant of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, who souse him so often with their *fines* that it is said that he has had to pay them more than a *hundred thousand pounds* within the last ten or twelve years. What will LONDONDERRY bet that he is not the *tenant of the public* before this day five years? There would be no difficulty in these cases, but on the contrary a very great convenience; because all these tenants of the Dean and Chapter might then purchase out-and-out, and make that property freehold, which they now hold by a tenure so uncertain and so capricious.

Alnwick, 7. Oct., 1832.

From SUNDERLAND I came, early in the morning of the 5th of October, once more (and I hope not for the last time) to NEWCASTLE, there to lecture on the PAPER-MONEY, which I did, in the evening. But before I proceed further, I must record something that I heard at SUNDERLAND respecting that babbling fellow TREVOR! My readers will recollect the part which this fellow acted with regard to the "liberal Whig prosecution;" they will recollect that it was he who first mentioned the thing in the House of Commons, and suggested to the wise Ministers the propriety of prosecuting me; that Lord ALTHORP and DENMAN *hummed* and *ha'd* about it; that the latter had *not read* it, and that the former would offer no opinion upon it; that TREVOR came on again, encouraged by the works of the curate of Crowhurst, and by the bloody, bloody old

Times, whose former editor and now printer, is actually a candidate for Berkshire, supported by that unprincipled political prattler JEPHTHAH MARSH, whom I will call to an account as soon as I get back to the SOUTH. My readers will further recollect that the bloody old *Times* then put forth another document as a confession of GOODMAN, made to BURRELL, TREDCROFT, and SCAWEN BLUNT, while the culprit was in HORSHAM jail with a halter actually about his neck. My readers know the *result* of this affair; but they have yet to learn some circumstances belonging to its progress, which circumstances are not to be stated here. They recollect, however, that from the very first I treated this TREVOR with the utmost disdain; and that at the head of the articles which I wrote about him, I put these words, "TREVOR AND POTATOES;" meaning that he hated me because I was resolved, fire or fire not, that working men should not live upon potatoes in my country. Now, mark; now, chopsticks of the SOUTH, mark the sagacity, the justice, the promptitude, and the excellent taste of these lads of the NORTH! At the last general election, which took place after the "liberal Whig prosecution" had been begun, TREVOR was a candidate for the city of DURHAM, which is about fifteen miles from this busy town of SUNDERLAND. The freemen of DURHAM are the voters in that city, and some of these freemen reside at SUNDERLAND. Therefore, this fellow (I wish to God you could see him!) went to SUNDERLAND to canvass these freemen residing there; and they pelted him out of the town; and (oh appropriate missiles!) pelted him out with the "*accursed root*," hallooing and shouting after him—"Trevor and potatoes!" Ah! stupid coxcomb! little did he imagine, when he was playing his game with ALTHORP and DENMAN, what would be the ultimate effect of that game!

Before I set off from NEWCASTLE in the morning, I went to Mr. WM. ARMSTRONG'S, to take my leave of him and

of Mrs. ARMSTRONG. I then returned to Mrs. MACKENZIE'S, which had been my head quarters, and at which I had received such treatment as strangers do receive at NEWCASTLE. Thence, I took my leave of a town in which I had experienced more real pleasure, and my friends in which I had every reason to be better pleased with, than with any equal number of persons that I had ever before seen at any period of my life. To select particular persons to name, in such a case, would be useless as well as improper; when all have so much gratitude due to them from me, the whole list must be named, or I must keep silence as to particulars. I must say the same as to NORTH SHIELDS and SUNDERLAND. I expected to meet warm and sensible friends at NEWCASTLE, and in its neighbourhood. I should have been disappointed if I had not found them; the reality, however, surpassed the expectation; and I was really glad that circumstances forced me away; for my attachment to the scene grew upon me very fast; and when I took leave of Mrs. MACKENZIE, and her obliging and excellent family, my feelings, in spite of the credit which the most brutal and mercenary villains on the face of the earth have given me for want of any feelings at all, were far different from those with which we take leave of persons and of towns whom we visit in the ordinary course of our lives. I deem myself the better for having seen NEWCASTLE and its people: in them I have found new causes for loving my country and my countrymen, and for preferring both to all other countries and all other people in the world: and, thus, for the present, I take my leave of NEWCASTLE, with additional knowledge acquired, additional friendship clinging to my heart, and additional motives to exertion for the good, the happiness, and the greatness of England.

From NEWCASTLE to MORPETH, the country is what I before described it to be. From MORPETH to this place (ALNWICK), the country, generally speaking, is very poor

as to land, scarcely any trees at all ; the farms enormously extensive ; only two churches, I think, in the whole of the twenty miles ; scarcely anything worthy the name of a tree, and not one single dwelling having the appearance of a labourer's house. Here appears to be neither hedging nor ditching ; no such thing as a sheep-fold or a hurdle to be seen ; the cattle and sheep very few in number ; the farm servants living in the farm-houses, and very few of them ; the thrashing done by machinery and horses ; a country without people. This is a pretty country to take a minister from to govern the South of England ! A pretty country to take a Lord Chancellor from to prattle about *poor-laws* and about *surplus population* ! My Lord GREY has, in fact, spent his life here, and BROUGHAM has spent his life in the Inns of Court, or in the botheration of speculative books. How should either of them know anything about the eastern, southern, or western counties ? I wish I had my dignitary Dr. BLACK here ; I would soon make him see that he has all these number of years been talking about the bull's horns instead of his tail and buttocks. Besides the indescribable pleasure of having seen NEWCASTLE, the SHIELDSSES, SUNDERLAND, DURHAM, and HEXHAM, I have now discovered the true ground of all the errors of the Scotch *feelosofers* with regard to population, and with regard to poor-laws. The two countries are as different as any two things of the same nature can possibly be ; that which applies to the one does not at all apply to the other. The agricultural counties are covered all over with parish churches, and with people thinly distributed here and there. Only look at the two counties of Dorset and Durham. Dorset contains 1,005 square miles ; Durham contains 1,061 square miles. Dorset has 271 *parishes* ; Durham has 75 parishes. The population of Dorset is scattered over the whole of the county, there being no town of any magnitude in it. The population of Durham, though larger than that of Dorset, is almost all ga-

thered together at the mouths of the TYNE, the WEAR, and the TEES. Northumberland has 1,871 square miles; and Suffolk has 1,512 square miles. Northumberland has *eighty-eight parishes*; and Suffolk has *five hundred and ten parishes*. So that here is a county one third part smaller than that of Northumberland with *six times as many villages in it!* What comparison is there to be made between states of society so essentially different? What rule is there, with regard to population and poor-laws, which can apply to both cases? And how is my Lord HOWICK, born and bred up in Northumberland, to know how to judge of a population suitable to Suffolk? Suffolk is a county teeming with production, as well as with people; and, how brutal must that man be who would attempt to reduce the agricultural population of Suffolk to that of the number of Northumberland! The population of Northumberland, larger than Suffolk as it is, does not equal in total population by nearly one-third, notwithstanding that one-half of its whole population have got together upon the banks of the TYNE. And are we to get rid of our people in the SOUTH, and supply the places of them by horses and machines? Why not have the people in the fertile counties of the South, where their very existence causes their food and their raiment to come? Blind and thoughtless must that man be, who imagines that all but *farms* in the South are unproductive. I much question whether, taking a strip three miles each way from the road, coming from NEWCASTLE to ALNWICK, an equal quantity of what is called *waste ground* in Surrey, together with the cottages that skirt it, do not exceed such strip of ground in point of produce. Yes, the cows, pigs, geese, poultry, gardens, bees and fuel that arise from those *wastes*, far exceed, even in the capacity of sustaining people, similar breadths of ground, distributed into these large farms in the poorer parts of Northumberland. I have seen not less than

ten thousand geese in one tract of common, in about six miles, going from CHOBHAM towards FARNHAM in Surrey. I believe these geese alone, raised entirely by care and by the common, to be worth more than the clear profit that can be drawn from any similar breadth of land between MORPETH and ALNWICK. What folly is it to talk, then, of applying to the counties of the SOUTH principles and rules applicable to a country like this!

To-morrow morning I start for "MODERN ATHENS!" My readers will, I dare say, perceive how much my "*antalluct*" has been improved since I crossed the TYNE. What it will get to when I shall have crossed the TWEED, God only knows! I wish very much that I could stop a day at Berwick, in order to find some "*feelosofer*" to ascertain, by some chemical process, the exact degree of the improvement of the "*antalluct*." I am afraid, however, that I shall not be able to manage this; for I must get along; beginning to feel devilishly home-sick since I left NEWCASTLE.

They tell me, that Lord Howick, who is just married by-the-by, made a speech here the other day, during which he said, "that the Reform was only the means to an end; and that the end was cheap government." Good! Stand to that, my Lord, and, as you are now married, pray let the country fellows and girls marry too: let us have CHEAP GOVERNMENT, and I warrant you, that there will be room for us all, and plenty for us to eat and drink: it is the drones, and not the bees, that are too numerous; it is the vermin who live upon the taxes, and not those who work to raise them, that we want to get rid of. We are keeping fifty thousand tax-eaters to breed gentlemen and ladies for the industrious and laborious to keep. These are the opinions which I promulgate; and whatever your flatterers may say to the contrary, and whatever "*feelosofical*" stuff BROUGHAM and his rabble of writers may put forth, these

opinions of mine will finally prevail. I repeat my anxious wish (I would call it a *hope* if I could), that your father's resolution may be equal to his sense, and that he will do that which is demanded by the right which the people have to insist upon measures necessary to restore the greatness and happiness of the country; and, if he show a disposition to do this, I should deem myself the most criminal of all mankind, if I were to make use of any influence that I possess to render his undertaking more difficult than it naturally must be; but, if he show not that disposition, it will be my bounden duty to endeavour to drive him from the possession of power; for, be the consequences to individuals what they may, the greatness, the freedom, and the happiness of England must be restored.

TO MR. COBBETT.

The Congratulatory Address of the undersigned inhabitants of the borough of Tynemouth, and North Shields and vicinity, in the county of Northumberland.

An enlightened people, bursting the bonds of ignorance and error by which they have long been shackled, can feel only sentiments of gratitude towards those who have in any way been instrumental towards their deliverance, or who have patriotically aided in the great and glorious work of regenerating their country by enlightening and informing the minds of their countrymen on subjects of the highest interest, as it regards both the happiness of individuals and the prosperity of nations. Amongst this noble band of true patriots we recognise you, Sir, as supereminently distinguished alike for talents of the highest order and the most ardent zeal in your country's cause in all times of difficulty and danger: added to which (what must command the admiration of most intelligent persons), your unwearied industry and manly, uncompromising perseverance, in the maintenance and defence of just principles of civil policy,

which must, so far as they are or may be adopted (and adopted they must be by a reformed Parliament), contribute greatly to the prosperity of the country. For these and all your valuable labours to ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes, and also for the high gratification we received from your interesting and entertaining lecture at our theatre on Tuesday evening (25th September), be pleased to accept of our sincere and grateful thanks. And we cannot but think, that in your peregrinations through the country you must behold with delight, and must indeed feel as well as see, that though you have laboured more abundantly in the great work of reform than any of your contemporaries, you have not laboured in vain; that a rich harvest is now in view; and that your political views and principles are now recognised, not only by the humble, unsophisticated mechanic and artisan, but also by many of the higher classes, whose prejudices you have in great part succeeded in removing. Your present labours in travelling over the more distant provinces of the North, instructing your countrymen in their civil rights and duties, must, in our opinion, be productive of the greatest public good, at this important crisis of our affairs, by disseminating the most interesting political truths, and at the same time dissipating those powerful prejudices which have prevented their general reception.

We anticipate, with a pleasing satisfaction, the period when you shall, by the discriminating good sense of a portion of your countrymen who duly appreciate your talents, be removed to a higher and more extended sphere of usefulness, and when you shall have it in your power more effectually to storm the remaining fortresses and strongholds of corruption and tyranny, both civil and ecclesiastical, when both the law and the gospel shall be administered as our ancestors intended they should, pure and unexpensive.

We congratulate you, Sir, on the passing of the Reform

Bill, which you have so long laboured to accomplish. With all its imperfections (which are many) much, we are persuaded, will be gained by the extension of the suffrage, and the increased popular influence at elections, if the people be sufficiently vigilant and discriminate in their choice of proper persons to represent them in the great council of the nation. But we have at the same time deeply to regret that the old corrupt mode of electing members is still continued, and that the aristocratic despotism of wealth must still preponderate at our elections, and render nugatory, in many instances, the advantages obtained by the extension of the elective franchise. Hence we hope electors will now themselves be convinced of the necessity of the ballot, to remove every undue and corrupt bias which may be offered by a base and unprincipled aristocracy. The ballot, therefore, we hope, will be one of the pledges everywhere demanded from candidates.

That you may long live to enjoy the fruits of your labours, in the esteem, respect, and gratitude of your countrymen, and see, as a consequence, the regeneration of your country, and general happiness and prosperity prevail throughout the British dominions, is the sincere and ardent prayer of your friends and admirers, the undersigned :

John Turnbull
Thomas Mathwin
John Marshall
John Robinson
David Hume
Ralph Rogerson
Thomas Smith
Matthew Brown
Richard Lowdon
Andrew Middleton
John Kelly
Robert White
George Hill
Peter Cowey
Bartholomew Mason
Andrew Hare
Miles Raelton
David Coleman
William Small

Andrew Dun
Thomas Jackson
William Wright
Edward Charleton
Robert Richardson
Thomas Wright
Charles Smith
John Fell
James Reay
Andrew Penman
William Hare
Alexander Gray
William Iron
Peter Geldart
Joseph Lamb
Robert Thornton
Michael Gordon
Morris Neal
Edward Campel

Thomas Askew
William Brown
John Jackson
Edward Bruce
Robert Lowry
Peter Jewson
Michael Ball
William Ball
Thomas Grey
Edward Dundas
Isaac Freeman
Samuel Marr
Roger Matthews
John Grey
Robert Kirkby
Peter Watler
William Cowey
Robert Kelly
William S. Newham

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| Robert Pow | John Douglas | Christopher Hall |
| John Wright | Andrew Davidson | Cuthbert Brown |
| Peter Johnson | Robert Smith | Frederick Lamb |
| John Johnson | James Ferguson | Nicholson Davison |
| Andrew Macpherson | Thomas Gordon | Matthew Hales |
| Michael Davidson | John Askew | Robert Philipotts |
| William Thomson | William Gibson | Thomas Nicholson |
| Samuel Turner | Nesbit Dunn | David Arkell |
| Alexander Williams | John Brown | John Rogers |
| James Shields | John Wilkie | William Newton |
| Andrew Davidson | Thomas Gilmore | John Gellmore |
| George Young | George Green | Peter Wylie |
| William Bell | Peter Lawbor | John Anderson |
| Peter Black | John Rowe, sen. | Thomas Pye |
| John Field | John Nesbit | Robert White |
| Andrew Smith | Michael Williamson | Peter Black |
| Thomas Williams | Samuel Wright | John Hendrick |
| Ralph Morgau | Andrew Thompson | James Leitchfield |
| George Thomson | Joseph Hill | Henry Makon |
| William Jenkins | Thomas Waugh | William Jackson |
| John Bell | John Ferguson | Benjamin Gibson |
| Samuel Stevens | Edward Bailey | James Andrews |
| Michael Watson | Peter Arrowsmith | Henry Bell |
| David Southern | Robert Boag | William Heavyside |
| Barnard Holly | David Donnison | Henry Haswell |
| Thomas Jackson | John Elsdon | William Haswell |
| Andrew Young | Andrew Lewis | James Sterens |
| James Taylor | Charles Gordon | William Black |
| James Thompson | Thomas White | Matthew Fenrik |
| George Gray | Ralph Rogers | Michael Davidson |
| John Lawson | Thomas Hill | Andrew Cass |
| Henry Armstrong | George Young | James Lough |
| John Johnson | Alexander Scott | Robert Douglas |
| William Gray | Nicholas Smiles, sen. | David Steel |
| Peter Price | Nicholas Smiles, jun. | John Thomas |
| Peter Smith | Thomas Wilson | Thomas Thomas |
| John Dum | Henry Frederick | William Johnson |
| George Peters | Thomas Waugh | John Hill |
| James Blair | Philip Sparks | Robert Lamb |
| Thomas Sinclair | Robert Milburn | Peter Scott |
| Ralph Phillips | James Smith | North Thompson |
| Edward Burn | William Johnson | James Smith |
| Samuel White | Francis Ellis | Thomas Lester |
| William Bell | James Leslie | James Waugh |
| Matthew Robson | Roger Ligton | John Stephens |
| George Gordon | John Williams | Mark Dobson |
| Robert Green | John Thompson | John Hunter |
| Andrew Reid | John Burlison | William Huerst |
| William Jewson | Henry Young | Lambert Gray |
| Peter Waddle | Matthew Rate, jun. | William Oliver |
| James Beaumont | William Rate, sen. | William Hansel |
| John Wentworth | Samuel Anderson | Thomas Sanderson |
| John Samuels | John Briggs | Kirtou Nixon |
| Edward Turner | Matthew Foster | Gideon Scott |
| Thomas Mills | Henry Storey | Thomas Robson |
| Peter Bailly | Thomas Robson | John Harrison |
| Thomas Black | Ralph Morton | Henry Wate |

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| James Elliot | Robert Hunter. | John Frazer |
| Luke Gray | Joseph Hume | Francis Dobinson |
| Robert Burn, jun. | Timothy Wate | John Edmunds |
| John Ward | Francis Blake, sen. | Benjamin Pinder. |
| Wm. Hutchinson, jun. | Francis Blake, jun. | Thomas Hall |
| Ralph Hall | William Hewson | Peter Sinclair |
| John White | Samuel Bengal | Robert Lee |
| George Humble | Christopher Beagal | William Leslie |
| James Dowey | George Thobourn | James Luses |
| Thomas Carr | Benjamin Park | George Kirnaby. |
| Robert Bell | Richard Wilkinson. | John Lee |
| Hornsby Hutchinson | John Atkins | John Reed |
| John Dryden | John Bacon Newham | John Oakman |
| Thomas Morley | George Williamson. | Robert Rightson |
| Christopher Morley. | Stephen Robson | Joseph Farinanders. |
| Matthew Wardle, sen. | Robert Jenkins | Robert Hunter |
| Matthew Wardle, jun. | Alexander Jobson | John Driver |
| William Corbitt | James Jacovin | William Anderson |
| William Nesbitt | Robert Gipson | Thomas Marsh |
| Thomas Coxen | William Alexander | Robert Ford |
| John Sagden | Henry Icastadle | George Norman |
| William Hall | William Brown | Thomas Belford |
| William Robson. | Thomas Stobs | John Melven |
| John Thompson | William Stobbs | William Robson |
| Robert Reay | William Miller. | Thomas Wilkins. |
| William Goland | Richard Lowthian. | Thomas Frazer |
| James Sanderson | John M'Carthy | Thomas Summer |
| Matthew Lish | John Ferguson | William Wood |
| Ralph Akenside | Henry Wiseman | Roger Thompson. |
| James Gordon | John Jomas | Lancelot Grieves |
| John Mackey | Henry Mackintosh | Francis Laslie |
| Robert Irvin | William Stephenson. | Joseph Place |
| Lancelot Brown | George Marshal | William Bullock |
| Abraham White | Wilson Nicholson | George Gordon |
| Graham Walker | John Carr | James Richardson |
| James Wilkinson | Temple Fleming | William Yarrow |
| Walter Scott | Joseph Auther | John Bennet |
| John Chater | James Condly | James Gowan |
| John Baty | William Condly | Christopher Mates. |
| Benjamin Parkens. | John Jackson | Thomas Thompson. |
| William Fairless | John Heron | Gray Brown |
| John White | William Liddle. | William Cob |
| Joseph Craig | Peter Boart | James Ferguson. |
| Thomas Moor | John Story | Henry Wheatly |
| Johnson Wile | Francis Story | George Simpson |
| John Mownton | Joseph Tempson | William Gewlock |
| Robert Wright. | William Hays | James Boyd |
| William Downs | William Gihson | Peter Scott |
| John Adamson | James Nevison | John Mohen |
| John Riddle | John Curry | David Green |
| Phillip Mainger | William Pinkney | John Green. |
| Ralph Manken | Thomas Gibson | James Lawson |
| William Gilroy | George Groat | Hugh Robson |
| Mark Mills | Edward Stephens | Peter Leg |
| Nathaniel Parker | Matthew Butten. | Thomas Reed |
| John Moffet | Richard Elizen | William Johnson |
| George Jackson | Thomas Griffin. | John Clark |

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| William Emvy | Henry Emerson | Peter Parker |
| David Peters | James Peterson | John Turnbull |
| Henry Thompson | Ralph Wise | John Gordon |
| William Crutchall | Thomas White | Humphry Coxon |
| John North | David Brown | Matthew Marshall |
| John Gray | John Havorson | Robert Scot |
| James Jackson | Joseph Hunt | John Sheldon |
| George Dixon | George Mould | William Chilton |
| George Crow | Thomas Potts | William Smith |
| William Gordon | James Hogson | Giles Robison |
| Adam Harvey | Ralph Brady | Robert Harle |
| Edward Tarnor | Joseph Black | Robert Forster |
| Ridley Robson | Robert Scott | Ralph Crawford |
| George Stewart | David Coventry | John Rodom |
| Ralph Brodie | Thomas Scott | George Robinson |
| William Toy | Robert Bowman | William Wilson |
| Henry Forsyth | Gilbert Randel | John Errington |
| Thomas King | Robert Shampus | Ralph Wilson |
| John Gray | Robert Cowens | Richard Wilson |
| Thomas Dawson | William Riddle | Richard Errington |
| William Deck | George Vasey | William Chambers |
| John Roe, sen. | Samuel Smith | John Rodgeron |
| Andrew Simpson | Henry Anderson, jun. | Thomas Baley |
| John Donison | William Comm | John Skipsey |
| Edward Dobson | Henry Reves | John Harper |
| Joseph Summers | Alexander Alexander | Henry Laverick |
| Peter Potts | William M ^r Lean | Robert Simpson |
| John Hogson | Henry Fordyce | William Simpson |
| William Black | Robert Robson | James Simpson |
| William Jackson | Richard Hardy | Robert Pearson |
| Thomas Haswell | John Scott | John Spurs |
| Peter Hart | David Lawrie | Thomas Lavrick |
| Robert Henderson | John Jackson | Mark Lavrick, sen. |
| Thomas Banks | Robert Middleton | John Lavrick |
| William Partis | John Roe, jun. | William Lavrick |
| Henry Gowland | George Lee | John Sparks |
| Matthew Mills | William Brown | Mark Lavrick |
| James Potts | John Brady | Robert Arkley |
| John Braddal | Richard Bowtt | Robert Clark |
| John Williamson | John Gray | William Charlton |
| James Miller | David Toy | William Wilkinson |
| Chris. Stephenson | William Mather | William Nicholson |
| Samuel Purse | William Barker | Robert Gordon |
| William Penrose | Robert Nicholson | Adam Jordon |
| George Stephenson | Thomas Pearth | John Cuthey |
| John Thompson | William Nicholson | John Jordon |
| Jonathan Harcastle | Robert Boulton | Henry Unwin |
| John Robson | Joseph Barker | John Wonders |
| William Paul | Joseph Nicholson | James Wonders |
| Christopher Stephen | Peter Davidson | Henry Wonders |
| Henry Atkinson, sen. | David Turnbull | George Wigham |
| William Banks | Ralph Sykes | Jonathan Whetley |
| Thomas Hunter | Alexander Pegg | Anthony Atchson |
| Benjamin Dinis | Peter Jackson | James Carr |
| William Coalchester | Andrew Simpson | George Pearson |
| Timothy Simpson | Hugh Jones | Edward Pearson |
| James Dixon | John Saddler | George Pearson |

William Robinson
 Jacob Featouby
 James Keear
 John Reavley
 Thomas Bowdon
 Edward Nicholson
 Robert Naisbet
 Robert Kinnair
 William Gibson
 Joseph Richardson
 Samuel Lackey
 James Lackey
 Thomas Turnbull
 Thomas Reavley
 Thomas Liddle
 Matthew Cravin
 John Glinding
 Hugh Williamson
 William Glen
 Matthew Wood
 John Hails
 Peter Peall
 Henry Peall
 John Peall
 Thomas Carsell
 Robert Rodgerston
 Robert Errington
 William Stavers
 George Winter
 John Winter
 Robert Raisbeck
 William Raisbeck
 James Sanderson
 Martin Middleton
 George Auckland
 Joseph Read
 Thomas Sanderson
 James English
 Charles Scorer
 William Pearson
 John Pearson
 Thomas Russell
 John Hunter
 Naisbet Hunter
 William Hunter
 Thomas Hunter
 Stephen Gray
 Christopher Pearson
 John Moad
 Peter Dixon
 Edward Lowes
 William Lowes
 Thomas Scorer
 John Little
 Richard Little
 James Little
 John Little, sen.

John Coale
 Robert Shipley
 Francis Reay
 Francis Bailey
 George Sanderson
 James Sanderson
 William Sanderson
 Thomas Sanderson
 Robinson Sanderson
 William Wallis
 Matthew Johnson
 Thomas Musgrove
 Charles Musgrove
 Christopher Lawson
 John Douglass
 Joseph Douglass
 William Douglass
 Thomas Wilson
 John Wilkinson
 John Horn
 William Robson
 James Clennet
 Robert Milburn
 John Cracet
 Robert Storker
 Noble Hedley
 Mark Sutheren
 George Ditchburn
 James Smith
 James Young
 Thomas Carr
 Alexander Carr
 John Engleby
 James Emrey
 Adam Emrey
 Luke Gray
 William Pendley
 William Vardy
 Robert Liddle
 John Bulmer
 John Wild
 John Wild, sen.
 Anthony Wandless
 Alex. Wandless, jun.
 Alex. Wandless, sen.
 William Pendley, sen.
 Thomas Wouders
 John Waddle
 Samuel Birley
 Lancey Dobson
 Henry Dobson
 Toshe Taler
 Henry Gray
 William Peall
 William Turnbull
 D. Hornsby, jun.
 John Elliot

Patrick Jones
 Thomas Gallon
 Andrew Nelson
 Peter Thompson
 Ralph Stephens
 Robert Dixon
 Ralph Hornsby
 Thomas Thompson
 A. Thomas Stafford
 Thomas Rea
 David Rea
 Thomas Thompson
 James Stafford
 Thomas Hornsby
 John Charlton
 Wallion Turner
 Funelot Bornon
 George Venus
 Robert Panshon
 John Turner
 Phillip Laing
 Andrew Stafford
 Robert Allau
 John Alan
 John Scott
 James Hunter
 Andrew Jones
 John Hogarth
 John Thoburn
 Peter Allou
 William Hornbey
 John Baxter, jun.
 William Fleck
 Will. Gordon, sen.
 David Stull
 William Henderson
 John Woodcock
 Stephen Lamb
 Edward Spence
 John Hogg
 Thomas Giloghtley
 Thomas Spencer
 Luke Reay
 John Reay
 George Kuox
 Robert Holoday
 Luke Elliott
 William Bell
 William Simpson, sen.
 John Wright
 George Charlton
 George Riddley
 John Telford
 Richard Jobson
 Nicholas Catley
 Henry Snawdon
 Thomas Heplewhite

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| Robert Heddley | William Fleck | William Oliver |
| John Young | Ralph Mankin | Ralph Hornsby |
| John Barras | John Morley | John Hornsby |
| Joshua Marchet | John Ferguson | Daniel Gallon |
| Robert Swinburn | John Macardy | John King |
| Charles Clemison | Daniel Lee | Peter Forst |
| Robert Oswell | William Hill | Thomas Pigg |
| Robert Whaton | Robert Brown | Henry Davidson |
| Thomas Woodhouse | Henry Morden | Patrick Allon, Esq. |
| Thomas Hornsby | John Hanwar | W. D. Walker |
| Thomas Dawson | John Peacock | D. Hill |
| Sambs Newham | Thomas Lilburn, sen. | J. C. Drury |
| James Maclean | Daniel Davison | John Jarvis |
| John Miller | Thomas Lumpson | William Stanford |
| Matthew Robson, jun. | Abraham Webb | George Nuter |
| Watson Thompson | Alexander Thompson | John Gregson |
| George Thompson | George Aynsley | Thomas Heron |
| David Vardy | Robert Robson | Thomas Mayor |
| John Darley, sen. | John Walker | John Roger |
| Joseph Pain | Thomas Lilburn, jun. | Fixast Thompson |
| Jones Laughton | Ralph Stafford | James Hindshaw |
| Matthew Robson, sen. | Thomas Stephens | John Macone |
| Samuel Wilson | George Rea | William Houston |
| Henry Mills | James Armstrong | George Mackenzie |
| Matthew Robson | Peter Forest | William Truck |
| Samuel Goldberg | William Hill | Tober Gregson |
| Thomas Graham | Andrew Old | John Hargrave |
| John Oliver | Thomas Hornsby | William Philipson |
| John Johnson | John Hill | John Procter |
| William Ferguson | William Wright | John Vash |
| Thomas Oalson | Thomas Jackson | William Dacre Wright |
| William Sutherland | John Faconer | |

Edinburgh, 14 Oct., 1832.

My proceedings at this city must be reserved for description after I have brought my readers forward from ALNWICK, in Northumberland, at which place I wrote my last *Register*, to this famous capital of Scotland; to *unknown* that which I have known in consequence of my coming to which, is what I would not experience for "all the gold in the Bank of England," which most of my readers will perhaps say, is no great deal!

From ALNWICK to BELFORD, which is about fourteen miles, we first leave behind us, with every feeling of contempt which haughtiness and emptiness can excite in the human mind, the endless *turrets* and *lions* of the de-

scendant of SMITHSON, commonly called PERCY, whose father, CANNING and ELLIS and FREER so unmercifully ridiculed under the name of "Duke SMITHSON," in a poem entitled "*The Duke and the taring-man*;" the Duke having committed the sin of endeavouring to evade PITT's assessed taxes. There was a flag flying on the battlements, to indicate to the vassals around that the descendant of HOTSPUR was present in the castle. Leaving all this behind us, we came along through better land than that between MORFETH and ALNWICK. There was some wheat out, and some oats also; and one field of very fine oats, not cut. No trees worthy of the name, except a few ASH, and those very bad. As we advanced, the farms grew larger and the land better: the turnips everywhere fine. I saw a flock of small birds; and I do not recollect having seen any small bird on this side of Yorkshire, except in the warm plantations of Mr. DONKIN, of NEW-CASTLE. At about seven miles from ALNWICK, I saw the sea to the right, and, for a rarity, a village-church. Thereabouts, they tell me, is the seat of Lord GREY, and of his brother *General* GREY, who, as I was told, being at ALNWICK on the day when I was expected there to lecture, and being told of it, expressed his surprise to find that the people were going to hear me, observing, that my lecturing was all a *humbug*; in which the *General* would have found himself very much deceived, if he had heard me put it to a very numerous and sensible audience, whether they really thought that they ought to be taxed to pay *three generals* for every regiment of foot and of horse in our elegant service; and whether they did not think that that elector would deserve to be trampled to death under a cavalry horse's feet, who would give his vote to a candidate that would not pledge himself to put an end to this monstrous waste of our money. If the *General* had heard

the sort of answer which the audience gave to these questions, he would not have thought the lecturing "*a humbug.*"

Here we get amongst the mischief. Here the farms are enormous; the stack-yards containing from fifty to a hundred stacks each, and each stack containing from five to ten large southern wagon-loads of sheaves. Here the thrashing-machines are turned by STEAM-ENGINES; here the labourers live in a sort of *barracks*: that is to say, long sheds with stone walls, and covered with what are called pantiles. They have neither gardens nor privies nor back-doors, and seem altogether to be kept in the same way as if they were under military discipline. There are no villages; no scattered cottages; no up-stairs; one little window, and one door-way to each dwelling in the shed or barrack. A large farm-house, and large buildings for the cattle and the implements; one farmer drawing to one spot the produce of the whole country all around; a sort of manufactory of corn and of meat, the proceeds of which go, with very little deduction, into the pocket of the big landlord, there being no such thing as a small proprietor to be seen, though the land is exceedingly fine and produces the most abundant crops: the good part of the produce all sent away; and those who make it all, compelled to feed upon those things (as I shall hereafter more particularly show) which we in the South give to horses and to hogs. This, readers of the *Register*; this is the scene, chopsticks of Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire; this is the scene, and these the "*country people*," in which, and amongst whom, were born and bred those Ministers who sent VAUGHAN and ALDERSON and DENMAN and WILDE, to execute the SPECIAL COMMISSIONS in the South!

All the remainder of the way, through BELFORD and to BERWICK, the land continues to get, if possible, better and

better; the turnips incomparably finer; the stack-yards increasing in number and bigness of stacks; the steam-chimneys taller and taller; and the horrible barracks longer and longer, and more and more hateful to the sight: Gracious God! have these fellows the impudence; have they the insolent assurance, to hope to be able to bring the people of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, into this state? This is "*rural life*," with the devil to it! But it is useless to waste one's indignation upon the subject: their emigration schemes and their poor-law schemes will all be blasted; and they themselves will be the subject of ridicule and contempt for ages to come.

I descend to the TWEED; and now for the "*antalluck!*" As I went over the bridge, my mind, filled with reflecting on those who had crossed it before me; saying to myself, "This has been the pass of all those pestiferous *feelosofers* whom I have been combating so long, and who have done so much mischief to their own country as well as mine:" saying this to myself, and thinking, at the same time, of the dreadful menace of the "*SCOTSMAN*," and of that "*national debt of revenge*," that he said Scotland owed me; with my mind thus filled, I could not help crossing myself as I passed this celebrated bridge.

BERWICK, which is a good solid town, and has a river, into which small vessels come to take away the corn from the *corn-factories*, and which was formerly a strongly fortified place, is regarded, by law, as being in neither England nor Scotland, but a separate dominion; and, thinking that this was a safe place, I intended to stay here the night of Monday, the 8th, in order to prepare myself a little before I actually got into Scotland; but, seeing placards up enjoining the observance of the *fast* on account of the cholera morbus, and being rather hungry at the time, I, travelling by post-chaise, resolved to push on another stage, in order to avoid giving offence by indulging my appetite in such a

state of things; therefore, on I came, exclaiming, as the chaise got upon Scotch Ground: "Angels and ministers of grace defend me!" happening to remember so much of some prayer or play, or something which I have now forgotten. It was plagiarism, to be sure; but I committed it involuntarily, and I wish Lord BROUGHAM could say as much with regard to the divers acts of plunder that he has committed upon me.

Coming out of BERWICK, we have the sea to our right for some time, with no trees, stone walls, very fine land, and very fine turnips. After this, there come a rocky shore and hilly poor ground for a short space. At about four miles from BERWICK, the sea gets farther off, the land beautiful, the turnips fifty acres in a piece, fresh and fine, and the land clean as a flower-garden; and thus, with great stack-yards and long barracks here and there on each side of us, we come down to the village of AYTON, and to the beautiful park and gardens of Mr. FORDYCE! "Fired at the sound, my Genius spreads her wings," and urges me to ask Mr. CREEVEY, my formidable rival at OLDHAM, whether this is that same FORDYCE, who was once *surveyor of crown lands*, and also *collector-general of the taxes in Scotland*; and who was, somehow or other, related to the Duchess of GORDON; and who had AN ACCOUNT, about which account Mr. CREEVEY had given notice of a motion, and which motion he was, somehow or other, prevented from making when PITT was last in office; and, further, whether Mr. CREEVEY, if he have a seat in the reformed Parliament, will revive the motion now; or whether he will give me the information that I may revive it, if I should happen to be in that Parliament; for, though this may be the successor of that Mr. FORDYCE, Mr. CREEVEY, who is a lawyer, knows better than I do, that the crown acknowledges no laches, and that the act of *Elizabeth* will hunt public money as a pack of hounds hunt a fox, from cover to cover.

AYTON consists of a parcel of very homely stone houses ; but the people seem to look very well, and particularly the boys, who all wear a sort of stiff caps, and who look rosy and hearty. When we get farther on, the land gets poor and hilly; the road twists about among the hills, and follows (towards its source) a little run of water, on the sides of which are some narrow meadows. The hills are here covered with scrubby woods, very much like those in the poorest parts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire. At the end of fourteen miles from BERWICK, I came to HOUNDWOOD Inn, a place for changing horses ; and I liked the look of the place so well, the house seemed so convenient and clean, and the landlord so civil and intelligent a man, that I resolved to stop here all night, which I did ; in order to steady my head a little, and to accustom it to that large and fresh supply of "*antalluct*" which it had been imbibing ever since I crossed the TYNE, and more particularly since my crossing the TWYED. All these new ideas about thrashing-machines *worked by steam* ; corn-weavers, kept in barracks, without back-doors, or privies ; all these new ideas, of such vast importance in rural philosophy ; especially when I found myself in Dr. BLACK's native country, and recollected with what urgency he had pressed upon us of the South, the "*prudence*" of his countrymen in *checking population* by resorting to *illegitimate* indulgences, instead of *loading* themselves with wives ; all these new ideas wanted a little digesting in my mind, before I could, with common prudence, proceed to present myself before critics so severe as those which I must naturally expect to meet with at the fountain-head of *feelosofy* itself, where there were (as I had been told at NEWCASTLE) *six or seven newspapers*, all assailing me with the greatest virulence.

On Tuesday Morning, my heart thumping against my ribs, off I dashed at as round a rate as I could prevail on the post-boy to drive. For about five miles the land continued

the same as before; a little sort of *moor*, in which they dig peat, the valley narrow, the hills on the side rocky, cultivated here and there a little, the rest of the ground growing scrubby firs or *wyns*; but great numbers of the Cheviot-hill sheep feeding on them; and very pretty sheep these are. They have no horns, are white all over, legs not long, body very truss, rather larger, and a great deal prettier sheep than the South-down sheep. The *HIGHLAND sheep*, of which you do not see a great many here, have black faces, black legs, and very long, very white, and coarse wool. They are very beautiful little sheep; and I will certainly endeavour to get a breed of them to put upon the heaths in Surrey, where, I think, they would soon supplant the little miserable things that we call *heath-croppers*. My Lord HOLLAND has always some of these *Highland sheep* at Kensington, in his beautiful park and farm, which he disfigured and half spoiled, during the building madness of his colleague, ROBINSON'S "*matchless prosperity*" of 1824 and 1825. When, in the former of those years, I saw "*ADDISON-ROAD*" come and cut his beautiful farm across, and when I saw "*Cato Cottage*" and "*Homer Villa*" start up on the side of that road, I said, my Lord (and I am very sorry for it) will pay pretty dearly for his taste for the "*classics*." These "*classics*" are, sometimes, not very safe guides even in matters of a merely literary nature. So long, however, as you confine your enthusiasm to paper and print, you merely expose yourself to ridicule; but when your taste pushes you on to the levelling of banks, the tearing up of trees, the felling of oaks fifty years old, and, above all the rest, to dabbling in brick and mortar, the *classics* become most perilous and pernicious companions! The *Cheviot-hill* sheep have rather short wool, and are very pretty sheep in all respects, but I dare say that the mutton of the *Highlanders* is better; because my Lord HOLLAND must know all about the matter; and I know that he has had a sup-

ply of these sheep at KENSINGTON for a great many years.

Along here we see black and red cows, very small, compared with those in Durham and Northumberland. The oxen, some without horns and some with horns, and chiefly black, all come from the Highlands, and are all excellent for fattening. There are immense fairs, which are here called *Trysts*, at which these cattle are sold, and from which they go all over the south of Scotland and all over England, except Sussex and Kent, where the Welsh cattle are the favourites. These oxen, fed upon the turnips of this country, and without any hay, will get quite fat during the autumnal and winter months; and the beef in Northumberland and in Scotland is as good as any in the world.

There are some oats out here yet, and some wheat out also. But now, at about seven or eight miles from HOUNDWOOD, we get through the hills and out of this little narrow valley; we see the sea to our right, and the fine level country opens before us. Here we entered into what is called EAST-LOTHIAN; and just at a little village called "*Cockburn's Path*," where there is the second church that I have seen since I quitted BERWICK, we get into the county of HADDINGTON, where we see the sea all along upon our right till we get to DUNBAR (a distance of sixteen miles from HOUNDWOOD), and such corn-fields, such fields of turnips, such turnips in those fields, such stack-yards, and such a total absence of dwelling-houses, as never, surely, were before seen in any country upon earth. You very frequently see more than a hundred stacks in one yard, each containing, on an average, from fifteen to twenty English quarters of wheat or of oats; all built in the neatest manner; thatched extremely well, the thatch bound down by exterior bands, spars not being in use owing to the scarcity of wood. In some of these yards the thrashing-machine is worked by horses, but in the greater part by steam; and where the

coals are at a distance, by wind or by water; so that in this country of the finest land that ever was seen, all the elements seem to have been pressed into the amiable service of sweeping the people from the face of the earth, in order that the whole amount of the produce may go into the hands of a small number of persons, that they may squander it at London, at Paris, or at Rome. Before we got into DUNBAR we found the road (which is very fine and broad) actually covered with carts, generally drawn by one horse, all loaded with sacks of corn. For several miles it appeared to be a regular cavalcade of carts, each carrying about twelve English sacks of corn, and all going to DUNBAR, which is a little sea-port (though a large town) apparently made for the express purpose of robbing Scotland of all its produce, and of conveying it away to be squandered in scenes of dissipation, of gambling, and of every other vice tending to vitiate man and enfeeble a nation.

Between HOUNDWOOD and DUNBAR, we came to ROXBURGH-Park, which has near it a sort of village consisting of very bad-looking houses, with the people looking very hearty and by no means badly dressed, especially the little boys and girls, whose good looks I have admired ever since I entered Scotland; and about whom the parents seem to care much more than they do about their houses or themselves. They do not put boys to work hard when they are young, as they do in England; and, therefore, they are straighter and nimbler on foot; but here is a total carelessness about the *dwelling-place*. You see no such thing as a little garden before the door; and none of those numerous ornaments and those conveniences about labourers' dwellings, which are the pride of England, and by which it is distinguished from all the other countries in the world. The dwelling-place of a *mere working countryman* in the United States of America is, generally, a miserable shed, all the *round-about* of which appears to have no owner at all.

They told us that the Duchess of ROXBURGH lived at this ROXBURGH-PARK, which is a very fine place, and very well wooded, and at which I could not look without thinking of BURDETT's second poor "*Duke Gawler*," whose learned heir apparent is, or recently was, a candidate for the city of NORWICH, as mentioned in my *Register* of some time back, where I gave the history of old Sir JAMES INNIS's getting the dukedom, marrying a young wife at four-score, having a son by her, which son is now a minor, and which wife is now the duchess living in this park. Faith! if GAWLER had got this dukedom, his heir would not need a sinecure place in the Chancery, and his brother would not need a commissionership along with SENIOR, and the "*reporter*" COULSON, whom BROUGHAM has set to work, under the name of a *poor-law commission*, to digest a plan for an entire new distribution of the revenues of all Englishmen's estates, from the lord down to the forty-shilling freeholder; for to this dukedom of ROXBURGH appertains an immense estate in the county of that name, which is bounded to the south and the west by the CHEVIOT HILLS, and through which, from one end of the county to the other, runs one branch of the TWEED; the south-eastern part being bounded by the TWEED itself, having on its banks land, if possible, still finer than this land of the LOTHIANS; Lord! how "*DUKE GAWLER*" would have revelled in possession of this estate! His heir apparent would have had DICK GURNEY for a huntsman, instead of creeping under the gabardine of this brewer-banker, in order to be shuffled into a seat for the city of NORWICH, in consequence of the recommendation of the famous patriot BURDETT, who used to teach us the absolute necessity of "*tearing the leaves out of the accursed Red Book*," and who has now the idiot-like folly and impudence to be trying to thrust one of the tax-eating HOBHOUSES into a seat for the city of BATH.

At DUNBAR, in the town, and going quite across the upper end of the main street, which is so wide as to be worthy of being called an oblong square instead of a street; across the end of this street stands the very plain, but very solid and very noble-looking house of my Lord LAUDERDALE, on whom I should certainly have called to pay my respects, if I had had time, his Lordship having been, upon, several occasions, personally civil to me.

At about three miles from DUNBAR, we see, away to our right, standing upon a high hill, with beautiful woods about it, and looking over the sea, the house of the Earl of HADDINGTON, whose fine estate sweeps, we are told, all around this county; and which is very far from being destitute of trees. At about five or six miles from DUNBAR we came, at a place called BELTONFORD, to the bunch of farms rendered so famous by the monstrous farming and cattle concerns of that Mr. RENNIE, the account of whose failure occupied, some time ago, so much space in the London newspapers; and whose affairs really seem to have been upon a scale such as states or sovereigns might engage in.

“ Ill habits gathered by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to seas.”

This couplet, which has been a proverb ever since it was first published, is applicable to this agricultural madness. Mr. RENNIE never thought beforehand, never dreamed before he began to stretch out, of the lengths to which he would be finally led. Here, again, and at every other step, we behold the fatal effects of the accursed paper-money. What was there to check a sanguine and enterprising mind in pursuit of wealth, when money was to be had, in any quantity, by merely dipping a pen into an ink-stand, and writing a few words upon a little bit of paper? Such a man had no need of reflection, if the system then existing could have continued; if the system of “cheap currency,” so

eulogised by that profound statesman Lord HOWICK, could have continued, Mr. RENNIE must have gone on increasing in wealth; but it could not continue; foreign nations would not suffer us to have bank-notes to so great an amount passing along with gold; and then the system blew up, and Mr. RENNIE was destroyed; and destroyed, too, without having ever suspected the possibility of it, and without, even to this hour, clearly understanding the cause. In such a case a man is not to be accused of dishonesty; the wrongs which he does are not wrongs of intention; he is impelled by unseen causes; and he is no more answerable for the consequences than is the man who, being knocked down by another, falls upon a child and presses it to death. But here is the dilemma; either the innumerable persons who have, in the manner of Mr. RENNIE, scattered ruin and misery around them; either these persons have all been criminal, or this is the foolishhest or the wickedest Government that ever was tolerated upon the face of this earth; an alternative, which, if put to the vote, would be decided in favour of the latter proposition, by nine hundred out of every thousand men in the kingdom.

The country continues much about the same all the way to HADDINGTON; only it has more woods, and these very beautiful, consisting, however, chiefly of *beech*, *ash*, *sycamore*, and *birch*, though with here and there an *oak tree* of small size. Before we reach HADDINGTON, we see innumerable carts carrying the corn towards that town. Here are fields with trees round them like the finest and largest fields in Sussex and Kent. About two miles before we get to HADDINGTON, Sir JOHN SINCLAIR's house and estate lie a little way on our left, and Lord DALKERTH's farther on in the same direction, in a fine, well-wooded, beautiful valley; land as fine as it is possible to be; a hundred acres of turnips in one piece; and, as I am very well informed, with forty tons of bulbs upon an English acre. Everything

is abundant here but people, who have been studiously swept from the land ; and for which, by the laws of God as well as man, this Government is answerable ; and, it is not in the way of joke that I express my hope, that it will be made to confess its errors, or that it will be punished for intention of mischief.

HADDINGTON is a large, a good, and solid town ; and, being situated in the midst of so fine a country, must, in the mere business of supplying the farms, besides being an immense mart for corn, possess a great deal of wealth. After we quit HADDINGTON, we come to a place called TRANENT, which is a sort of a colliery town ; here are collieries and rail-roads ; and the county, as well as the town of HADDINGTON, are supplied with coals from this source. Coming on from this place to MUSSELBURGH, we see the mouth of the FIRTH of FORTH, away to our right ; and down there, close by the sea, lies that PRESTON-PANS, rendered famous by the bloody battle fought at that place. Here we look across the FIRTH into the fine county of FIFE, and see the Highlands begin to rise up beyond KINROSS, and the FIRTH of TAY. The prospect here is very beautiful, and thus we go on to MUSSELBURGH, which is a sort of place of resort for EDINBURGH people in the summer. It is called a village, but it is in reality a very fine town for the greater part of it. From this place, close along by the water-side, we come to another village called PORTOBELLO, and then to EDINBURGH itself, at which I arrived about half-past two o'clock, and took up my quarters in the house of a friend, of whom I must not more particularly speak until I am placed beyond the possibility of being in his house after he shall have seen this account. Here, then, I was, in that city, of which I had heard and read so much ; of which I had spoken in terms, not one of which was to be retracted as long as I was in it ; and my reception in which, six news-

papers here, to say nothing of the hundreds in England (the bloody old *Times* by no means excepted), had, for more than a month, been labouring to render not only mortifying and disgraceful, but even personally perilous! And, here it was, in this renowned capital of Scotland, that I was destined, without even uttering a single word in my defence, to crown my triumph over all these atrocious calumniators, and over the base and detestable men in power, who had employed the mercenary wretches to vomit forth their calumnies.

But, before I proceed to endeavour to describe to my English readers this beautiful city, and its still more beautiful environs, I must endeavour to perform a task far more interesting to us all, and especially to the people of Scotland, gratitude, on my part, to whom, would render the performance of this task a bounden duty, even if England had no interest in it; but the fact is that it is interesting to all of us alike; and, if I discharge it as I ought, in a manner commensurate with the importance of the subject, I shall receive the lasting thanks of every good man in the kingdom.

Let me look back, then, over this fine country, from the TWEED to the FIRTH of FORTH. When at NEWCASTLE, I learned that *Scotch vagrants* were regularly sent from that place back into Scotland by *pass-carts*; that the conveyance of them was *contracted for*; and that the contractor received two pounds two shillings for each journey; that this contractor put them down at a place called KYLOE, or Kelso, a place five miles distant from BELFORD, on the road to BERWICK; that the vagrants were delivered into the custody of a police-officer, who saw them deposited in the parish in Scotland named in the pass; and that the contractor had sometimes taken the same individuals as often as ten or twelve times! These facts, of the correctness of which there can be no doubt, may be useful to Lord BROUGHAM'S most wise *commission*, the great object of

which is to get rid of the English poor-laws; that is to say, those just laws, which, before they were violated by STURGES BOURNE's bills, ensured to the working people of England something like a due share in the produce of the earth, in compensation for the loss of that patrimony which the aristocracy had taken away from them at that season of enormous robbery and plunder most falsely called the Reformation. These facts, so astounding, so unanswerable, may serve also (and I hope they will) to make Mr. O'CONNELL less positive, and less pertinacious, in opposition to the ONLY measure that can ever make Ireland a country fit for either a poor or a rich man to live in. These facts may (and I trust they will) serve the further purpose of inducing my dignitary, Dr. BLACK (who is spoken of with great respect here), to hesitate before he another time holds out the labourers of Scotland as an example to be followed by the *chopsticks* of the South. He does not, indeed, persevere, like Mr. O'CONNELL, to revile the institution of poor-laws; but still, he talks of the *ignorance* of my countrymen, the chopsticks; he imputes the fires to their *ignorance* and not to *a sense of their wrongs*; he contrasts their turbulent behaviour with the *quiet submission* of the labourers of Scotland, whom he represents as being WELL OFF in consequence of *their fewness in number*; he ascribes the suffering of the labourers of England to the *excess of their numbers*, and not to the weight of the taxes and the low wages which those taxes compel the farmer to wish to pay. These are most pernicious errors; errors, that have produced the greatest evils; and errors which it shall be my duty to dissipate, if I find myself equal to the task.

With regard to the poor-laws; before any one is impudent enough to propose to abolish them, or to change them (except back again to their original state), let him hunt throughout Scotland and Ireland, and there find an *English vagrant*; there find a *pass-cart* to convey beggars

back again to England. This is the first thing to do before a pack of Scotch and Irish renegadoes get together to hatch the means of robbing the working people of England of the compensation for their patrimony, as the people of Scotland and Ireland have been robbed. Before any quack be impudent enough to propose to abolish English poor-laws, let him stop the *pass-carts*, which are constantly in movement to carry out of England, and to toss back upon their own soil, the destitute people of Scotland and Ireland.

Here is a thing calling itself "*a Government*," and a "*paternal Government*" too, having three countries under its management, out of two of which distressed persons are continually prowling into the third; and that third is as constantly engaged in carrying these distressed persons back again by force, and tossing them back upon the soil from which they have made their incursions; and this work of carrying back (causing great expense) is constantly going on through numerous channels every year of our lives, from the first of January to the thirty-first of December: and with all this before their eyes, this "*paternal Government*" is incessantly at work, hatching schemes for *reducing the third country to the situation of the other two*! It is useless to rage; and, there being a *liberal Whig Ministry* in power, I stifle my feelings, and refrain from doing justice in characterising this Government.

But now, Dr. BLACK, about the famous "*antalluct*" of the labourers of Scotland, and the *ignorance* of the chopsticks of the South; those causes of turbulence in the latter, and of quiet submission in the former. You are a Scotchman, Doctor; but you know nothing about Scotland. You live in England; but you know nothing about England. *Books* have been your teachers; and that which you *know* about the characters, the capacities, and especially the *motives* of living authors, ought to warn you against trusting the stuff put forth by the scribbling coxcombs, fools, and

knaves, that are dead. I, taking permission to use the words of the apostle, "bear witness of that which I have seen." It is not yet a week since I set my foot in Scotland; yet I have seen enough to make me clearly understand the ground-work of all your errors relative to this most important of all human matters.

I find that there is a sort of poor-laws in some parts of Scotland; that the counties bordering on the sea, through which I have come, that the county of FIFE, and others, some of the rich parts of Scotland; that this city, that PAISLEY, GLASGOW, GREENOCK, have compulsory assessments for the relief of the poor; but that, in all the interior, and over the far greater part of Scotland, there is no such provision, and that the destitute depend entirely upon collections at the church-doors, and upon other alms voluntarily given. The people of England compelled the Government to give them a legal claim upon the land generally in lieu of their *patrimony*, which consisted of efficient and substantial relief out of the tithes. The people of Scotland, embroiled and torn to pieces by conflicting tyrants; and the people of Ireland, kept down by the iron arm of the greedy aristocracy in England; had not the power to compel their rulers to do them justice, and give them a compensation for the loss of their patrimony. Therefore these two countries were robbed without compensation ever obtained; and therefore it is that destitute persons prowl from them into England, and that the English destitute persons stay at home.

Even Scotch charity does a great deal, and the distribution of the alms being committed to their exemplary parochial ministers, a great deal is done to alleviate the sufferings of the destitute. In the rich counties and the great towns where the assessment is compulsory, it is, nevertheless, extremely defective. It is a *fixed sum for the year*. In this city it is six per cent. on the rental;

but then (which is a subject to be treated of another time) the judges, and every one belonging to the courts, claim an exemption; very unjustly, to be sure; but they claim it, and they have it; and thus about a thousand of the richest men in the city pay nothing towards the relief of the poor. The sum thus raised is found to be very inadequate: here, in this fine and beautiful city, with as much real piety as is to be found in any place in the world; with ministers as diligent, and with a whole people as charitable, the assessments fall so much short of the necessities of the case, that the suffering and the beggary, though so much checked by the proud stomachs of the people, surpass, in a ten-fold degree, that which is to be found in any place in England; and if I were to say in a fifty-fold degree, I do not think that I should go beyond the fact. From everything that I can learn, nothing can exceed the diligence, the pains, the disinterestedness, with which the funds raised for the poor at EDINBURGH are managed; and yet such is the distress and such the beggary! Well, then, what does this prove? It proves the wisdom as well as the justice of the act of Elizabeth; it proves that, to make the relief what it ought to be, there must at all times be, as in England and the *United States of America*, a power to collect, not a certain sum during the year, but as much as shall be wanted during the year, and the adoption of measures to secure the due application as well as an efficient collection.

Having now shown that even in Scotland necessity has dictated something in the way of compulsory assessment, leaving Mr. O'CONNELL to reflect on these and on the foregoing facts, and respectfully suggesting to him to consider whether it might not be as well to sweep beggary out of Ireland first, and then for us to discuss, when the people shall have their backs covered and their bellies filled, the question about a repeal of the Union; leaving Mr. O'CONNELL and these matters here, let me now, Dr. BLACK,

turn to you again, and talk to you about that famous "*antalluct*," before-mentioned, that keeps the labourers of the North so quiet, while those of the South are so turbulent; and about that "*moral restraint*" of the nasty-pensioned-parson MALTHUS, and that "*prudence in abstaining from marriage*," which makes the labourers of Scotland so WELL OFF; because, Doctor, it is this last-mentioned matter which is the great thing of all.

Now, then, let me tell you how those persons are off, whom you wish the labourers of England to imitate, and with whom you wish them to change situations. But I will not address myself to you here. I will address myself to the chopsticks of the South; and this part of this *Register* I hereby direct my printers to take out of the *Register*, after they have printed off the edition, and to put it in a half sheet or quarter sheet of demy paper, with a title to it, just such as I shall here give. I hereby direct them to print ten thousand copies of this address; to put at the bottom of it, price ONE PENNY; and I hereby direct the person keeping my shop at *Bolt-court*, to sell these addresses at *five shillings a hundred*; or at *three shillings for fifty*. Now, then, Doctor, BROUGHAM and MALTHUS and Lord HOWICK and Sturges Bourne and BROUGHAM's other poor-law commissioners, SENIOR and COULSON the *reporter*, and HARRY GAWLER (the Duke's brother) and *Malthusian* BURDETT, and all the whole crew, shall find that I have not come to Scotland for nothing.

COBBETT'S ADVICE
TO THE CHOPSTICKS

OF

*Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire,
Berkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex; and of all the
other Counties in the South of England.*

Edinburgh, 14. Oct. 1832.

My Friends,—This is the finest city that I ever saw in my life, though it is about five hundred miles to the north of the southern part of Dorsetshire; but neither the beauty of this city, nor its distance from your and my home, has made me forget you, and particularly poor Cook and Farmer BOYES and the men that were transported in 1830. I have some *advice* to offer you, the object of which is to induce you resolutely to maintain the rights which, agreeably to the laws of our country, we all inherit from our forefathers. Amongst these rights are, the right to live in the country of our birth; the right to have a living out of the land of our birth in exchange for our labour duly and honestly performed; the right, in case we fall into distress, to have our wants sufficiently relieved out of the produce of the land, whether that distress arise from sickness, from decrepitude, from old age, or from the inability to find employment; because there are laws, and those laws are just, to punish us if we be idle or dissolute.

There is a reform of the Parliament; and, it is touching your conduct as connected with this reform, that I am about to offer you my advice; but before I do that, I must speak to you about what I have seen in Scotland, of which this fine city is the capital. You know that many gentlemen in England have *Scotch bailiffs*; and that these Scotch bailiffs, particularly CALLENDAR, the bailiff of Sir THOMAS BARING, in Hampshire, and another one or two

whose names I have now forgotten, were principal witnesses against the men that were brought to trial for breaking thrashing-machines, and other acts of that sort in 1830. You know that these bailiffs are always telling you how good and obedient the labourers are in Scotland, and how WELL OFF they are; and yet they tell you that there are no poor-laws in Scotland.

All this appears very wonderful to you. The Government and the parsons tell you the same thing; and they tell you, that if you were as well-behaved as the Scotch, and as quiet, you would be as well off as they are. They say, that it is your *ignorance* that makes you not like to live upon potatoes while those who live upon the tithes and the taxes have the meat and the bread. They tell you that you would be better off if you were but as sensible and would but be as quiet as the Scotch labourers. Now, then, I will tell you how well off the Scotch labourers are; and then you will judge whether you have been wise or foolish, in what you have been lawfully doing for two years past, with a view of making your living a little better than it was.

This city is fifty-six miles from the river TWEED, which separates England from Scotland. I have come through the country in a post-chaise, stopped one night upon the road, and have made every inquiry, in order that I might be able to ascertain the exact state of the labourers on the land. With the exception of about seven miles, the land is the finest that I ever saw in my life, though I have seen every fine vale in every county in England; and in the United States of America I never saw any land a tenth part so good. You will know what the land is when I tell you, that it is by no means uncommon for it to produce seven English quarters of wheat upon one English acre, and forty tons of turnips upon one English acre; and that there are, almost in every half mile, from fifty to a hundred acres of turnips in one piece, sometimes *white* turnips and sometimes

Swedes; all in rows as straight as a line, and without a weed ever to be seen in any of these beautiful fields.

Oh! how you will wish to be here! "Lord," you will say to yourselves, "what pretty villages there must be there; what nice churches and church-yards; oh! and what preciously nice ale-houses! Come, Jack, let us set off to Scotland! What nice gardens shall we have to our cottages there! What beautiful flowers our wives will have climbing up about the windows, and on both sides of the path leading from the wicket up to the door! And what prancing and barking pigs we shall have, running out upon the common, and what a flock of geese, grazing upon the green!"

Stop! stop! I have not come to listen to you, but to make you listen to me; let me tell you, then, that there is neither village, nor church, nor ale-house, nor garden, nor cottage, nor flowers, nor pig, nor goose, nor common, nor green; but the thing is thus: 1. The farms of a whole county are, generally speaking, the property of one lord; 2. They are so large, that the corn-stacks frequently amount to more than a hundred upon one farm, each stack having in it, on an average, from fifteen to twenty English quarters of corn; 3. The farmer's house is a house big enough and fine enough for a gentleman to live in; the farm-yard is a square, with buildings on the sides of it for horses, cattle, and implements; the stack-yard is on one side of this, the stacks all in rows, and the place as big as a little town. 4. On the side of the farm-yard next to the stack-yard there is a place to thrash the corn in; and there is, close by this, always a thrashing-machine, sometimes worked by horses, sometimes by water, sometimes by wind, and sometimes by steam, there being no such thing as a barn or a flail in the whole country.

"Well," say you, "but, out of such a quantity of corn and of beef and of mutton, there must some come to the

"share of the chopsticks, to be sure!" Don't be *too sure* yet; but hold your tongue, and hear my story. The single labourers are kept in this manner: about four of them are put into a shed, quite away from the farm-house and out of the farm-yard; which shed, Dr. JAMIESON, in his Dictionary, calls a "*boothie*," a place, says he, where labouring servants are lodged. A *boothie* means a little booth; and here these men live and sleep, having a certain allowance of oat, barley, and pea meal, upon which they live, mixing it with water, or with milk when they are allowed the use of a cow, which they have to milk themselves. They are allowed some little matter of money besides to buy clothes with; but never dream of being allowed to set their foot within the walls of the farm-house. They hire for the year, under very severe punishment in case of misbehaviour or quitting service; and cannot have fresh service, without *a character* from the *last master*, and also a character from the *minister of the parish*!

Pretty well, that, for a knife-and-fork chopstick of Sussex, who has been used to sit round the fire with the master and the mistress, and to pull about and tickle the laughing maids! Pretty well, *that*! But it is the life of the married labourer that will delight you. Upon a steam-engine farm there are, perhaps, eight or ten of these. There is, at a considerable distance from the farm-yard, a sort of *barrack* erected for these to live in. It is a long shed, stone walls and pantile roof, and divided into a certain number of *boothies*, each having a door and one little window, all the doors being on one side of the shed, and there being no *back-doors*; and as to a *privy*, no such thing, for them, appears ever to be thought of. The ground, in front of the shed, is wide or narrow according to circumstances, but quite smooth; merely a place to walk upon. Each distinct *boothie* is about seventeen feet one way and fifteen feet the other way, as nearly as my eye could determine. There is

no ceiling, and no floor but the earth. In this place a man and his wife and family have to live. When they go into it there is nothing but the four bare walls, and the tiles over their heads, and a small fire-place. To make the most of the room, they, at their own cost, erect *births*, like those in a barrack-room, which they get up into when they go to bed; and here they are, the man, his wife, and a parcel of children, squeezed up in this miserable hole, with their meal and their washing tackle, and all their other things; and yet it is quite surprising to behold how decent the women endeavour to keep the place. These women (for I found all the men out at work) appeared to be most industrious creatures, to be extremely obliging, and of good disposition; and the shame is that they are permitted to enjoy so small a portion of the fruit of all their labours, of all their cares.

But if their dwelling-place is bad, their food is worse, being fed upon exactly that which we feed hogs and horses upon. The married man receives in money about four pounds for the whole year; and he has besides sixty bushels of oats, thirty bushels of barley, twelve bushels of peas, and three bushels of potatoes, with ground allowed him to plant the potatoes. The master gives him the keep of a cow for the year round; but he must find the cow himself: he pays for his own fuel; he must find a woman to reap for twenty whole days in the harvest, as payment for the rent of his *boothie*; he has no wheat; the meal altogether amounts to about six pounds for every day in the year; the oatmeal is eaten in porridge; the barley-meal and pea-meal are mixed together, and baked into a sort of cakes upon an iron plate put over the fire; they sometimes get a pig and feed it upon the potatoes.

Thus they never have one bit of wheaten bread or of wheaten flour, nor of beef nor mutton, though the land is covered with wheat and with cattle. The hiring is for a year, beginning on the 26th of May, and not at Michael-

mas: the farmer takes the man, just at the season to get the sweat out of him; and if he die, he dies when the main work is done. The labourer is wholly at the mercy of the master, who, if he will not keep him beyond the year, can totally ruin him, by refusing him a character. The cow is a thing more in name than reality; she may be about to calve when the 26th of May comes; the wife may be in a situation to make removal perilous to her life. This family has NO HOME; and no home can any man be said to have who can thus be dislodged every year of his life at the will of a master. It very frequently happens that the poor creatures are compelled to sell their cow for next to nothing; and, indeed, the *necessity of character from the last employer* makes the man a real slave, worse off than the negro by many degrees; for here there is neither law to ensure him relief, nor motive in the master to attend to his health or to preserve his life.

There, chopsticks of Sussex, you can now see what English scoundrels, calling themselves "gentlemen," get Scotch bailiffs for. These bailiffs are generally the sons of some of these farmers, recommended to the grinding ruffians of England by the grinding ruffians in Scotland. Six days, from daylight to dark, these good and laborious and patient and kind people labour. On an average they have six English miles to go to any church. Here are twelve miles to walk on the Sunday; and the consequence is, that they very seldom go. But, say you, what do they do with all the wheat and all the beef and all the mutton; and what becomes of the money that they are sold for? Why the cattle and sheep walk into England upon their legs; the wheat is put into ships, to be sent to London or elsewhere; and as to the money that these are sold for, the farmer is allowed to have a little of it; but almost the whole of it is sent away to the landlord, to be gambled or otherwise squandered away at LONDON, at PARIS, or at ROME. The rent

of the land is enormous: four, five, six, or seven pounds for an English acre: the farmer is not allowed to get much; almost the whole of the produce of these fine lands goes into the pockets of the lords; the labourers are their slaves, and the farmers their slave-drivers. The farm-yards are, in fact, *factories* for making corn and meat, carried on principally by the means of horses and machinery. There are no people; and these men seem to think that people are unnecessary to a state. I came over a tract of country a great deal bigger than the county of Suffolk, with only three towns in it, and a couple of villages, while the county of Suffolk has twenty-nine market towns and 491 villages. Yet our precious Government seem to wish to reduce England to the state of Scotland; and you are reproached and abused, and called ignorant, because you will not reside in a "*boothie*," and live upon the food which we give to horses and to hogs! Take one more fact, at which you will not wonder; that, though Northumberland is but a poor country compared with this that I have been describing, the poor Scotch labourers get away into England whenever they can. There is a great and fine town called NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, from which and its neighbourhood, the coals go into our country. The poor Scotchmen flee from these fine and rich lands to beg their bread there; and there they are put into caravans and brought back to Scotland by force, as the Irish are sent from LONDON, from MANCHESTER, from BIRMINGHAM, and other great towns in the South. Is not this the greatest shame that ever was witnessed under the sun! And shall not we be resolved to prevent our country from being reduced to a similar state; shall not we venture, if necessary, our limbs and our lives, rather than not endeavour to cause, by all legal means, a change in the condition of the labourers of these two ill-treated countries? What! shall any lord tell me, or tell any one of you, that you have not a right to be in England as well as he has?

Will he tell you that he has a right to lay all his lands *waste*, or lay them into sheep-walks, and drive the people from them? A stupid land-owner might say so, and might attempt to do it; but detestable must be the Government, that would suffer him, even to begin in the work of giving effect to his wish. God did not make the land for the few, but for the many. Civil society invented property; but gave it not that absolute character which would enable a few owners to extirpate the people, as they appear to be endeavouring to do in Scotland. Our English law effectually guards against the effects of so villanous a disposition: it gives to all men a right to a maintenance out of the produce of the earth: it justly gives to the necessitous poor a claim prior to that of the owner of the land. This law has been greatly impaired by the acts of STURGES BOURNE, which created the select vestries, and introduced hired overseers into the parishes. It is my intention to use all the means in my power to get these acts repealed; and it is upon this subject that I am now about to give you my advice. You see the situation of the Scotch and the Irish, in consequence of a want of the poor-laws; and the design manifestly has been, and yet is, to go on by degrees stripping England of the poor-laws. STURGES BOURNE's acts were a great stretch in this direction; let us, therefore, use all our strength legally to annihilate these acts.

Your case is this. For a thousand years, your forefathers were, in case of necessity, relieved out of the produce of the TITHES, and were never suffered to know the pinchings of want. When the tithes were taken away by the aristocracy, and by them kept to themselves, or given wholly to the parsons, your forefathers insisted upon a provision being made for them out of the land, as compensation for that which had been taken away by the aristocracy and the parsons. That compensation was given them in the rates as settled by the poor-law. To take away those rates would,

therefore, be to violate the agreement, which gave you as much right to receive, in case of need, relief out of the land, as it left the land-owner a right to his rent. STURGES BOURNE's acts have not, indeed, openly violated the agreement; but they have done it in a covert and indirect manner, by taking away the power of the native overseer to administer relief, and by taking away the equal rights of rate-payers to vote in the vestry.

To get these acts repealed is our first duty, and ought to be our earliest care; and I do most strongly urge you to attend at all elections, *whether you have votes or not*, and to demand of the candidates that they will vote for the repeal of these acts. I exhort you to be ready with petitions in support of those members of Parliament who shall demand this repeal. Though, according to the Reform Bill, you are *not to vote*, yet you have *the right of petitioning*: and if you make use of that right, and in a proper manner, we shall never again see those days of degradation of which we have now seen so many.

As God has now blessed us with a harvest such as the oldest man living scarcely ever saw, I hope that you are all enjoying the fruits of it, in proportion to the labours that you have performed, and to the sobriety and the care that you have practised and exercised. I shall be glad, when I see you again, to find you better off than when I saw you last; I confide in your resolution to maintain your present rights unimpaired, and in your efforts to recover those that have been lost; and, in that hope,

I remain, your faithful friend,

WM. COBBETT.

There, Dr. BLACK, now talk about your "*antalluct*" as long as you please. What a Sussex chopstick would say if he were asked to live with his family in one of these "*boothies*," I do not exactly know; but this I know, that I

should not like to be the man to make the proposition to him, especially *if he had a bill-hook in his hand!* Slow as is the motion of his tongue and his legs, his hands would move quickly enough in such a case. In short, Doctor, you have never seen, and you can know nothing of, the labourers of either country. If you had seen a great deal of the docile and cheerfully-submitting labourers of Scotland, you could know still less than you know now about the glum and stubborn chaps in the South, whom neither interest, nor threats, nor certainty of punishment, will move to do that which they think they ought not to be commanded to do. They will not, even if they greatly gain by it, do anything out of the track of their habits and prejudices. Yet, in their stubborn adherence to their words, and, in their perfect sincerity, a sensible man finds a compensation for their untowardness; but, the rules which may very well apply to one of these sets of men, may be wholly inapplicable to the other. And, as to the "*antalluct*," be you assured, Doctor, that the Scotch labourers would not be a bit less intellectual, if they were to sit down to dinner every day, to wheaten bread and meat, with knives and forks and plates, and a nice clean cloth every Sunday, as they do yet in a considerable part of the farm-houses in the southern counties of England.

I now come back to this delightful and beautiful city. I thought that BRISTOL, taking in its heights and CLIFTON and its rocks and its river, was the finest city in the world; but EDINBURGH with its castle, its hills, its pretty little sea-port, conveniently detached from it, its vale of rich land lying all around, its lofty hills in the back ground, its views across the FIRTH: I think little of its streets and its rows of fine houses, though all built of stone, and though everything in LONDON and BATH is beggary to these; I think nothing of *Holyrood House*; but I think a great deal of the fine and well-ordered streets of shops; of the regularity

which you perceive everywhere in the management of business; and I think still more of the absence of all that foppishness, and that affectation of carelessness, and that insolent assumption of superiority, that you see in almost all the young men that you meet with in the fashionable parts of the great towns in England. I was not disappointed; for I expected to find Edinburgh the finest city in the kingdom. Conversations at NEWCASTLE, and with many Scotch gentlemen for years past, had prepared me for this; but still the reality has greatly surpassed every idea that I had formed about it. The *people*, however, still exceed the place: here all is civility; you do not meet with rudeness, or even with the want of a disposition to oblige, even in persons in the lowest state of life. A friend took me round the environs of the city: he had a turnpike ticket; received at the first gate which cleared five or six gates. It was sufficient for him to *tell* the future gate-keepers that he had it. When I saw that, I said to myself, "Nota bene: Gate-keepers take people's word in Scotland; a thing that I have not seen before since I left *Long Island*."

In this tour round the city we went by a very beautiful little country-house, at which Mr. JEFFREY, the Lord Advocate, lives. He did not do me the honour to attend my lectures, on account of ill-health, which cause I am very sorry for; for it will require health and spirits, too, for him to buffet the storm that is about to spring up, unless his party be prepared to do a great many things of which they appear not as yet to have dreamed. In the course of this little tour I went to, and to the top of, the ancient CRAIG-MILLAR Castle, which stands on a rock at about three miles from EDINBURGH and from which you see the castle and all the city of EDINBURGH; and you look across the Firth of FORTH, and, beyond it, and over the county of FIFE, and the Firth of TAY, see the Highlands rise up. It appears that part of this castle was demolished by the English, when

that merciless monster Henry the Eighth invaded Scotland, in order to *compel the young Queen of Scots to marry his son*, Prince Edward! So this ruffian, who was marrying and beheading wives himself all his lifetime, actually undertook a war for a purpose like this! This young queen lost her life at last, by the hands of the myrmidons of his savage daughter; but, at any rate, she enjoyed some years of happiness in France; and one minute of it she never would have had, being in the hands of a TUDOR.

This castle has round it, with some exceptions as to form, a circle, the diameter of which is about ten miles, of land, which lets on an average for seven pounds the English acre. It lets the higher certainly, for being in the neighbourhood of a city like EDINBURGH; but not much higher. Here is an area of seventy-five square miles; and here ought to be, according to the scale of the county of Suffolk, about thirty-two churches and thirty-two villages around them; and with the exception of MUSSELBURGH, there is but one, or at least I could see but one; and is it possible that among so many *really* learned and *really* clever men as these are at EDINBURGH, not one should be found to perceive the vast difference in this respect between this city and all the cities in England, and to perceive too, how much greater and more famous EDINBURGH would be, if it were surrounded, as it ought to be, with market-towns and numerous villages? You cannot open your eyes, look in what direction you will, without perceiving, that Scotland is robbed of its wealth and of its character by a stupid and unnatural nobility. And, if the reformed Parliament do its duty, it will do by Scotland as HENRY the Seventh did by England; and we shall very soon see villages rise up in Scotland, and see a stop put to the caravan bringing back to the North vagrants from NEWCASTLE.

With regard to my *lecturing concerns*, which are of far less importance than any other of the subjects of this

volume, I have to observe, in justice to my hearers, that better manners never were exhibited in this world than by my audiences here; and that, though I have seldom failed to experience great cordiality and great indulgence, never have these been exceeded at any of the numerous places at which I have thought it my duty to offer my opinions. The four lectures were advertised in the following words:

“ 1. On the necessity of a great change in the management of the affairs of the nation; on the numerous grievances inflicted on the country by the boroughmonger parliaments; and on the duty of electors to pledge candidates to measures which shall remove those grievances.

“ 2. On the nature of the pledges which electors ought to insist upon, before they give their votes; and, on the justice and necessity of the measures to which they would be bound by those pledges, including amongst those measures a total abolition of tithes, lay as well as clerical, in all parts of the kingdom.

“ 3. On the injustice of taxing the people to pay interest to those who are called fundholders; and on the resources possessed by the nation, for making, from motives of indulgence and compassion, such provision for a part of the fundholders as may be found necessary to preserve them from utter ruin.

“ 4. On the mischiefs and iniquity of paper-money generally; and on the necessity of putting a stop, as speedily as possible, to all paper-money of every description.”

These subjects I went through at the *Adelphi Theatre*, before an audience consisting of rather better than a thousand persons. That which was wanting in me (and a plenty was wanting) was amply made up for by the good-nature, the indulgence, and the kindness of the audience. I had not read the vile newspapers (for I never do), but my friends had; and they, who do not know so well as I do the

effect of such publications, were greatly alarmed lest I should meet with a hostile reception. I uniformly told them not to be afraid: they were surprised at my confidence; but they found it amply justified by the event. The truth is, that, in the first place, the Scotch are a sensible people. When you have fools to deal with, you do not know what may happen. Then, that which I had to utter was so true; and yet, uttered in this bold manner so *new*; besides, there were my hundred volumes of books written by my own hand; there was my battle with this powerful and malignant Government for more than a quarter of a century, ending with its last foul attack, and my triumphant defence, in the *Court of King's Bench*; and here was I, an utter stranger, five hundred miles from my home, to make an appeal to reason and to justice: under such circumstances, to have doubted of a patient hearing, would have been to show very little knowledge of mankind in general, and no knowledge at all of the people of Scotland; but my reception very far exceeded my hopes. Every man that I have met with at EDINBURGH has been as kind to me as if he were my brother. Young men are always more zealous than those of an advanced age; and the conduct of the young men of EDINBURGH towards me has been such as it is impossible for me adequately to describe.

It was desirable that I should give one lecture at a place, and upon terms that would enable the working people to attend, without hinderance to their occupations and without a tax upon their purse. For this purpose, a very large room was engaged last night, where I attended, and where I harangued for the better part of two hours; and I wish the Lord Advocate had been well enough to have been present; for then he might have had a foretaste of that which is to come. Upon this occasion an ADDRESS was presented to me, to which, after the manner of "*other great men*," I had prepared a written answer, contrary to my usual prac-

tice ; but which I thought proper to do upon this occasion, in order to show that I deemed this a matter of very great importance, as I really did deem it. With the insertion of this address, preceded by the very neat speech of Mr. DUN, followed by the names which were attached to it at a very short notice, and those names followed by my answer, I shall now conclude this long, and I am afraid the reader will think it wearisome, account of my entrance into Scotland.

Mr. B. F. DUN, teacher, in presenting the Address, said,

“ Sir,—I am deputed by a respectable body of my fellow-citizens to present you with a congratulatory address on your visit to this city. We have long observed your strenuous, indefatigable, and disinterested exertions in the cause of Reform ; and glad are we that these exertions have not been made in vain. A march in human affairs has commenced, and although you have been hitherto seven years in advance, we trust that now you and all genuine Reformers will march hand-in-hand till there be obtained a radical reform, and an utter extinction of all monopolies, corruptions, and abuses. We are proud to avow, Sir, that we owe whatever political information we do possess, to your writings, and we are satisfied that in addressing you we are only expressing the sentiments of thousands of the inhabitants of this city. It is gratifying to be able to state that no sooner had the humble individual who has now the honour to wait upon you drawn up this address, and scarcely was the ink dry, than the names of many of our respectable fellow-citizens were attached to it. With your permission I shall now read it.”

TO WILLIAM COBBETT, Esq.

Edinburgh, 13. October, 1832.

SIR,—We, the undersigned, respectfully take leave to express the gratification afforded us by your arrival in the metropolis of Scotland.

Unknown to you even by name, with no other excuse for the liberty which we have taken than the admiration and respect which the worth of your character and the splendour of your talents generally excite, we have come forward thus publicly to bear testimony to your unremitting, and we rejoice to say, *successful efforts in the cause of Reform.*

In you we do not so much behold WILLIAM COBBETT, the ablest of writers, the most consummate politician, as the fearless, the uncompromising advocate of the rights of the people. Fully convinced that your writings have been the means of exposing that system of misrule by which the many have been so long plundered for the gain of the few, and by which *the usurpation of a grasping aristocracy has been perpetuated*, we earnestly hope that you may be preserved to us for many years, and that your health may remain unimpaired, so that you shall have the happiness of witnessing, as well as procuring those objects dearest to all disinterested and patriotic men,—the blessings of *cheap government, cheap law, cheap religion, cheap bread, and a good day's payment for a good day's work.*

You, Sir, to whom the political world owes so much, need scarcely be informed that there are many of the *inhabitants of this city* who will always rejoice in your success. Should you, as we confidently anticipate, be *one of the members* in the people's reformed House of Parliament, we have no doubt that your voice will ever be raised in the *cause of the working classes*—that you will be the unflinching supporter of civil and religious liberty—and that no exertions shall be wanting on your part to root out every species

of corruption and abuse from whatever source it may emanate, and whoever may be its supporters. That patriotism which has led you to advocate out of Parliament those healing measures which we fondly expect to be the mighty realities of what is termed the Reform Bill, will, we are confident, incite you in Parliament, with your usual ability, and by arguments completely irrefragable, to render reform NOT A DEAD LETTER, but a measure of practical utility to the country at large.

In this city where the *newspaper press* has enlisted itself under the banners of *one or other of the two parties* who have alternately assumed the reins of Government, it is most gratifying to us to be able to state that you, who it is well known will allow no compromise, no party considerations, to influence your opinions, have *numerous and daily increasing friends*.

That their esteem and regard may long continue, is the sincere wish of

Sir,

Your most obedient servants,

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| B. F. Dun, teacher | William Marshall | John M'Kay |
| John Chadwick | George Adair | James Campbell |
| James Affleck | John Young | Alexander Sinclair |
| James Pentland | John Todd | George Goldie |
| John Stewart | Alexander Warnock | John Waugh |
| William Blaikie | James Prentice | Charles Young |
| John Prentice | James Burns | John O'Donnell |
| William Aitkin | Lawrence Moncrieff | John M'Auldy |
| James Muir | David Todd | Hugh Robertson |
| Robert Affleck | Patrick Lawrie | John Gibson |
| John Jackson | James Bremner | Robert Cree |
| William Niven | J. Poole | James Brodie |
| Thomas Jovine | Francis Oliphant | John Marshall |
| John Reid, M.D. | David Taylor | Robert Mitchell |
| W. Wallace Cleghorn | William Pen | George Jackson |
| John Craig | James Paterson | William Boyce |
| Allan M'Kay | James Sutherland | James Linen |
| Alexander Little | John Robertson | John Waugh |
| James Nish | Donald Henderson | John Micklejohn |
| Marshall Cree | William Gunn, sen. | Alex. Nin, surgeon |
| John Mitchell | John Hutchison | Francis Oliphant |
| Colin Munroe | Alexander Campbell | Alex. Brauderman |
| James Wilson | Adam Polson, sen. | Cosmo Webster |
| D. Leitch | Adam Polson, jun. | Stephen Peers |

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|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Peter Sinton | Hugh Gillies, Cross- | John M'Kenzie |
| William Lawrie | causeway | Alexander Bruce |
| John Anderson | Keneth Gillies, Cross- | Alexander Morrice |
| John Napier | causeway | Robert Colder |
| Archibald Campbell | H. P. Barron, 104, | William Gourlay |
| William Fletcher | Nicolson-street | George L. Crawford |
| John Robertson | William A. Grant, | James Morrison |
| Charles O'Donnell | Greenside-street | Robert Balcarres |
| Con. O'Donnell | Thomas Nicol, 54, | William Wilson |
| Robert Mount | Richmond-street | Alexander Watt |
| John M'Manus | William Mein, Leith- | Simon Frazer |
| Patrick Mooney | walk | Robert Gourlay |
| John M'Culloch | John Lime, 44, Rose- | James Boylun |
| John Hamilton | street | John Millan |
| Michael Burgoyne | Charles Stepfather, | Alexander Grant |
| Walter Ross | Hunter-square | Robert Murray |
| James Ross | George Hardisty, Wri- | William Stevenson |
| James Gormen | ter's-court | John Baltorn |
| William Wilson | James Murdoch, North | Gavin Young |
| William Robertson | Back, Canongate | John M'Kenzie |
| John M'Kay | Robert Gibson, St. | James Meglen |
| James M'Kay | Leonard-street | Grunter Thub |
| Alexander Reid, M.D. | Robert Wright, Ca- | Alexander Macdonald |
| Archibald M'Donald | nongate | James Gordon |
| John Thomson, Buc- | William Hillhouse, N. | Hundrey Ross |
| cleugh-street | B. Canongate | John Mairton |
| W. Barn, Causeway- | William Rankine, Ab- | Andrew Mulross |
| side | bey-hill | John Artchtabel |
| A. Henderson, Cause- | Thomas Kay, 16, Rox- | Murey Don |
| way-side | burgh-place | J. Young |
| J. Patherson, Cause- | James Pratt, North | Barney M'Ginnes |
| way-side | Back Canongate | Peter Tailor |
| D. Inglis, St. Mary's | James Mills | Barney M'Grone |
| Winde | A. Arkene | Walter Dougal |
| William Wemyss, 15, | John Wilkie | D. Smith |
| James-square | William Sun | Alexander Ross |
| D. Boss, Canall-street | William Stenhouse | William S. Ross |
| John Grant, N. Back | William Henderson | James Brown |
| Canongate | George Gray | William Muir |
| Hugh Paterson, Jack's | Robert Lyons | William Young |
| close | William Peirson | Patrick Muir |
| Ninian Dickson, New- | Steele Storrie | James Muir |
| street | John Rattie | William Lemsen |
| Nathaniel Gorman, | W. Whitehead | John Young, 11, Pres- |
| Cowgate | Adam Liddle | ton-street |
| D. Bain, 133, Cowgate | Egel Andrew M'Kay | J. Thomson, George- |
| James Tait, Kay's-ct. | Andrew Landir | court |
| Charles Burk, Canon- | John Sime | J. Milne, jun., Cause- |
| gate | George Ormeston | way-side |
| James Young, Gol- | John Archibald | J. Milne, sen., Cause- |
| ford-park | George Godie | way-side |
| John Withiad, Brown- | Hunter Grabb | J. Sinclair, 2, Preston- |
| street | Thomas Innes | street |
| John Finloson, Grass- | Robert Cranston | Robert Nisbet, St. Leo- |
| market | Hugh Garden | nard-street |
| James Ferguson, High- | James Allan | G. Bairn, Causeway- |
| street | William Bruce | side |

- John Kerr, Canseway-side
 James Walson, Causeway-side
 R. Gibb, Richmond-st.
 J. Corn, Causeway-side
 W. Little, Hope-park
 J. Cuthbertson, Causeway-side
 Archibald Inglis
 William Turner, Antigua-street
 Thomas Watson, 10, Buccleugh-street
 David M'Intosh, 34, College-wynd
 W. Fotheringham, 55, Causeway
 W. Henderson, Causeway-side
 W. Swan, 14, Clerk-st.
 W. Buchanan, Causeway-side
 R. Buchanan, Causeway-side
 Thomas Goldie, Abbey hill
 John Masket, 3, Dalrymple-place
 James Thomson, Gifford-park
 Alexander Vatch, Canongate
 William Borland, 84, John-street
 William Ranken, St. John's-hill
 Watten Wright, High-street
 Thomas Knox, 26, Elder-street
 George Adam, No. 6, George-street
 Robert Stewart, 28, Holy-street, South back of Canongate
 James Palmer, James-street
 John Hawks, 1, Calton-hill
 Alexander M'Donald, 17, Cowgate
 R. M'Donald, 160, Cowgate
 Andrew Scott
 Alexander Baird
 John M'Pherson
 John Tighe
 David Henderson
 Peter Douglas
 Peter Mallen
 James Graham
 Robert Young
 James Blair
 John Miller
 John Brash
 Robert Meek
 Martin Clark
 Archibald Shellee
 Andrew Aitken
 William Napier
 W. B. Hilliard
 Charles Johnson
 James Milne
 Walter Wright
 John Mathison
 James Greig
 John Brown
 William Mitchell
 John Keasen
 Geo. Bruce Anderson
 Mores Nug
 Alexander Stevenson
 Francis Stevenson
 Charles Ferrier
 John Eadie
 George Gilbillen
 John A. Thom
 George Johnson
 James Sommerville
 James Gunn
 Robert Innes
 Andrew M'Donald
 David Penton
 John Gardiner
 William Bremner
 William Mackay
 James Shearer
 K. W. Sutherland
 W. N. Marney
 George Pratt
 Charles Burt
 George Ferrier
 James Line
 John Innes
 William Gerard
 David M'Gibshan
 W. M'Carter
 W. Scroggie
 R. Griffin
 James Boyle
 John O'Buine
 Michael Queen
 John Meddway
 Robert Storie
 James Boilan
 Phillip Boilan
 Luke Welsh
 Andrew Quin
 Patrick Quin
 James Duncan
 James M'Laughlan
 Roderick M'Donald
 James M'Gaughie
 James Douglas
 Peter Quen
 David M'Coll
 John Feraesen
 Ritchie Laurie
 John Walls
 James Bayn
 George Mackray
 David Duncan
 Charles Sheriff
 William Aitken
 James Muir
 James Baird
 A. Gun, 59, Castle-st.
 John Campbell
 A. Williamson
 Edward M'Krink
 Richard M'Leay
 Lewis Goodlet
 John Whyte
 Robert Cockburn
 James Nasmyth
 W. Doull
 Alexander Nasmyth
 Alexander Doull
 George Nasmyth
 Edward Bowley
 William Guthrie
 William Henderson
 John Young
 Alexander Robertson
 Alexander Austin
 James Arnott
 A. Ronaldson
 Alexander Liddle
 William Ross
 William Gibson
 William Reid
 Andrew Laurie
 D. Anderson, Causeway-side
 Peter Barnet
 George Bryce
 Thomas Scott
 A. Larry
 William Lyon
 James Cunningham

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| James Thom | James Bishop | John Lawrie |
| Alexander Stewart | Charles Fife | J. Mackay Fraser |
| John Laurie | David Lelfer | John Kemp |
| W. Davidson | John Baillie | William Cobbet |
| D. Robeson | David Bennet | Edmond Spence |
| W. Templeton | Robert Scott | Robert Stewart, sen. |
| George White | Alexander Pringle | John Edward Tait |
| Walter Fraser | William Fiddes | John Fowler |
| Duncan Ferguson | Robert Paterson | Daniel Cummings |
| Alexander Miller | W. Brown | John Phelbs |
| Andrew Curtis | David Walker | William Thomas |
| Archibald Ferguson | Alexander Mitchell | John Grant |
| John M'Neil | James Wilson | Thomas Russell |
| George Ormston | William Barras | James Cribbes |
| A. Hall | James Cornalk | Richard Monro |
| John Gay | John Right | Alexander Smith |
| James Conder | David Stewart | R. Simpson |
| David Millar | Daniel Doig | Robert Cree |
| Thomas Watson | James Wright | Andrew Lawrie |
| James Brennen | Robert Milne | David White |
| Christopher Rodden | William Smith | George Munro |
| James Elde | James Gairdner | John Ronaldson |
| William Oliphant | John M'Canien | Richard Stewart |
| Thomas Thompson | James Bousie | Thomas Vernon |
| Peter Thompson | John Hope | James Melrose |
| Isaac Key | George Jhonson | James Sinclair |
| John Ritchie | Alex. Jhonson | George Wilson |
| Robert Hardie | William Goldie | David Wilson |
| John Howdon | Francis Gilchrist | William Thomson |
| J. Brodie, jun. | Peter Dougherty | Boyden Scott |
| George M'Intosh | Jasper Brocke | George Simpson |
| Thomas Baptie | John Alexander | Adam Clapperton |
| George Ferguson | John Byas | William Hamilton |
| William Horne | D. M'Donald | John Voin |
| John Salmoud | James Crombie | William Stark |
| Charles Baillie | Peter Sherry | Samuel M'Pherson |
| John Lockie | George Douglass | George Kippie |
| John Watson | James Belcarves | Richard Mellish |
| John M'Intyne | James Sutherland | Charles Cathe |
| Peter Horne | David Flett | Archibald Laurie |
| Walter Snowden | William Bowswald | James Laurie |
| William Robertson | William M'Kay | Alexander Burn |
| John Bishop | John Sim, Greenside | David Kerr |
| James Haswell | P. Watson, Greenside | James Robertson |
| Thomas Morison | J. Thompson, Green- | William Lander |
| Wilton Henderson | side | Hugh M'Kay |
| James Johnston | W. Watson, Calton | James Dimot |
| Robert Allan | Peter Smith, Calton | Francis Duff |
| R. M'Gwen | John Stewart | W. Wilson |
| Joseph Nixon | John Watt | John Wilson |
| James Chisholm ! | William Strachan | John Mason |
| G. Brown, bookseller | R. Turnbull | John Line |
| J. Hardie and Son | George Wilson | John Weston |
| George Hardie | James Alston | Donald M'Kay |
| James Williamson | A. Williamson | J. Stabs |
| John Barbour | Robert Young | Robert Gorag |
| Greville Fraser | A. Russell | John Dow |

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|------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| George B. Kennerd | Peter Yale | Duncan M'Kay, 25, |
| John Blair | James Douglas | Richmond-place |
| James Wilson | W. M'Rae, High-st. | James M'Crae, High- |
| John Morris | James Bracks | terrace |
| Collin Morris | Peter Sim | John M'Gregor, Rich- |
| Andrew Thompson | William Burns | mond-street |
| James Grant | John Burns | Wm. Byfield, Rich- |
| J. Walker, 8, Gibb's- | William Scoon | mond-street |
| entry | Alexander Tod | J. Watts, 41, Arthur- |
| D. M'Lead, writer | Walter Ronaldson | street |
| John M'Gillivray, | William Shirriff | John Horrburg, 12, |
| Leven-street | James Paterson | North Richmond-st. |
| Andrew Romaldson | Patrick Carolan | W. Brown, 53, Castle- |
| John Rees | Joseph M'Laughlan | street |
| John Dixon | D. Bailie, 105, Cowgate | T. Steat, Grange-place |
| S. Watts | Thomas Robertson | J. Lylie |
| M'Minor, Canongate | John Murray | W. Mortimer, Cause- |
| James M'Pherson | James Grant | way-side |
| W. Stewart, Carlton | William Bermet, 61, | James Leslee, Cross- |
| George M'Kay | Rose-street | causeway |
| Jas. Wilson | Ewen Cameron, 186, | John Young, Cause- |
| William Gregory | Rose-street | way-side |
| T. Currie, Quin-street | Wm. Crichton, Rich- | Jas. Meffat, 1, Cross- |
| John Black | mond-place | causeway |
| William White | R. M'Rain, Canongate | J. Scott, Gofford-park |
| J. Jones, Hanover-st. | Alexander Walker, 8, | W. S. M'Kay, 14, Dun- |
| Archibald Cross | Gibb's-entry | cane-terrace |
| J. Bower | W. M'Wilkie, Stock- | James Chadwick, 10, |
| Thomas Broedn | bridge | Buccleugh-street |
| John Milke | William Wallace, Can- | G. G. M'Intosh, 7, |
| William Tait | ongate | Richmond-lane |
| Robert Watt | William Anderson, | Robert Maren |
| John Johnston | Canongate | George Pratt |
| Thomas Das | Samuel Rich. Buldre | John Ferguson |
| Thomas Wethman | Malcolm M'Intosh, | William Smith |
| James Aitchison | 64, Grassmarket | John Harriage |
| James Gloey, Bedford- | Thomas Carlon, 115, | Alexander Dunn |
| street | Cowgate | Peter Ramsay |
| S. Scott, High-street | John Wisharte, 25, | J. Webster, West-Port |
| Peter Spence | Cowgate | James Slater |
| Robert Chisholm | John Lyon, 2, Salis- | |
| John Risdoll | bury-street | |

MR. COBBETT'S ANSWER.

Gentlemen,—I thank you very sincerely for this mark of your esteem, which, though some persons may be surprised at my receiving it, is by no means matter of surprise with me. The nation in general would naturally suppose, that the virulence and falsehoods of the base newspapers would produce some effect upon your minds prejudicial to me :

your conduct upon this occasion will convince the whole country, that my judgment was correct, when I despised the efforts of those vehicles of slander, and relied upon your penetration and your justice.

To make the grasping part of the aristocracy recoil from its usurpations, and loosen its grasp, has long been a principal object of my labours; and never will I desist from the pursuit until the working man, in whatever calling of life, shall have his full share of the fruits of the earth and of his own labour.

Gentlemen, it was the labourers of the South who compelled the Ministers to bring in the Reform Bill; it was principally the great towns that compelled them to carry it to the last stage; and it was again those great towns that produced the final result. The work has been the people's, from the beginning to the end; and, for the Reform Bill not to be "*a dead letter*," the people must still carry on the work; first, by choosing proper members where they can; and, above all things, by coming to the support of those members who shall be found able and ready to support their cause in the house.

I do not say, Gentlemen, that I receive an address at Edinburgh with a greater degree of pleasure than I should receive one at any other place; but I receive this address with very singular pleasure, because it gives a contradiction, in terms the most striking, to the assertion of that infamous press which has pursued me with its viperous tongue, from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Firth of Forth. Therefore, Gentlemen, you are entitled to my particular thanks; in rendering you which, I shall be joined by every true friend of our country, from the Isle of Wight to the north of the Highlands of Scotland.

Glasgow, 19. October, 1832.

On Monday morning, the 16th of October, I went in a carriage, furnished by my kind friends at EDINBURGH, who accompanied me in it, to a place called QUEEN'S-FERRY, where you cross the FIRTH OF FORTH, to go over to a little place called NORTH FERRY, whence I went in a post-chaise to the ancient town of DUNFERMLINE. But before I proceed to give a further account of my progress, I must observe on something that I left behind me at EDINBURGH, namely, the *Caledonian Mercury* newspaper, promulgating, in one of its columns of the 15. of October, Mr. DUN's address to me at the *Waterloo Room*, the address itself, and my answer to that address; and in addition to this, the editor's statement, "that the large *Waterloo Room* was "crowded to excess long before the hour appointed; that, "on his entrance, Mr. Cobbett was greeted with repeated "rounds of applause; and that, at the conclusion of the "lecture, thanks were given him in the shape of three "general cheers; and that he was again cheered when he "drove off from the door of the hotel."

In another column of the same paper is the following, which the *Caledonian* gentleman had the justice, the good taste, and the sound judgment to extract and insert from that rumble-tumble of filth and of beastly ignorance, called the *Globe* newspaper:—

"COBBETT.—Cobbett, who has by this time, we suppose, commenced his lectures at Edinburgh, has been " (doubtless) receiving an overflow of that sort of tribute "to which his frequent scurrilous abuse of Scotland and "Scotsmen has so naturally advanced a claim. The "*Caledonian Mercury*, received to-day, contains an "elaborate article, in which the almost inconceivable contradictions and inconsistencies of the oracle of the *Register* are duly set forth. In a general way, this, of course,

"conveys nothing but that which all the world knew before ;
"but as a *refresher* for the modern Athenians, preparatory
"to the opening of a lecture, it is a *formidable affair*."

Thus we have a specimen of the expectations of this beastly crew of hirelings. Here was this stupid oaf, who is scribbling in a dirty newspaper in London, while the army-list represents him as a brevet-colonel on full pay doing duty at CHATHAM barracks, and while we are taxed to the tune of five hundred a year, to pay him for his CHATHAM services : here was he, cherishing in his beastly mind the thought that I should be hissed and hooted out of EDINBURGH ; or, as another newspaper of that city had advised, flung into the deepest and dirtiest ditch that could be found : and this thought we see coming into his brutal head, in consequence of "*an elaborate article*," which had been put forth by this very identical *Caledonian Mercury* ! But, though this might not much surprise one, coming from a blundering skull, the produce of potatoes, and filled with blubber instead of brains, it really is matter of surprise, that the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, a name at once descriptive of a sensible people, and of uncommon science and literary acumen ; it is really matter of astonishment to see these two things put forth in a paper under such a title ; and in one and the same number.

Enough of these envious, malignant, mercenary, mean, and cowardly wretches ; but not enough, and never enough, of the people of EDINBURGH, of all classes, with regard to their conduct towards me ; and, self-gratification aside, this is a matter of very great importance, in a *public* point of view ; because, somehow or another, no matter how it has happened, but, somehow or another, my name has become identified with certain great measures, involving a *total change* in the manner of conducting the affairs of this Kingdom. No matter how it has happened ; but *it is so*. Therefore, Lord GREY, if he be not blinded by the set who

surround him, must, in this one fact, see quite enough to induce him to believe that it is utterly impossible that the Government should proceed at all, if it attempt to get along without making something like *that sort of change* for which I have so long been contending. I beseech him to think of this matter seriously; and not to imagine that this unequivocal popularity of mine is a thing confined to the breasts of the *working people*. It was not of these that the audiences at the theatre of EDINBURGH were composed. It was not with these that I was invited to dine in that city of science of all sorts. The popularity did not, and could not, arise from any cause other than that which I have stated. I knew not one single soul in that city; my notification in the *Register* that I intended to go to EDINBURGH, brought me a letter from Messrs. CHADWICK and IRELAND, merchants, whom I had neither ever seen or heard of before in my life. The price of entrance at the theatre was, on account of the high charge made for the use of it, a great deal higher than I could have wished, and necessarily excluded working men; and yet that theatre was crammed full from the beginning to the end. There was nothing in my writings; nothing in my character, except that it had been vilified more than that of any other man that ever lived; nothing in my station in life; no possibility of my ever being able to make a return for any favours received. Therefore, my reception and my treatment are to be ascribed solely to the favour with which my political principles and my well-known endeavours and intentions are viewed. Perhaps Lord GREY does not think it worth his while to read my *Register*; if so, that is his fault and not mine: if he do, let him ponder well upon what I have now said, before he listen to the advice of those who would make him believe that he can get on with a reformed parliament *without making any great change*.

In returning, now, to my most delightful tour: upon

leaving EDINBURGH, along the very finest turnpike-road that I ever saw, the cause-ways on the sides of which are edged with white stone, and the gutters paved as nicely as those of a street; in leaving EDINBURGH we came close by the castle, which I had not seen at so short a distance before, and up into which I would not go, seeing that there were *soldiers* there; for merely speaking to any one of whom (he choosing to swear that I had endeavoured to seduce him to desert, or quit his post) *I might have been hanged by the neck till I was dead*, according to a law, originally drawn up by SCOTT ELDON, passed for the life of the "good old king," revived again (on the motion of SCOTT ELDON) when his worthy eldest son came to the throne, and *now kept in full force* by the liberty-loving Whigs!

This castle, like the Christian church, is built upon a rock, which rock is very lofty, and almost perpendicular; so that it is a most interesting and magnificent spectacle, especially if you are on any eminence at a little distance from the city; infinitely grander and more interesting than St. Paul's from BATTERSEA Rise. I remember nothing of the sort equal to it, except the view of LINCOLN cathedral. As you come out of the city, you see the very pretty and convenient port of LEITH, about a mile and a half away to the right; the Firth of FORTH is before you; the beautiful county of FIFE on the other side of that; and the Highlands rising up in the distant view. Just at coming into the country, losing sight of the water, you get into the estate of Lord ROSEBERRY, which is one of the finest estates of Scotland. It has everything; fine fields, fine pastures, fine woods, immense tracks of beautiful turnips, stack-yards with a hundred stacks in each; all, however, rendered mournful to me by the sight of the thrashing-machine and of the beggarly barrack, in which are doomed to live on oats, barley, peas, and potatoes, those without whose

labour all this land would be worthless, having neither woods, nor stacks, nor turnips, nor herds of cattle, nor flocks of sheep.

After just seeing the top of Lord ROSEBERRY'S house, which lies down pretty nearly to the Firth, in a fine glade between two lofty woods, we came to the QUEEN'S-FERRY, took leave of our friends, and sailed across the FIRTH, in a large boat, which took us over in about ten minutes, seeing the mouth of the Firth away to our right, and seeing four large *men-of-war* lying in ordinary about a mile up to our left. In that direction, too, we saw the grand mansion of Lord HOPETOUN, in a very beautiful situation, in a well-wooded park, forming part of his immense estate, which is, they say, another of the finest in Scotland. These descriptions do not accord with my former ideas of Scotland, though I knew that there were some very fine lands and places in this country; but it is my business truly to describe that which I have seen, paying no regard whatever to what I formerly thought upon the subject.

From the NORTH FERRY to DUNFERMLINE, the country, which belongs, I am told, chiefly to Lord MORAY, and then farther on to Lord ELGIN, and is in the county of FIFE, is nearly level; the land not so good as that in EAST and MID-LOTHIAN, but still very good; the farms large as before; the turnip-fields prodigious; and uniformly good beyond description; this being the country for turnips, because the FLY never destroys them as it does in England; which, when they hear it, will make English farmers cease to wonder that the crops are so uniformly good.

DUNFERMLINE, which is now a place for the manufacture of table-cloths and table-covers, contains about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, and is, like all other manufacturing places, more abundant in small and mean houses than in houses of a different description. It is, nevertheless, a good solid town, and is to return one member

to Parliament, who is, they say, quite worthy of its sensible and spirited inhabitants, a good portion of whom, in spite of a dreadful alarm about the cholera morbus, attended in a chapel, from the pulpit of which I harangued them on the necessity of driving out at the door, or tossing out of the window, any candidate, who, offering himself as their *representative*, should have the audacity to tell them, that it was beneath him to pledge himself to do that which they wanted him to do for them. After the harangue, I spent a most pleasant evening (which I made too long) amongst these intelligent and zealous men of DUNFERMLINE, and promised to send them a small collection of my books for the use of their *Political Union*; which I shall do as soon as I get home.

This town is celebrated for the abbey that formerly was here, and has been the burial-place of several of the Scottish kings, particularly of the renowned ROBERT BRUCE, whose tomb is just opposite the pulpit in the church, and whose names are written, or rather the letters of them are fixed up, round the spire of this church.

From DUNFERMLINE, I had engaged to go to FALKIRK, which, together with other places, is now to send one member to Parliament. We left DUNFERMLINE about noon on Tuesday, the 16. of October, had to go fourteen miles to KINCARDINE, a little town on that side of the FIRTH of FORTH, and then to cross the ferry to go to FALKIRK, at a distance of six miles from the ferry. The land, upon leaving DUNFERMLINE, appears to be as fine as any can be in the world; the pastures very fine, and also the trees; the people are within the reach of fish; and there is wanted nothing, apparently, that God himself could have given to man except fuel; and that is here given in coals, which may be dug out of every field, and which are so cheap as to be hardly worthy of being accounted a part of the expense of a family. Yet, in the midst of all this, how fares the man who labours on the land? What

share of its produce does he enjoy? These questions must receive their answer in another address to the *chopsticks* of the South.

COBBETT'S ADVICE

(2ND ADDRESS)

TO THE CHOPSTICKS

OF

Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex; and of all the other Counties in the South of England.

Glasgow, 19. October, 1832.

MY FRIENDS,

In my former address I described to you how the *married* labourers of Scotland were treated, in what places they lived, and what they lived upon: I am now going to describe to you how the *single* men live; I mean the farming men, who are what the law calls servants in husbandry. I mentioned to you before, that these men are lodged, a parcel of them together, in a sort of shed, and that they are never suffered to eat or drink, or even set their foot in the farm-house any more than the oxen or the pigs are; but I had not then examined the matter with my own eyes and ears, which I now have done; and I shall, therefore, now give you an account of the whole thing, and shall give you my advice how to act so as to prevent yourselves or your children from ever being brought into the same state.

On Tuesday last, the 16th of this month, I went to the farm of a Farmer REID, near the town of DUNFERMLINE. The land is as fine as man ever set his eyes on, having on it some of the finest turnips that you ever saw; and there being in the stack-yard about three-score stacks, perhaps, each containing from fifteen to twenty quarters of corn; fine

oxen and hogs in the yard, and fine cows and sheep in the pastures. I told you before, that the single men lived in a sort of shed, which is here called a "*boothie*;" and the farmer upon this farm living near a town, and being said to use his people rather better than the common run, I wished to see with my own eyes the "*boothie*" upon this farm and the men in it.

The custom here is for men to plough with a pair of horses; to go out at daylight; come in at twelve o'clock, and stay in till two; then go out again and plough till night; and I have seen many of them at plough till sunset. COKE of Norfolk brought this practice from Scotland to Norfolk; and it has spread over a good part of England. It is a very bad practice, though I adopted it for some time, and, I found it no advantage to me, while it was a great slavery both to the horses and the men.

I went to the "*boothie*" between twelve and one o'clock, in order that I might find the men at home, and see what they had for their dinner. I found the "*boothie*" to be a shed, with a fire-place in it to burn coals in, with one doorway, and one little window. The floor was the ground. There were three wooden bedsteads, nailed together like the births in a barrack-room, with boards for the bottom of them. The bedding seemed to be very coarse sheeting with coarse woollen things at the top; and all seemed to be such as similar things must be where there is nobody but men to look after them. There were six men, all at home; one sitting upon a stool, four upon the sides of the births, and one standing talking to me. Though it was Monday, their beards, especially of two of them, appeared to be some days old. There were ten or twelve bushels of coals lying in a heap in one corner of the place, which was, as nearly as I could guess, about sixteen or eighteen feet square. There was no back-door to the place, and no privy. There were some loose potatoes lying under one of the births.

Now, for the wages of these men. In the first place the average wages of these single farming men are about ten pounds a year, or not quite four shillings a week. Then, they are found provisions in the following manner: each has allowed him two pecks of coarse oatmeal a week, and three "*choppins*" of milk a day, and a "*choppin*" is, I believe, equal to an English quart. They have to use this meal, which weighs about seventeen pounds, either by mixing it with cold water or with hot; they put some of it into a bowl, pour some boiling water upon it, then stir it about and eat it; and they call this BROSE; and you will be sure to remember that name. When they use milk with the meal, they use it in the same way that they do the water. I saw some of the brose mixed up ready to eat; and this is by no means bad stuff, only there ought to be half-a-pound of good meat to eat along with it. The Americans make "*brose*" of the corn-meal; but, then, they make their brose with milk instead of water, and they send it down their throats in company with buttered beef-steaks. And if here was some bacon along with the brose, I should think the brose very proper; because, in this country, oats are more easily grown in some parts than the wheat is. These men were not troubled with cooking utensils. They had a large iron saucepan and five or six brose-bowls; and are never troubled with those clattering things, knives, forks, plates, vinegar-cruets, salt-cellar, pepper-boxes, mustard-pots, table-cloths, or tables.

Now, I shall not attempt any general description of this treatment of those who make all the crops to come; but I advise you to *look well at it*; and I recommend to you to do everything within your power that it is lawful for you to do, in order to show your hatred of, and to *cause to suffer*, any one that shall attempt to reduce you to this state. The meal and the milk are not worth more than eighteen-pence a week; the shed is worth nothing; and here are these

men, who work for so many hours in a day, who are so laborious, so obedient, so civil, so honest, and amongst the best people in the world, receiving for a whole week less than an American labourer receives for one day's work not half so hard as the work of these men. This shed is stuck up generally away from the farm-yard, which is surrounded with good buildings, in which the cattle are lodged quite as well as these men, and in which young pigs are fed a great deal better. There were three sacks of meal standing in this shed, just as you see them standing in our farm-houses filled with barley-meal for the feeding of pigs. The *farm-house*, standing on one side of the yard, is always a sort of gentleman's house, in which there are several maids to wait upon the gentleman and lady, and a boy to wait upon them too. There is, generally, a BAILIFF upon these farms, who is very often a relation of the farmer; and, if he be a single man, he has either a small "*boothie*" to himself, or a place boarded off in a larger "*boothie*;" and he is a sort of a sergeant or corporal over the common men, who are continually under his eye day and night; and who being firmly bound for the year, cannot quit their service till the year be out.

It is from this source that the "*agricultural gentlemen*," as they call themselves, in England, have been supplied with SCOTCH BAILIFFS, who are so justly detested by you. The Scotch land-owners, who suck up and carry away almost the whole produce of the earth, have told the English land-owners how they manage the matter here. The English fellows find that they can get nobody in England to treat men in such a way, and, therefore, they bring them up from Scotland, and they pick out the hardest and most cruel fellows that they can find in Scotland; so that we have not, by any means, a fair specimen, even of Scotch bailiffs; because nineteen twentieths of them would not do the savage things which the English tyrants want them to do.

Well enough may you complain of Scotch bailiffs; and, wherever you find one, you always find the employer to be a grinding, hard-hearted man, and I advise you to have your eye upon every man who has a Scotch bailiff; for, you may be very sure, that his intention is to bring you down to the shed and to the brose; to prevent you from ever seeing knife or fork, or bread again, and to have you considered as being nothing better than the cattle.

I shall address another paper to you before I leave Scotland; and in the meanwhile it is right to tell you that every good man in this country (and the far greater portion of them are very good men) detest these agricultural tyrants as much as you and I do. The tyrants take the produce of the land and carry it all away, and treat worse than horses and dogs those who make the produce to come. When a labouring man offends one of these tyrants, he is doomed to starve, or to get away out of the country; and the poor creatures go away from some of the richest lands in the world, and get into England to beg; and then they are sent back again as vagrants. And this, my friends, is the state to which it has been attempted to reduce the labourers of England. Have your eyes open; be resolved to maintain all your rights; *be resolute* in it; and then you will not only preserve yourselves from this horrible degradation; but you will rescue from it your oppressed fellow-subjects and brethren, the labourers of Scotland.

I am your faithful friend,

WM. COBBETT.

Directing (as I hereby do) my printers to print off, in the same manner as directed last week, *ten thousand copies* of this address to the chopsticks with *price a penny* at the bottom of each, and with intimating to my readers that, by application at BOLT-COURT, they may have them at five shillings for a hundred, or fifty for three shillings; with

these matters thus settled, I now proceed on my journey from DUNFERMLINE to FALKIRK; the land on both sides of the road extremely fine. We do not, for several miles, see the FIRTH of FORTH; but it is not far to our left. The farms are very fine; turnips surprisingly fine; large woods; rows of trees by the sides of the road; the trees vigorous and fresh and lofty; as beautiful a country, taken altogether (abating only the want of vine-covered cottages and little gardens), as I ever went through in all my life. At four or five miles from DUNFERMLINE we come to a long village called TORY-BURN, the houses in general having no up-stairs; all the buildings extremely ugly and mean; and yet the village is manifestly in a state of rapid decay, many of the houses being empty, and many of them tumbling down. This village, we perceive as soon as we quit it, has been principally created by the fishing; for here we find ourselves, with the FIRTH of FORTH close down by our left, and we see little houses here and there all along the shore. A little farther on we see the woods of CULROSS, down to our left, near the water; and upon the road where we are, we come to a mansion, and pretty place, called TORY. Here we are getting amongst old friends; for here resides Sir JOHN ERSKINE, brother and successor of Sir JAMES ERSKINE (and not Sir WILLIAM as I thought) who is now dead, and succeeded by his brother JOHN, and which Sir JAMES was husband No. 1. of our Lady LOUISA PAGET, who, as the newspapers told us, and as the courts decided, had No. 2. in Sir GEORGE MURRAY, who is now canvassing for a seat in PERTHSHIRE, just over the hills to our right! The newspapers, and the courts too, may have belied her ladyship; and in that case I shall be singularly happy, if she will afford me the means to send over the world a contradiction with regard to this affair; for I have long felt a particular interest in the affairs of her ladyship, who is, to make use of the words of a friend at DUNFERM-

LIN, "amongst the most fascinating of all the fascinating creatures in this world;" besides which, she is, in some respects, a person belonging to the people; and I do not think the worse of myself for being a sort of shareholder in a case like this. My Lord COCHRANE used to say, "That 'a man might eat mutton till he became a sheep.'" And a lady may eat taxes till she becomes taxes, however fascinating she may be on the outside. This fascinating creature, though the daughter of the Earl of Uxbridge, and the sister of the Marquis of Anglesea, had one pension given her while she was a maiden, and another at her marriage to Sir JAMES ERSKINE. And BURDETT, when he was a noisy patriot, and when he was teaching us the necessity of "tearing the leaves out of the accursed *Red Book*," with just as much zeal as he is now praising the King and the Queen, and urging the people of BATH to elect a place-man who was nursed on sinecure pap, used never to omit to mention the particular case of our fascinating Lady LOUISA, though he might as well have mentioned Lady JULIANA HAY, whom little SANCHE, his colleague, at once brewer and right honourable privy-counsellor, led to the altar a little while ago from the pension-list, where she had been sticking for *twenty-one years at the least*, though the daughter of one marquis, and the sister of another. Faith! she may be sticking on the pension-list yet, for anything that I know to the contrary! But we will know all about this by-and-by: we will have bright Lord ALTHORP's reasons for heaping money upon these ladies, while those who till the land live upon "brose," and while those who make the clothing have not half enough to eat. Aye, and we will put Daddy BURDETT to the test, too. We will see whether he will help to tear the leaves out of the "accursed *Red Book*;" whether he will help to endeavour to produce so much of an equitable adjustment as may induce the

brewer privy-counsellor to give us back the amount of the receivings of Lady JULIANA.

Quitting TORY, which is a very pretty place, we come, a little farther on, to the very beautiful house and park of Sir ROBERT PRESTON, who is now the owner of CULROSS, which lies away to our left on the side of a very beautiful bend in the Firth of Forth, in a little detached part of the great county of PERTH, and divided from it by the small county of CLACKMANNAN, from the chief town of which Lord ERSKINE took his title. CULROSS is a very beautiful spot. Rising up and bending round by the side of the water. As beautiful a place as any to be found about the *Isle of Wight* or the SOUTHAMPTON Water. It was impossible for me to see it without thinking of the NEW-Forest, NETLEY-ABBEY woods, and particularly of that HOLLY-HILL at which once resided that Lord COCHRANE, who was born at this CULROSS, it then being the estate of his father; and to reflect on whose treatment always fills me with indignation inexpressible, knowing as I did, and as I do, that, even if the thing imputed to him had been a crime, he was innocent of that crime; and remembering, as I do, all the base means that were used to render him despicable in the eyes of the people, whom he had served in Parliament with more zeal and fidelity than any man that I have ever known, my Lord RADNOR only excepted; and who was more capable and more disinterestedly disposed to serve his country in arms than any man that I have ever known in my life.

Before we get to KINCARDINE, where we are to cross at the ferry, we go over about a mile or so of poor heathy ground, thousands upon thousands of acres the like of which any one may see in my native county of Surrey. Here, a few miles to our right, we see the OCHILL hills, running along from east to west, and dividing the county

of FIFE from the county of PERTH. These hills are not called *Highlands*, though they are very lofty. As we approach KINCARDINE, the view is by far the finest that I ever beheld. We are in the midst of beautiful land on each side of us; the hills before-mentioned continue rising to our right; on our left we have the Firth of FORTH, and then the fine level lands between that and FALKIRK, and at the back of those rising up the very high hills which divide the county of EDINBURGH from those of PEEBLES and LANARK; while, a little to our right and in our front, the Firth of FORTH takes another beautiful bend, with flat lands on the side of it; then come hills rising one above another, and behind those, we see, at a distance, perhaps from twenty to fifty miles, the tops of the Highlands called the BEN-CHOCAN, BEN-LIDDI, CRAIG-BENYON (all of them conical mountains of a prodigious height); and, lastly, the tip of the "lofty BEN-LOMOND" itself, which really seems to touch the sky; which has been the subject of so many sonnets and so many songs, and the syllables composing the name of which are as sweet and as sonorous as the mountain itself is majestic. Very near to the little town of KINCARDINE, where the ferry is, is a very fine house, built by Lord KEITH, looking down into the Firth of FORTH. We crossed the ferry in five minutes; and, getting into a post-chaise which met us by appointment, we proceeded to FALKIRK over a level country, called the CARSE of FALKIRK, just like the Fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire; and, apparently, producing, like them, everlasting crops of wheat and of beans. Here they dig coals everywhere; and close by FALKIRK there is the famous CARRON iron-foundery. Before we get there, there is a country-house, on our right, called KINNAIRD HOUSE, which was the place of residence of the famous traveller, Mr. BRUCE; and, to the honour of the people here, they seem to reverence the place on that account. The CARRON works, prodigious as they are,

naturally bring a numerous working population about them; and here is such a population, differing in no material respect from those of the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Yorkshire.

Before we got into FALKIRK, we crossed the famous canal which connects the waters of the ATLANTIC with those of the GERMAN OCEAN, coming out of the Firth of FORTH, and ending, as we shall by-and-by see, in the GLYDE, between GREENOCK and GLASGOW. The manner in which a thing so apparently wonderful has been effected, neither my taste nor my time will induce me to endeavour to describe; it is sufficient for me to know that the thing is, and sufficient for the far greater part of my readers to know, that, by the means of this canal, goods, of any weight, are much more easily sent from GREENOCK and GLASGOW to EDINBURGH, than from LONDON to BARNET or to UNBRIDGE.

At FALKIRK, my friends (BROUGHAM and TOM POTTER will say that "they are *fools*," but it is the FACT that we have to do with) rang the church bells in honour of my arrival, and received me with a hearty shout at the door of the hotel. Now, stop a bit. Is it not worth while, for Lord GREY to think a little about this, and to turn again to that which I more particularly address to him in the early part of this article? As to gabbling, hair-brained, feelosofizing BROUGHAM and his crew; as to poor spiteful things like the tallowman and the brewer privy-counsellors; as to these creatures, who know that they must be nothing if my doctrines and my propositions prevail; as to these creatures, all the addresses presented to me; all the honours with which I have been received, by thousands upon thousands, of whom I knew not a single soul; all the heaps of money (more than sixty pounds a night) paid for going to applaud me at the theatre, even at Edinburgh. All these, and all the rest which I have still to relate up to this day,

will, with the "*feelosofers*," the tallow-man and brewer privy-counsellors, only operate in this way. Perceiving that if my doctrines prevail, they must either go to rake the kennel or black shoes, they will think of nothing but of means which they think calculated to counteract me; they will be racking their stupid skulls for tricks and contrivances to be carried on in conjunction with, and by the instrumentality of, such creatures as the POTTERS and BAXTER and SHUTTLEWORTH and their companion the Irish mountebank; through the means of which very identical reptiles, they have now been sending *pamphlets* (*bearing the name of their mountebank companion*) to their correspondents in EDINBURGH, FALKIRK, GLASGOW, PAISLEY, and GREENOCK; these pamphlets pointing out particularly my writings (*when I was in PHILADELPHIA*) against MUIR and the other Scotch reformers who were transported by PITT and DUNDAS; the stupid POTTERS and BAXTER and SHUTTLEWORTH, not seeming to think it possible that those writings are seven-and-thirty years old; that I was then only thirty years old myself, or thereabouts; that I was then living in a country where an all-predominant *French* party praised MUIR and his companions; and that that was enough, and ought to have been enough for me, who was an *Englishman*, and who knew nothing at all about the merits or demerits of MUIR and his affair; the vulgar and rich sots of Manchester not seeming to think it possible that the Scotch had discernment enough to perceive these things; all these vermin, the BURDETTS, THOMSONS, the HOBHOUSES, the POTTERS, and the like, not forgetting SERGEANT WILDE, and his brother Judge DENMAN, whose exploits in the case of Farmer BOYES and poor COOK, and in the case of the poor *Taffy*, too, may possibly yet be remembered: that all these vermin should see no prospect of escape from something or other unpleasant, unless I can be

put down, and that they should entertain the hope of accomplishing the thing; seeing that their stupidity is equal to their spite, is of no more consequence to the public, than it is whether I crush a parcel of cockroaches with my foot, or sweep them into a fire with a broom; but, what the views and EXPECTATIONS of my Lord GREY are, with regard to this matter, is of *tremendous consequence to the whole nation, and particularly to my Lord Grey himself.*

I shall return to this matter by-and-by, when I have proceeded further with the account of my tour. At FALKIRK I lectured from the pulpit of a chapel, as I had done at the town of DUNFERMLINE; spent a very pleasant evening in a company of the most respectable tradesmen of the town, with whom I sat up so much beyond my usual hour, that I had not time to breakfast before I came off at eight o'clock in the morning, when I departed amidst the cordial farewells of very numerous friends. At first, the flat land continues for a mile or two, on our way from FALKIRK to Glasgow; but soon after we get upon *high land*. The English reader will take care not to confound *high lands* with *Highlands*. The former are like HAMPSTEAD and HIGHGATE, and EPSOM downs, compared with the lands approaching the Thames; but the Highlands are chains or groups of mountains in variety of forms and of heights, such as the imagination can never form to itself: they are *rocks*, the base of some of which is many miles across, and the points and edges of which, when not actually lost in the clouds, seem to touch the sky. This distinction my readers will be so good as to bear in mind. We were now, then, upon some of this high land; and, with the exception of the little bit which I mentioned in Berwickshire, and the still smaller bit in FIFESHIRE, I now, for the first time, saw poor land in Scotland. Here it is generally a sour clay. The ground is too high, and too cold for oaks; and, as no other trees like clay, everything of

the tree kind is scrubby. In some places there is peat. In one part of the journey, we passed by BONNY-MUIR, which means pretty-moor; on an accusation for designing to assemble a rebel army on which, the Scotch reformers suffered so cruelly in 1820, when, as was then said, the infamous spies were so numerous, that every man looked upon every other man as a spy, unless he personally knew him. These "*paternal*" exploits of the THING, in the exposing of which, and in defending the Scotch reformers, *I only* was heard, was forgotten by the shuffling fellows at the Three Golden Balls at Manchester, but it was not forgotten by the good people in Scotland; and particularly by the reformers in GLASGOW, who sent me a written vote of thanks in 1820, and who now, joined by nine-tenths of the whole community, have been showing their gratitude to me in person. And, do those muckworm creatures, the POTTERS, the grubbing TADCASTER fellows, imagine that, merely with their promises to pay printed upon bits of paper, and with their three golden balls; and do cackling SHUTTLEWORTH and pompous BAXTER and full-blooded Yankee DYER; do they imagine, that they, with the aid of a mere real mountebank player, coming piping hot from the caldron of Sergeant WILDE, being the fellow-labourer of "*our Charley*" in London: do they imagine, are they such complete brute beasts as to imagine, that they could persuade, not the Scotch *people*, (for the thought would be worthy of death!) but even one single half-dozen of Scotch ploughmen, or Scotch weavers! If I, where in the Court of King's Bench, and having the group of Whig Ministers before me, stood in need of all my contempt to relieve me from the danger of suffocation at the thought of *running away* from the "GREYS and the BROUGHAMS and the LAMBS and the RUSSELLS;" what, oh God! what am I to stand in need of to prevent me from expiring at the thought of being checked for one moment in my course by such

nasty creeping things as the POTTERS and the SHUTTLE-WORTHS and the BAXTERS!

We came by the stage-coach; and in the coach there were three very sensible and polite gentlemen, one of whom, a very nice young man, was a hop-merchant and wine-merchant; and as, somehow or another, he began to say something about hops, I took an opportunity of showing off my at-once-extensive and minute knowledge of the subject, from the planting of the plant to the bagging and selling of the hops, naming particular places eminent for the growth of the article. By-and-by, the gentlemen began to talk politics; from participating in which I carefully abstained, sitting as silent and looking as demure, as the country people say, as girls who have made a slip in their time do at a christening, there being a *baby* in the case in both instances. But, by-and-by, the conversation began to turn upon myself, and I thought it necessary to take the earliest opportunity to apprise the gentlemen of my identity; and the hop-merchant having said, "I should like to hear him speak," I said, you do hear him now, Sir: an explanation took place, of course; and, whatever might be the sentiments of any one of the three, all was very pleasant. The hop-merchant then came back to our old subject, expressing his astonishment that I, who had been so constantly engaged in pursuits of a quite different nature, should understand so *minutely* every little circumstance belonging to the raising and harvesting and curing and vending of hops; an astonishment which was, doubtless, removed when I told him, that the first work that I ever did in my life, was to tie the hop-shoots round the bottom of the poles with rushes; and that even as soon as I could stand upon my feet, those feet used to help to trample the rushes, spread upon the floor for the purpose, in order to make them pliant to tie with. Seeing that I had thus begun at the very bottom of the business, his wonder must have ceased that I understood so

much about hops. After showing him, that, if the infernal duty were taken off, *which costs more in the collection than its gross amount*; after showing him the monstrous effect of this hinderance of the gift of God coming to our hands; after making it clear to him that the brewers of EDINBURGH ale would have for nine-pence, instead of three shillings, the hops which they now use, if this monstrous piece of foolery on the part of the Government were put an end to; after this I bragged a little about having been born in the parish of FARNHAM, which produces the best hops in the universe, feeling bold, seeing that no Kentish, or Sussex, or Worcestershire man was present. For, there is a tenderness upon this subject, which scarcely falls short of that when a young lady of fortune is the object of rivalryship. My amanuensis, who is a *Sussex* man, was, to my perfect convenience, on the outside of the coach; or, it is very likely that I should have been less forward to indulge in this little instance of human vanity. I promised this young gentleman, that when he came to London, I would take him down and show him the plantations and the people in my country, which, I told him, was very beautiful, and where he would see hop-works in their highest perfection. If he should see this, I hereby repeat my invitation, just observing, that it will be as *well*, if, while he is there, he does not say anything to excite a suspicion in the minds of the people that he thinks that it is possible that there may be hops in some part or other of the world equal to the "FARNHAM." Guarding against *this*, I will warrant him a most cordial reception.

When we got to GLASGOW, we alighted at a hotel; and though I was engaged to take up my quarters at the house of Mr. DAVID BELL, CLYDE BUILDINGS, as I had not breakfasted, I therefore set to that work at the inn, without loss of time, upon everything that is good, but particularly upon some *tender* beef-steaks; a thing which I have not

met with before in more than one out of ten beef-steak jobs in my life; and, I may as well stop here to observe, that which I have omitted before, that all the beef that I have tasted in Scotland has been excellent. It appears to come from the little oxen which the Highlands send down in such droves; and a score of which, please God to give me life, I will have next year in Surrey. I should suppose that these little oxen, when well fatted, weigh about twenty score, which is about the weight of a Hampshire hog eighteen months or two years old. The joints are, of course, small compared with the general run of beef in London. A sirloin appears to be no very great deal larger than a loin of large veal rump and all. The meat is exceedingly fine in the grain; and these little creatures will fat where a Devonshire or Lincolnshire ox would half starve. My project is to get a score of them, let them run upon the common till the corn-tops and blades are fit to cut; then feed them with them; after that with mangel-wurzel or Swedish turnips, and have them fat as butter in the months of March, April, and May. I have never seen a piece of pork in Scotland, and there are very few pigs to be seen, though I saw in Berwickshire a litter of the half *wild* breed; that breed having been brought from the Mediterranean by my Lord LAUDERDALE's son or brother. The mutton at GLASGOW is chiefly from the black-faced Highland sheep; and, if it have age (four or five years old), it is exceedingly fine, though the same pains are not bestowed in making mutton fat here as are bestowed in England; and the same may be said of the beef; and the reader recollects that the Scotch youth, who came to me at KENSINGTON, would not eat his breakfast that my daughter had prepared for him because the beef was "*vary fot*;" and, really, my rage upon that occasion would have been less violent, if I had known that the general taste of his countrymen was against very fat meat. These little black-faced sheep, which may easily be

made as fat as you please, shall some of them march into Surrey, or be carried in a steam-boat; and my Lord HOLLAND, who, to my certain knowledge, has been eating this mutton these twenty years, ought to have told us the secret long ago. I think a flock of these little sheep and a drove of these little oxen, are amongst the most pleasing sights that I ever beheld.

So much for the meat of Scotland; and now I am talking about victuals, let me observe, first, that the wheaten bread, of which there is an abundance in all the towns, is just about as good as it is in London; that, besides this, there are oat-cakes made very thin, which are very nice things of the bread kind, it being understood that I am speaking of such as are made in the houses of gentlemen, merchants, and persons who do not very rigidly adhere to the saving of expense; for there are some of these cakes which rank with the "*brose*" mentioned in the former part of this article. Then the oatmeal, when ground and dressed in a nice manner, is made into porridge, just in the same manner as the Americans make the cornmeal into *mush*, and it is eaten with milk just in the same manner. Every morning but one, while I was at Edinburgh, it formed the principal part of my breakfast; and I greatly preferred it, and should always prefer it, to toasted bread and butter, to muffins, to crumpets, to bread and butter, or to hot rolls. This is the living in Scotland, along with plenty of eggs, very fine butter, and either Ayrshire or English cheese; and everywhere you see a sufficiency of good victuals (including poultry and game); you see it without ostentation; you see it without being compelled to sit whole hours over it; you see everything good, and everything sensibly done with regard to the victuals; and as to the drink, just as in England, you always see ten times too much of it; and I verily believe that I shall be the first human being that ever came into Scotland, and went out of it again, without tasting wine, spirits, beer, or

cider. Everybody drinks too much; and it is not just to reproach the working people with drunkenness, if you, whose bodily exertions do not tend to provoke thirst, set them the mischievous example, by indulging in drink, until habit renders it a sort of necessary of life. While all the world seem astonished at the wonderful labours that I am performing now, I feel that I am leading a very lazy life. The reason is, that I am always sober; always well (whatever the POTTERS may think of it); and, therefore, always fit to be doing *something*, and always wanting to be doing something.

I shall lose sight of my "*tour*" presently, if I do not come back to it. I had scarcely begun my breakfast, when the room was crowded with friends, who, in consequence of a mistake which I had committed, had gone to another inn to receive me. To name individuals in such a case would be improper, when all were equally entitled to my thanks. As soon as I was ready Mr. Bell brought a carriage, and took me home to his elegant and pleasantly situated house, in which I now write; from which I go to-morrow by the steam boat to GREENOCK, and to which I shall return, after having been at GREENOCK, PAISLEY, and HAMILTON; and then, in a day or two, set off to England by the way of CARLISLE, stopping a day at OLDHAM, and another at MANCHESTER, hunting out the POTTERS from their hole by way of episode. And now what *am* I to say of this GLASGOW, which is at once a city of the greatest beauty, a commercial town, and a place of manufactures also very great. It is MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL in one (on a smaller scale) with regard to commerce and manufactures; but, besides this, here is the *City* of GLASGOW, built in a style, and beautiful in all ways, very little short of the New Town of EDINBURGH. The new Exchange is a most magnificent place; and, indeed, the whole of the city, compared to which the plastered-up Regent-street is beggarly,

is as fine as anything that I ever saw, the New Town of EDINBURGH excepted. The whole is built of beautiful white stone; and doors, windows, and everything, bespeak solid worth, without any taste for ostentation or show. The manufacturing part, with the tall chimneys and the smoke, is at the east end of the city, and somewhat separated from it; so that there is very little smoke in GLASGOW. The river CLYDE runs down through the city; and ships come up and lie by the wharfs for the better part of a mile. Goods are here taken out or shipped with the greatest convenience. Higher up than the point to which the ships come, there are three bridges, which cross the CLYDE, for the convenience of going quickly from one side of the city to the other. By the side of the river, above the bridges, there is a place modestly called GLASGOW-GREEN, containing about a hundred English acres of land, which is in very fine green sward, and is at all times open for the citizens to go to for their recreation.

Having three lectures to deliver here, and having engaged to go to GREENOCK the day after the delivery of the third, I had no time to walk about; but Mr. BELL has been so good as to take me round in a carriage, that I might not go away in a state of ignorance with regard to the extent and character of so important a place. I will give an account of this pleasant ride, by inserting a paragraph from the *Glasgow Chronicle* of this day; to Mr. PRENTICE the editor of which, I take this opportunity of expressing my best thanks for a series of civilities, far too great for me to repay in an adequate manner:—

“ On Thursday, Mr. Cobbett, accompanied by Mr. Bell, in a carriage and pair, visited various parts of the city. Setting out from Clyde-buildings, they proceeded by Carlton-place, along the Old Bridge, and then westward by the north side of the river to York-street, up that street to Ar-gyle-street, thence to Buchan-street, up St. Vincent-street,

“ Hope-street, and West George’s-street, round Blythwood-square by Montague-place, down Bath-street, from which Mr. Cobbett saw the shipping in the canal at Port-Dundas. Proceeding down Buchanan-street by St. Vincent-place, round George’s-square by South Hanover-street, and Ingram-street to the Royal Exchange, where Mr. Cobbett alighted, and walked round the Great Room. Mr. Cobbett expressed much admiration at the splendour of the building, and the elegance and extent of the Great Room. The party then proceeded down Queen-street, Argyle-street, Glassford-street, Ingram-street, Montrose-street, George’s-street, to the University, where Professor Mylne received Mr. Cobbett, and showed him the Museum, the College, the Faculty-hall, &c., all of which Mr. Cobbett seemed much pleased with, and laughed heartily at the prospect of his being elected Lord Rector. From the College Mr. Cobbett proceeded up High-street to the Royal Infirmary and Cathedral; from thence down High-street, Saltmarket-street, and drove round the Green, which he admired exceedingly, and calculated by the eye that it contained above a hundred acres. Mr. Cobbett then visited Messrs. Henry Monteith and Co.’s Turkey red dyeing and print works at Rutherglen-bridge, and was received by Mr. George Rodger and Mr. Harvie, the managers. Mr. C. seemed much gratified by his visit to the works, and acknowledged the attention paid to him by these gentlemen. Mr. Douglas, being at Bridgeton on his canvass, accompanied Mr. C. through the work. Mr. Cobbett then proceeded through Bridgeton, by Canning-street, Green-street, Tureen-street, to Gallowgate-street, and down that street, by the Barracks, to the Old Exchange, where he alighted and visited the Tontine Coffee Room; Mr. Cobbett very much admired the room, the buildings, and the arcades of the Exchange. He then proceeded westward along the Trongate and Argyle-street,

“ up Queen-street to Upper St. Vincent-street, and alighted
“ to meet a party at dinner at Mr. John Boyle Gray’s. On
“ passing the George Hotel, George-square, Mr. Cobbett
“ observing two soldiers on duty, exclaimed, ‘ What are
“ these soldiers doing there ?’ which was explained to him.
“ Altogether Mr. Cobbett expressed himself much pleased
“ at the extent and appearance of Glasgow. We under-
“ stand he will leave this city to-morrow for Greenock, but
“ will return again here. Mr. Cobbett will, very probably,
“ visit some other establishments and places in Glasgow on
“ his return.”

Greenock, 21. October, 1832.

After lecturing at GLASGOW, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, I set off by the steam-boat for this town yesterday morning at eight o’clock, accompanied by my kind and generous entertainer, Mr. BELL, by Mr. DOUGLAS, of BARLOCK, who is a candidate for GLASGOW, and by Mr. GRAY. I had not time in writing at GLASGOW to notice several things which I should not have omitted. There is the finest, most convenient, and best conducted *cattle market* that I ever saw in my life. I do not like to see manufactories of any sort; but that of Mr. MONTEITH, for the dyeing and printing of calicoes and shawls and handkerchiefs, and upon a scale of prodigious magnitude, I did go to see, and I saw it with wonder that I cannot describe. First, there was a large room full of men, engaged in drawing, upon paper, the flowers and other things which were to be imprinted on their cotton; then there was another set to put these drawings upon blocks of wood; then there was another to fasten on little pieces of copper upon the wood; then there were others to engrave upon copper, in order to print, pretty nearly as printing work is carried on;

then came the men to mark the copper with the blocks according to the drawings; and lastly came the printers, who carry on their work by rollers, and effect their purposes in a manner so wonderful, that it almost makes one's head swim but to think of it. The buildings belonging to this dyeing and printing concern are as large as no very considerable country town.

I was not aware that GLASGOW was an ancient city; but I now find, that it was the *see* of one of the archbishops of Scotland, which was divided into two archbishoprics, one in the east and one in the west; the *see* of the latter of which was GLASGOW, and that of the former St. ANDREWS, in the county of FIFE. There is a college here of very ancient establishment, which, as the above paragraph relates, I went to see. Of the cathedral, only the nave and the chancel remain; the transepts appearing to have been demolished. It is very ancient, and was once very grand, though for a long time it appears to have been miserably neglected; but the two ends of it serve as churches to two parishes of the present inhabitants, which, however, seem not to be attended to with that care, and kept in that good state, that the other churches are.

With regard to the treatment that I received at GLASGOW, I cannot speak of it, until the next number of my *Register*; because I am to return to GLASGOW again, to be at a public dinner there on the 29th of this month: this *Register* will appear there before that day, and I wish not to be at GLASOW when that *Register* shall be received there. My treatment, therefore, by the people generally, and especially by individuals, is a subject that must be reserved until my next *Register*; when I must also speak of this place, and of the treatment that I have received here. This present article I shall conclude with inserting an ADDRESS, which, on Friday last, I received at GLASGOW, from the reformers of NEWMILNS, AYRSHIRE, who came to me

from that town (a distance of about twenty miles) for the express purpose of presenting me this address. If vulgar TOM POTTER and his mountebank companion; if the Whig-Judge, Sergeant WILDE, and DRAYTON the auctioneer; if the tallow-man privy-counsellor, or the brewer privy-counsellor; if BROUGHAM and DENMAN and BROUGHAM's precious crew of poor-law commissioners; if these fellows could have seen and heard Oh, no! what a fool I am! It would have produced no effect upon these conceited and stupid creatures; but if my Lord GREY could have seen the deputation that came twenty miles to bring me the following paper, and could have heard what they said, in addition to what they say in the paper itself, he would have said to himself: "If any considerable portion of such men as these, think as these men think, and have formed the resolution that these men appear to have formed, I must adopt the propositions of COBBETT, or, after a vain struggle, sink in the attempt to resist them." The manner of presenting this ADDRESS, the hand-writing in which it was drawn up; the cleverness, the great talent displayed by the gentleman (a very young man) who presented it to me; the beautiful speech with which he prefaced the delivery of it into my hand; everything belonging to the matter would have dictated to a man of sense to exclaim, "The principles of this man must prevail, and his plans must be adopted." Here follow the address and the names subscribed to it; and, let the base POTTERS, the stupid SHUTTLEWORTH, and BAXTER, read it, and then wait eagerly for the arrival of the bloody old *Times*, to see if it contain nothing to comfort them.

To WILLIAM COBBETT, Esq.

The reformers of Newmilns, Ayrshire, beg leave to congratulate you with feelings of the most unqualified gratification and delight upon your visit to the land of our nativity,

which long did, and still does, contain hearts devoted to the cause of freedom. We have long and fondly cherished the hope of being enabled to address you in person, and thus we gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity. Our long perusal of your unrivalled writings has kindled in us an attachment for you, which nothing but the hand of time can extinguish. Your manly and unwearied advocacy of the rights and usefulness of the working classes, has called, and will call forth, the thanks and acclamations of a grateful people. To the labours of your pen we are chiefly indebted for the exposure of the workings of the paper-money system; a system fraught alike with cruel oppression, and destruction to sound morality. The plan of an equitable adjustment brought forward by you in the Norfolk Petition, and which you have ever since so ably advocated and defended, in conjunction with the other measures so clearly developed in the lectures delivered by you upon your fourteen propositions, we consider to be the only real cure for the miseries of a long-afflicted and injured people. And, sir, we will not, we cannot despair of justice being done to us so long as God in his goodness to you and our country, grants you health and strength to continue your exertions in our behalf. We rejoice in the triumph of the Reform Bill, although we know it to be short of our just and natural rights, as we trust it will be the means of your introduction into Parliament along with a sufficient number of other representatives, pledged to and supported by the people, who will carry into effect your or similar measures, which will make our beloved country what she once was, and what nature has so admirably fitted her for by her geographical position, and by the strength, industry, and ingenuity of her inhabitants, the queen of nations and the abode of liberty, peace, and plenty.

That you may live to see your labours crowned with success: that you may descend to the grave amidst the tears

of a grateful people, and that your memory may be cherished as the friend of your country, as long as its history shall continue, will be our unceasing prayer.

William Campbell
Hugh Brown
James Wylie
Robert Connell
John Campbell
James Mackie
William Connell
James Young
George Mackie
Alexander Brown
George Nisbet
John Brown
John Conn
Adam Haddow
John Campbell
James Campbell
John Parker, jun.
George Nisbett
Andrew Allan
James Shaw
John Donald
John Nisbett
William Murray
James Reid
James Nisbett
John Dasnalde
James Wilban
Peter Nisbett
Matthew Richmond
John Smith
John Howie
James Middleton
Thomas Middleton
Andrew Mackie
Robert Dabriel
Henry Harris
James M'Gregor
Andrew Love
David Pollock
Matthew Nisbett
Thomas Reid
John Campbell
James Bell
George Pollock
Robert Pollock
Mungo Reid
James Campbell
John Wilson
James Richmond
Alexander Brown
John Campbell

Andrew Brown, sen.
Andrew Brown, jun.
Alexander Smith
John Smith
Hugh Smith
James Smith
Andrew Nisbett
John Alexander
James Shaw
James Campbell
Robert Campbell
James Nisbet
James G. Smith
John Smith
James Smith
Andrew Terrane
James Mason
Robert Morton
John Steel
Archibald Borland
William Steel
George Smith
James Morton
Hugh Muir
Archibald Hood
Alexander Inglis
Alexander Parker
James Young
James Cameron
David Sorance
James Brown
John Harris
William Lambie
Hugh Love
James Morton
William Morton
John Morton
Alexander Hood
James Sawers
Hugh Sawers
James Inglis
Andrew Pollock
John Morton
Daniel Ferguson
James Young
James Brown
John Borland
William Smith
John Jamie
John Harper
Hugh Morton

John Borland
John Norton
Nicol Brown
Robert Triler
Thomas Brown, sen.
John Dykes
William Smith
Thomas Paterson
James Morton
Archibald Morton
James Mair
George Mair
William Allson
Robert Hood
John Hood
Richard Morton
George Hood
James Howie
William Cunningham
James Lumsden, jun.
Thomas Craig
James Ruffrey
George Morton
Archibald Jorrance
Andrew Jorrance
Robert Young
Archibald Young
George Smith
Adam Yaller
John Brown
William Brown
David Smith
Robert Steel
Peter M'Kinzie
William Harris
Hugh Paton
William Woodburn
James Pollock
John Auld
William Frew
Hugh Young
George Morton
Nicol Brown
Thomas Brown
John Mair
James Mair
Robert Alexander
Thomas Mair
James Marton
Thomas Brown
John Kilpatrick

John Connell
Thomas Dykes
James Auld
John Hood
Hugh Narton
John Brown
Hugh Mair

Adam Morton
James Torrance
James Morton
James Smith
James Young
J. W. Lyon, surgeon
John Richmond

Matthew Pollock
Matthew Mair
Archibald Mitchell
Matthew Wylie
James Mitchell

NEWMILNS is so situated, that I can go through it, in going from GLASGOW to get into the CARLISLE road; and, do this I will; unless something should happen to render the doing of it very inconvenient. I answered this address verbally, there being no time for doing it in any other manner. Precisely what I said I cannot now recollect; but I was so struck with the behaviour of the deputation, with their unfeigned attachment to me, whom they had never seen, and whom they are probably never to see again, that I was induced to trouble them at greater length, in my answer, than would, generally speaking, have been proper; but, I took this opportunity of assuring these kind and clever young men, that, if I were chosen a member of Parliament, happen what would, I never would, for one single moment, be a party to a deceiving of the people; that I had taken a farm as a place of retirement; and that, if I found the people of England so base as not to go hand in hand with the people of Scotland, and insist upon those things being done which ought to be done, I would retire to that farm, and never remain for one minute to give my countenance to a *sham*; that, however, I felt perfectly confident that the people in England would also do their duty; that they would insist that the work of legislation should be done by *day-light*, and not carried on under the roof of a victualler, mixing legislative speeches with the rattling of knives, forks, plates, and dishes, the drawing of corks, and the jingling of glasses; I trusted, that the people would insist, that the work of law-giving should no longer be carried on in this manner; and that, in that case, they might rely upon my best efforts to the last moment of my health and strength.

I have received very pressing invitations from the other side of the FIRTH of FORTH, and from STIRLING. Indeed from STIRLING, PERTH, DUNDEE, MONTROSE, ABERDEEN, ELGIN, in what is called the North of Scotland. If I were sure that the Parliament would not be dissolved, I would go to these places now; but, as I have to do with a set of pretty gentlemen, some tallow-men and some brewers as well as privy-counsellors, whose business it seems to be to make human affairs uncertain, and human life a burden; I dare not move my body, at present, farther from the scene of action than I now am. If it please God to preserve my life, until the middle of next June, I will come to the North with one of my sons, and I will go into every county, and go even into the ORKNEYS, and see the good people there, to whom I taught the straw-plat manufacture. I will go and see how the Highlanders live; and how they raise those pretty sheep and oxen that they send to be devoured by others. I will go and inquire upon the spot whether the natives of the county of SUTHERLAND were driven from the land of their birth by the countess of that name, and by her husband, the Marquis of STAFFORD; and if I be in Parliament, I will then endeavour to induce the nation, and through it the Parliament, to come to some settled determination relative to the right of land-owners to drive away the natives of the land, or to refuse them a share of its produce. It is high time that we come to some settled notions relative to this matter. I am very sorry that I cannot accept the invitations that have been given me now; but I will endeavour to show my gratitude by my visit next year.

Greenock, 22. Oct. 1832.

It was high time that somebody should come to Scotland to be able to explain to Englishmen how this country has been treated. I, who had known so many Scotchmen ever

since I was sixteen years old, who had had so many of them come to visit me, in the jail into which I was put for writing against the flogging of local-militia men; I, even I, had strong feelings excited in my mind against Scotland generally (always expressly making great exceptions) by the scoundrelly "*feelosofers*," who preached up a doctrine tending to cause the people of England to be treated like cattle; even I could not make it out how it was, that Scotland should spew forth so many of these monsters. I now see to the bottom of the whole thing. Those who have read the history of the Roman empire, know that it extended itself over all Europe; and that the farther any part of its subjects were from Rome, the worse they were treated by their governors (called pro-consuls) that were set over them. LA FONTAINE, in his beautiful tales, relates, that a man came before the senate from one of the distant provinces to complain of the monstrous injustice and cruelty exercised by the pro-consul in the province from which he came; that the senate heard his eloquent and indignant description with patience; and then laid their heads together to consider about the wrongs inflicted on this province, and about the answer that they should give to this eloquent complainant; when, one of the senators said, "Make him "himself pro-consul of his province, and you will hear no "more complaints from him, I will warrant you." This was done, and the province was oppressed more than ever. Just thus it has been with Ireland and with Scotland, which have always been injured by the selfishness and treachery of those whose birth ought to have taught them to be their protectors; and, the renegado villanous "*feelosofers*," who have come to London from Scotland, have been, and are, the corrupt tools of the Scotch oligarchy for selling their own country, and of the English oligarchy for pillaging and enslaving the people of England. Here is this great commercial and fishing town of GREENOCK, with a population

of thirty thousand souls, and with a custom-house like a palace, to have one member of Parliament, while the miserable town of THETFORD, in Norfolk, without any trade, in the middle of a barren bit of ground, and with a population of only 3,462 souls, to have two members of Parliament! A hundred instances, pretty nearly as shameful as this, might be pointed out; but, here is DUMBARTON, on the side of the CLYDE, at once commercial and manufacturing to a certain extent, having a population far surpassing that of CHIPPENHAM; but there must be two or three other towns added to DUMBARTON, making up about fifty thousand people, in order to entitle them to have *one* member, while the old rotten borough of CHIPPENHAM, which has only 5,270 people, is to have *two* members! How came the Scotch members in the house not to contend against this monstrous injustice? Ah, faith! nineteen-twentieths of them would have been glad if Scotland had had no members at all! But, as it is; bad as it is; monstrously unjust as it is, it will put an end to the *pro-consulships*, and drive all the "*land-clearing*" and poor-rate-abolishing "*feelosophers*" to the devil, who must be sighing for them as the bridegroom sighs for the bride. It will be a happy meeting. As the coachman says, in TOM JONES, it is very proper that there should be a hell for such monsters to go to. However, as they may escape in the next world, I am for doing them justice in this; and, if I have not been diligent enough heretofore, I will *now*, at any rate, discharge my duty.

As a little specimen of the treatment which the Scotch pro-consuls have suffered their country to receive, I will mention the conduct of what is called the "TRINITY-HOUSE," with regard to pensioners. This has been a great instrument in the hands of corruption. I must explain a little the nature of it, before I proceed to the specimen above-mentioned. This "TRINITY-HOUSE," as it is called, is a corporation, originally founded for the purpose

of causing lighthouses, buoys, and pilots, to be provided, for the purpose of securing safe navigation into and out of our harbours. The members of it consist of what are called "*elder brothers*;" and a great number of the aristocracy, who scarcely know a buoy from a tea-kettle, are "*elder brothers*" of this concern, which has the fingering of immense sums of money; a circumstance which you have already supposed, the moment you heard that the *aristocracy* thought it an honour to belong to it. These "*elder brothers*" get the money by taxes levied upon ships, and all sorts of sea-vessels, and by the rents of estates, which, at various times, good and public-spirited merchants and other men have bequeathed to this corporation, from the most benevolent of motives, and for purposes which they expected would be answered by their bequests. A reformed Parliament, unless it will want reforming again the first week, will ransack this monstrous concern to the bottom, and teach the "*elder brothers*," that the money is not to be expended upon grand dinners, and the like. But, at present, I mean to speak only of the treatment which *Scotland* receives from these "*elder brothers*;" and this, too, only in the particular case of its *pensioners*. A part of its funds is annually expended in pensions given (or ought to be given) to meritorious seafaring persons, having served principally in matters connected with *commercial* navigation; and not with matters relating to the warlike marine. These pensioners are naturally persons belonging to the several commercial sea-ports; and, if the TRINITY-HOUSE were just in bestowing these pensions, we should naturally find that the number of pensioners at each commercial sea-port, would, in some degree, at any rate, correspond with the amount of trade and population of each sea-port respectively. In the year 1825, an account of the number of these pensioners was laid before the Parliament and published. In that account, the commercial towns were ranged in the following

manner, with its number of pensioners against each ; and, if the Scotch and Irish readers still want something to convince them of the tendency of the pro-consular government, let them look well at this list.

| ENGLISH TOWNS. | | | |
|--|-----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| | Number of Pensioners. | | Number of Pensioners. |
| Aberistwyth . . . | 17 | Staith . . . | 280 |
| Atonby . . . | 19 | Stockton-upon-Tees . . . | 65 |
| Berwick . . . | 52 | Sunderland . . . | 150 |
| Bideford . . . | 93 | Workington . . . | 255 |
| Bristol . . . | 72 | Yarmouth . . . | 360 |
| Caernarrou . . . | 81 | | |
| Dartmouth . . . | 177 | Total for England . . . | 6408 |
| Exeter . . . | 179 | | |
| Fishguard . . . | 123 | | |
| Gainsborough . . . | 100 | | |
| Ilfracombe . . . | 98 | SCOTCH TOWNS. | |
| Ipswich . . . | 67 | Aberdeen . . . | 14 |
| Liverpool . . . | 282 | Montrose . . . | 91 |
| London . . . | 3741 | Glasgow . . . | 2 |
| Lymington . . . | 86 | Greenock . . . | 5 |
| Newbiggin . . . | 85 | | |
| Newhaven . . . | 16 | Total for Scotland . . . | 112 |
| Penzance . . . | 56 | | |
| Ramsgate . . . | 59 | | |
| Scarborough . . . | 158 | IRISH TOWN. | |
| Scilly . . . | 36 | Cork . . . | 60 |
| Shildses (the two) and Newcastle . . . | 678 | Total for Ireland . . . | 60 |

There, you scoundrelly "*feelosofers*," who sell your own country, and who come to point out to our oligarchy how they shall check the population and drive the people from the land ; you renegade scoundrels ; you base instruments of injustice, tyranny, and cruelty, who applauded the driving of the natives out of the county of SUTHERLAND, and who are advising all insolent and stupid beasts of land-owners to desolate the villages and drive out the people from Kent and from Sussex, and to have a few slaves in "*boothies*" to raise corn and cattle for the French to come over and take at their pleasure ; there, you renegade Scotch scoundrels, that is what you could never find out ! But, it is what the Scotch reformers have seen long and long enough ; and

therefore it is that they gather round me on whom they can rely for my best efforts to put an end to these abominations.

What! your "*feelosophical*" blood, though put into you by the earth and the air of Scotland, can move, can it, tranquilly through your veins while you see the little miserable village of NEWBIGGIN, in Westmoreland, which contains only a *hundred and fifty-two souls*, have almost as many pensioners upon this list as the whole of Scotland put together, while GREENOCK has only *five*, GLASGOW only *two*, and many other towns of commerce not one! But NEWBIGGIN lies close by the rotten borough of APPLEBY! LONDON has no right to more than about a thousand of these pensioners; and yet it has more than one half of the whole. Do not these things want rectifying; and are you not the greatest villains that the world ever saw, or the most stupid of beasts, to be crying up the happiness of Scotland, and to be labouring to reduce England to a similar state? Only think of the monstrous partiality here exhibited. Here we see the little miserable port, which is hardly a port, of WORKINGTON, with *two hundred and fifty-five* pensioners, while GLASGOW has *two*! Aye, but WORKINGTON is close by the rotten-borough of COCKERMOUTH; and the voters of COCKERMOUTH would naturally not be the worse for a pension, given under the name of seafaring men at WORKINGTON. Base and mercenary ruffians, your days of "*feelosophy*" and living in idleness are at an end: the reform, defective as it is, will destroy you as completely as if you had been shot or run through the body. No matter about *Whig* or *Tory*: the *people* will have these abominations put an end to; and, you must take to the honest calling of sweeping the streets or blacking the shoes. I have a hundred times said, that, on general subjects, when speaking of our country, I made use of the word England, I wish to be understood as including every part of the kingdom. I know, that, for England herself to be happy and free, her laws (as

they stood before the reign of George the Third) must be extended to, and firmly take root in, Scotland and in Ireland; I know, that every lash given to either of these two countries inflicts a wound upon England herself; I know, that the accursed "*boothies*" of Scotland, and the accursed potato-diet of Ireland, tend to take the meat and the bread, and the knives, forks, and plates from the tables of the labourers of England. Therefore, a love of England herself would induce me to endeavour to cause justice to be done to Scotland and to Ireland; but, if that were not the case, I should hate myself if I were capable of keeping silence, being a witness of these monstrous oppressions.

Paisley, 26. October, 1832.

In my last I had not time to say anything about my passage down the CLYDE, from GLASGOW to GREENOCK; and for the reasons there stated I spoke in a general manner, only, of my treatment at GLASGOW. I must now say upon that subject, that I was, at the house of Mr. BELL, received as if I had been a father or a brother; that I dined there, and also at Mr. GRAY's (writer) with many of the first merchants of GLASGOW; that Mr. BELL's elegant and very pleasantly-situated house was at my service for the receiving of friends, deputations from the towns and villages around; and that, in short, if I had gone to that fine city and beautiful scene of commerce and of manufactures at the same time; if I had gone thither with power to add to the riches of the place, and to dispense honours and favours around me in all directions, I could not have been received or treated with greater favour and kindness. Mr. PRENTICE, the very respectable and able editor of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, was the only person connected with the press with whom I came in immediate contact. I should want

words to describe the extent of his good offices, had not experience furnished me with the means of adequately describing it by a contrast. I say then (and that will do justice even to him), that, in character and in conduct, he showed himself to be *precisely the contrary* of the infamous wretches, whom those two impudent women, ANNA BRODIE and FANNY WRAIGHT, hire to write in the bloody old *Times*; precisely the contrary of what was that JACK WALTER, whom SCOTT ELDON made a justice of the peace, and who is now (monstrous impudence!) a Whig candidate for the county of Berks; *precisely the contrary* of what this fellow was when he was the manager of the bloody old *Times*.

As I mentioned before, Messrs. BELL, DOUGLAS of BARLOCH, and Mr. GRAY, accompanied us to GREENOCK, where we were received by the two Messrs. BAINE, who are great merchants there, and by my excellent and staunch old friends and adherents, Messrs. CAMERON, CAMPBELL, and others, respectable tradesmen in that town. Agreeably to appointment, we were lodged at Mr. BAINE's country house, about three quarters of a mile out of the town, situated close on the bank of the Firth of CLYDE, with the little village of HELLENSBURGH on the other bank, and the Highlands rising up behind that.

The whole of the way down the CLYDE is interesting beyond description. It is a fine wide river at GLASGOW; gets wider and wider of course; but for several miles down it is walled on each side in the most complete manner. All the way down to our left we have Renfrewshire, very soon after we leave GLASGOW, which is in the county of Lanark. The land to our right is, first, a strip of levelish ground, with little country seats, with here and there a manufactory of some sort. To our left it is an extended flat of very fine land. There are several considerable country seats, those of Lord BLANTYRE and of Mr. SPIERS of ELDERSLIE, in

particular. At about half the way down, the town of DUMBARTON lies on our right; the Castle of DUMBARTON, on a round and almost perpendicular rock standing out in the water; an object worth travelling from the Isle of Wight to this spot barely to see. The town of DUMBARTON lies down between two hills. The ground now becomes very hilly on our right, though it is generally cultivated for some distance back; and, behind these high grounds, the Highlands tower up; and this is the sort of coast which continues on to GREENOCK, and then continues all the way round to the corner of the main land opposite the Isle of BUTE. About half way between DUMBARTON and GREENOCK is on our left the little sea-port called PORT-GLASGOW; and here the ground, from being flat as before, becomes rocky and lofty very near the shore, and thus continues all the way to GREENOCK.

At about seven miles from GLASGOW we pass the mouth of the famous canal, which goes close by GLASGOW, close by FALKIRK, and which connects the Firth of CLYDE with the Firth of FORTH; and thus connects the waters of the ATLANTIC with those of the German Ocean. Near DUMBARTON we passed the spot where they say are the remains of the old Roman wall, which went from the Firth of CLYDE to the Firth of FORTH; and by the means of which those gentlemen thought proper to divide the Highlands from the Lowlands of Scotland. I may as well observe here, that the river CLYDE rises in the mountains which divide the county of EDINBURGH from the county of LANARK, and that other branches of it rise out of mountains that divide the counties of PEEBLES and DUMFRIES and Ayr from the county of LANARK. The river FORTH rises at the foot of the famous mountain called BEN-LOMOND, and runs down through the country dividing PERTSHIRE from STIRLINGSHIRE, and Stirlingshire from the county of CLACKMANNAN. All to the north of the canal which

joins these two Firths, is called the *North of Scotland*: the other is, of course, called the *South*.

The harbour and bay of GREENOCK are very fine. The town, which consists of thirty thousand people, is built on a little flat, the high land beginning to rise up immediately behind it to the south; the streets are regular, conveniently wide; the houses built of stone; and everything wearing the appearance of ease, competence, and great solidity. The house of Mr. BAINE, in which I was lodged, was, in every respect, as nice an affair of the kind as I ever set my eyes on; outside, inside, and all about it, as complete as anything of the sort that I ever beheld. But, the great curiosity here, and the thing upon which the people pride themselves, and most justly, is what they call the "SHAWSWATER," of which I must speak a little, though my account must be very inadequate. For a good while I declined going to see this affair; but, at last, I did go, and I rejoice that I did; for I have seldom seen anything in my life that afforded me more pleasure. GREENOCK lies on a little flat, to the north of very high rocky hills, which stretch round behind it nearly from water to water. No fresh water stream or river comes near it; and though it had public pumps or wells, it often experienced very great inconvenience from the want of fresh water. On the high land about six miles to the south of it, there was a little stream or bourne (as we call those runs of water which are occasionally dry), which came out of one of the still loftier hills to the south. After going in a northerly direction for some distance, it took a turn to the west, and went down a deep ravine into the Firth of CLYDE, not approaching anywhere to within six miles of GREENOCK. In finding its way to the ravine, it passed along a flat at the back of the GREENOCK hills. By the means of dams, the water, proceeding from this bourne, was formed into a lake; at six miles, observe, from GREENOCK, but between the lake and

GREENOCK, was a chain of lofty hills, beginning at the east, and terminating towards the west. Here was the water, but the difficulty was to get it to GREENOCK. After various schemes about tunnels to go under the hills, and steam-pumping, and God knows what besides, Mr. THOM, a native I believe of the Isle of BUTE, made a proposition for carrying the water to Greenock by an aqueduct, which he finally accomplished, at a comparatively trifling expense, and in a manner so clever, as to be worthy of the admiration of every beholder; and there are now two hundred and sixty acres of water in the grand reservoir, with three other subsidizing reservoirs, of greater or less extent; the whole amounting to 396 acres; and there is all this water brought to the side of the high hills behind GREENOCK; and there it comes tumbling down in various aqueducts; not only supplying the town with water amply at all times, but furnishing the means of turning flour-mills, cotton-mills, or any thing of the sort, at the cheapest possible rate. Four large mills for corn, or flax, or both, are already put in motion by this water: they are building now, and they say that here are the means of working forty of the largest mills that can exist. The reservoir or lake, is six hundred feet above the level of the sea: the aqueduct takes the water from the tail of the ravine, which is very deep, and carries it along around the end of the high hills at the back of GREENOCK; gets it, creeping about, in all directions, till it finally brings it to its destined spot, always by a fall of six feet in the space of a mile. To guard against the consequences of melted snow, or torrents of rain, there are self-opening and self-shutting sluices; and, therefore, though the aqueduct is only six feet wide at the bottom and twelve feet wide at the top, its banks are never disturbed. They say, that the people were wholly incredulous as to the practicability of effecting this thing; that scarcely anybody believed that the water could ever be brought to GREENOCK; and that, on the day on which the

aqueduct was opened for the water to proceed, not less than ten thousand persons were assembled to witness the result of this brilliant experiment. Mr. THOM, who did me the honour to accompany me and Mr. BAINE, in riding round the lake, is a man of too much sense and too much merit to set any value upon an empty title; but if George the Fourth had made him a baronet instead of COUTTS TROTTER, WALTER SCOTT, or PAISON BATE DUDLEY, he would, at any rate, have, in some degree, diminished the contempt and disgust with which men now view that hackneyed hereditary honour.

After going to the Scotch church, on Sunday the 21st, and there beholding a very decent service, and hearing, from three verses of St. PAUL's 2nd Epistle to TIMOTHY, beginning at the 14th, a very able sermon in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity; after dining, on the Monday, with Mr. BAINE, the chief magistrate, in company with his colleague, and several other gentlemen of the place; I set off (after another lecture that evening) the next day for this place. I cannot, however, take leave of GREENOCK, without observing on the contrast which it formed with all the other sea-ports that I had ever seen in my life. Captain COBB, with whom I crossed the Atlantic the last time, used to be everlastingly pestering me with his praises of GREENOCK; about its solidity, cleanliness, and the good manners of the people. As I was going to the church, the sight brought COBB to my mind. All the people seemed to be in the streets; all going away to their different churches; no noise of any sort; no dirtily-dressed person; and not a soul to be seen who did not seem seriously engaged in the business for which the day was set apart. COBB used to say, that it was like a Connecticut sea-port; and I dare say it is: for the religion is the same, and I dare say that the manners of the people are very much alike.

Sir MICHAEL SHAW STEWART is the land-owner in and

around GREENOCK ; he has a very beautiful place a little way from the town, and down by the side of the Firth ; there are many farms in a little valley going from his house round to GREENOCK ; these farms are small, but the people appear to be very comfortably off, and, though living amongst these rocky hills, twenty times as numerous as in the fine fat lands in the Lothians. The deciduous trees do not grow large ; I saw no oaks at all ; but Sir MICHAEL STEWART has some very fine woods of fir and larch upon the hills round about his house ; the ever-greens flourish here surprisingly ; I never saw the *Portugal laurel* and the *arbutus* in greater perfection. The horse-chestnut, the lime, the plane, the sycamore, and the ash, all seem to flourish as well as in any part of England. Ayrshire comes down, in one part, very near to GREENOCK. The cows are of the *Ayrshire-breed*, white and red, with a large portion of red ; small head and neck, fine tail, straight back ; in short, the Durham cows precisely, only upon a small scale. From these cows comes cheese, in great abundance and very fine. They say that it is the only county in Scotland that produces cheese. I should like very much to have half-a-dozen of these cows ; but to get them from such a distance is next to impossible, without an enormous expense ; and, perhaps, they would degenerate after all.

In the scourging days of CASTLEBROUGH (who soon afterwards cut his own throat and killed himself, at NORTH CRAY, in Kent, and who was carried to his grave amidst the exulting shouts of the people of London and Westminster) ; in those scourging days the scourge reached even GREENOCK ; corruption in her fury hunted out victims amongst the public-spirited men, even in this pious and quiet town ; one of whom, deeming accusation to be a sentence of death, and giving himself up as condemned, even before he was tried, for high-treason, actually *shaved his head*, that the executioner might not be able to hold it up by the hair ! The

jury saved him : he lived to see the end of CASTLEREAGH, and to shake by the hand one who had risked so much in defending the conduct of him and his countrymen upon that occasion ! Ah ! foolish and base villains of the LONDON and EDINBURGH press ! If you forget these things, the reformers of Scotland do not. To the grateful recollection of these acts of mine, I owe the reception that I have met with. Relying upon this recollection, I set at nought all your instigations to Scotch hostility : the result has shown the innate virtue of this people ; and also shown the soundness of my judgment.

STATESMAN VANSITTART, who began his brilliant career as Commissioner of Scotch Herrings, first started, it seems, from this nice town of GREENOCK, which is famous for its fisheries ; and, what is curious enough, the Scotch have by no means forgotten the statesman, and the small manœuvring which was played off by him, while he was in Scotland ; the nice little contrivances to get himself the *freedom of the city of EDINBURGH*, and all the other pretty means by which the base creatures of OLD GEORGE ROSE assisted to get him puffed up, in order that there might be a pretence for giving him parcels of our money. The history of this VANSITTART is all that will be needed by our children who are now about being born, to enable them to judge of the state of degradation of their fathers. This man did what they call *study the law* ; carried a *bag* (made for holding briefs) to the *quarter-sessions of READING* in Berkshire, of which county he is a native ; having marched, in all possible ways, in the same line and direction as ADDINGTON, and having started with him from pretty nearly the same spot. The law not being a profitable trade with our VAN, he took to *politics* ; and we shall, by-and-by, see him taking to *piety*. His first stroke in the way of getting on in the world was a *pamphlet*, written by him in *praise of the PITT-SYSTEM of finance* ; and the object of

which was to induce the nation to believe that the war did not at all impoverish them; and that THE DEBT which PITT's monstrous loans were creating, presented no subject of alarm to the mind of any sensible man, excepting the circumstance, that "*the sinking fund might pay it off too soon!*" No wonder that VAN is a peer, and a law-maker in his own right; from such hopeful beginnings what was not naturally to be expected? VAN's promotion began, as matter of course; and there being great scarcity in England, in the years 1800 and 1801, VAN was, in the former year, made "*Commissioner of Scotch Herrings,*" and as such came to Scotland, under the patronage of old GEORGE ROSE, then a secretary of the Treasury and a sinecure placeman to the tune of 3000*l.* a year, with another sinecure place for his son WILLIAM, to the tune of two thousand pounds a year, or thereabouts; which sinecures his sons, GEORGE and WILLIAM, still have, while the weavers of PAISLEY are covered with rags and are half starved. VAN having executed his commission, went back to England, slavered over with the praises of the base part of the Scotch, and well loaded with the contempt of every Scotchman of sense and independence. The salary of the "*Commissioner of Scotch Herrings*" continued till he got another post, the name of which I have forgotten, but which, doubtless, he will be *desired to tell some of us* one of these days. PITT went out of office in 1801 to let in ADDINGTON, to make the peace of AMIENS for him; and VAN (great in finance) became under his countryman, ADDINGTON, a *secretary of the Treasury*. There was VAN now in his element: *taxing, funding, loaning, and Exchequer-billing*. Oh! what a time for VAN! His glory, however, was too great to be uninterrupted. PITT, tired of being out of place, and his tax-eating crew sighing to be again at the honey-pot, turned out ADDINGTON; away went poor VAN, but well provided for by a *retired allowance*. PITT lived but a short time after

this: the Whig Ministry that succeeded him lasted but fifteen months; the old Duke of PORTLAND became Prime Minister; and PERCEVAL, the real Minister, was placed in the post of *Chancellor of the Exchequer*; and back went VAN into his post of secretary of the Treasury. PERCEVAL having been put an end to in the year 1812, the wise LIVERPOOL became Prime Minister, and VAN, *Chancellor of the Exchequer*; in which post he remained, until succeeded by "*Prosperity* ROBINSON," in the year 1823, when the King did himself the honour, an honour quite worthy of such a king, to clap a coronet on the head of VAN, and put him in the house of hereditary lawgivers, under the title of "*BARON BEXLEY*," of BEXLEY, in the county of KENT; where VAN, they say, is now in the habit of *singing hymns* in his groves, on one bank of the pretty little river CRAY, having in full view, at the same time, on the other bank (at scarcely a stone's throw distance) the house in which CASTLEREAGH cut his own throat!

Curious progress! beginning with the curing of Scotch herrings, and ending in a peerage! Curious literary progress! beginning with a pamphlet expressing fears that the national debt would be paid off too soon, and ending with the circulating of Bibles and the singing of hymns! But VAN had merits as a *statesman*, to be sure? Yes, that he had; for, in 1811, he proposed a resolution, which the 658 adopted, stating, that a "*one-pound note and a shilling were equal in value to a guinea in gold*." In 1819 he supported PEEL's Bill, and the doctrines on which it was founded, and which declared that the one-pound note *had been worth only fourteen shillings in gold in 1811*! In 1822, VAN brought in a bill (which was passed by the clever 658) to *issue small notes again*, in violation of the bill of 1819! This was VAN's last and greatest act of all; for it produced the TERRIBLE PANIC of 1825 and 1826, which has been ruining families, undermining property, and

producing unspeakable misery, from that day to this ! Devil take the King, I say, then, if he had not made VAN a peer ! Neither Jonathan WILDE, nor any of his DESCENDANTS, ever merited a HALTER better than VAN merited a peerage !

But what is most curious in the history of VAN, is, that, while a nation, whose money matters VAN held the management of, was growing *poor*, VAN was growing *rich* ! This is something very wonderful : that he should be growing rich while the nation was growing poor. In human life, generally, we find, that all belonging to the same concern become rich or become poor together. If the farmer become poor, you soon see his servants and his stock of every description exhibiting symptoms of his diminished means. If the tradesman become poor, you see all his work-people worse clad and worse fed. All being under the influence of the *same cause*, all experience a *similar effect*. Just the contrary with VAN, who is said to be worth *half a million of money*, and who, having the linnet, the lark, and all the harmonious finches, to join him in the day, and the nightingale's melody to assist him by night, sings his hymns in some of the sweetest groves with which God has ever had the goodness to garnish the earth : just the contrary with VAN, I repeat, who has thus been rising into enormous wealth, while the industrious millions, of whose money he has so long had the fingerling, have been sinking into misery ; and while that DEBT which he (pious man !) was *afraid* would be paid off *too soon*, swelled up, during his financial career, from *three hundred and forty to eight hundred millions of sovereigns* ! Wonderful thing ! Strange spectacle ! Prodigious cause, which could produce effects so opposite at one and the same time !

However, leaving the "*feelosofers*" to account for this, I cannot dismiss VAN without talking of something *practical*. How it was that VAN got his money it is impossible

for me, *precisely*, to say: how much was brought him by the daughter of old EDEN, who was also, nearly all his life, a placeman and a pensioner at the same time: about these matters I will not speak, because I cannot speak with certainty; but I know these things; namely, that VAN had little or nothing thirty years ago; that he now has a town house, a country house, and a peerage; and that he is said to be worth a very large parcel of money, besides those estates in land which we know him to have; and I know that, though his salaries were large enough and a great deal too large, they could not have been much larger than the amount of his annual spendings during the said thirty years. Now, then, I put it to any *reasonable* man, whether we ought to be deemed impertinent and troublesome, if we were to ask VAN, in this day of our need, to *help us a little*; to give us a lift; I mean, to give us a little of his money? I am aware that it will be said by his friends, that *he owes us nothing*; that all that he has has been *honestly gotten*; and that if *we*, sinful creatures as we are, cannot account for his having got rich while we have been getting poor, it is because we are unable to comprehend how effective piety is in the producing of riches. Those friends of VAN will refer us to the history of GIL BLAS, giving an account of the prodigious prosperity of DON MANUEL ORDONNEZ, who was a keeper of the great poor-house of the city of VALLADOLID, and who "was so pious a man that he *got rich* in taking care of the concerns of the *poor*." I am aware of all this; I am aware that there is nothing to oppose to these observations of the friends of VAN; but still I must be permitted to say, that I can see no harm in respectfully applying to VAN to spread a little of his money about amongst us as well as his Bibles. We ask for bread, and he gives us a book; which, as far as the belly is concerned, is much about the same thing as giving us a stone. In short, not to mince the matter any longer, I am for making

a regular application to VAN for some of his money. Poh! for the coronet and the robes! let him keep them; but, for some of his money I am for making a regular application, either in the way of *gift* or of *loan*; and, if I be in Parliament, and if no other man propose it, I, WILLIAM COBBETT, am the man to do the thing. The French republicans (sad dogs!) had what they called *des emprunts forcés*; that is to say, *forced loans*. Nay, in one or two instances, they had *dons forcés*; that is to say, *forced gifts*. God forbid that I should propose an imitation of these sad fellows; I shall tread in the steps (as far as I have any influence) of the "heaven-born" minister, PITT; and shall propose, in the case of VAN, nothing more than "a voluntary loan," or, "a voluntary contribution," not forgetting to remind VAN that he was one of the great literary defenders of these two methods of obtaining supplies for the relief and safety of the nation! And thus, I, for the present, take my leave of VAN, giving him my positive assurance, that, if he and I live till I have been in Parliament a month, he shall again hear from me, who have not had my eye off him for a month at a time, during the last thirty years.

There is a neighbour of VAN, who was brother secretary of the Treasury along with GEORGE ROSE, and who is now a noble peer under the name of FARNBOROUGH, in which parish (near Bromley in Kent) my Lord CHARLEY LONG has his mansion and park and some of his estates. I dare say he would be glad of an opportunity of lending the poor nation a little money, or even giving it some, if applied to in a respectful and every way proper manner. I am for no impertinence in these cases; for no disagreeable questioning or altercation; but just a simple and respectful appeal to the charity and generosity of the parties. However, enough of these things for the present. I must now get on with my tour; which tour my readers will, I dare say, wish to see at an end, being, as it everlastingly is, interrupted by these

digressions. Well, then, to get on, we set off from GREENOCK about two o'clock, after having surveyed the SHAWSWATER, and taken leave of our friends; and after having (which I had nearly forgotten) been to see the straw bonnets and hats of Mr. MUIR. My readers will recollect my numerous writings about this straw-bonnet manufacture, and all the instructions relative to which I have given with so much care and neatness in my little work called "COTTAGE ECONOMY;" they will recollect what infinite pains I took about it; and I can tell them, that it was not only pains that it cost me; but, altogether, more than *three hundred pounds* in the way of expense, without ever having the design or thought of profiting from it myself in any degree whatever, directly or indirectly. I was the originator and the perfecter of the whole thing myself. This manufacture gives decent and wholesome employment to many persons in the South of England, and converts into beautiful articles of dress the offal produce of our own native fields. Amongst other persons who applied to me for information respecting this matter, were two very simple but very worthy men from the ORKNEY ISLANDS, which are situated to the *north of the North of Scotland*, and about eight hundred miles to the north of London. Whether I deserve, as the mortified, spiteful, and ridiculous reptile, who writes the *Scotsman* newspaper at EDINBURGH, says; whether I deserve, as this beaten reptile says I do, to be deemed an enemy of Scotchmen, let these good fellows of the ORKNEY ISLANDS tell. If they had come from my own native parish, I could not have treated them with more generosity and kindness. The distance from which they came, indeed, was an additional motive to the exercise of kindness towards them. Victuals and drink, at all times of the day, and at the same table with my own family, were at their service. I devoted to them time which I never yet bestowed upon persons of high rank in life. I showed them the various sorts of the straw;

explained to them the modes of platting, of bleaching, of raising the straw ; and set some young women at platting, that they might see them at the work ; gave them specimens of the plat, and of the straw, and of the mode of sewing it together ; wrote many letters to them afterwards, and got franks from my Lord FOLKESTONE and other members, that the postage might cost them nothing. Before this they used to plat *split-straw* ; and, for the making of that poor brittle and coarse-stuff, *they used to import the straw from England ! They now raise their own straw ;* and about two thousand of them, in those most northern parts ; in those little islands almost in the *Frozen Ocean*, now gain comfortable livings at their own little homes, by a manufacture which surpasses everything of the kind ever seen in Great Britain. Let these people say what I deserve at the hands of Scotchmen. I wonder, by-the-by, who is the *landowner* in the ORKNEYS ; what proud leather-headed fool it is ; and whether he has not yet discovered that it is his duty to come to me and thank me for this great benefit done to his islands ; if the haughty and stupid and insolent aristocracy think it wise, tacitly, to discourage the progress of so clear a benefit to the country, merely because it cannot be encouraged without adding to my celebrity, and without creating public gratitude towards me ; if they think that, by this conduct of theirs, they can prevent the people from duly estimating my services and for being grateful for them ; if the stupid things think this, or have thought this, will they now open their eyes, or will they be blind still ? Will they still persevere in showing their insolent spite ; after what they have now seen ? I think they will. To the mortification of their proud stomachs, let them know these things, that the *people*, the *millions*, everywhere say, “ If any other man had done this good to the country, he would have been applauded to the skies by the aristocracy, and “ loaded with riches at our expense ; ” that, even this base

and malignant hostility (which is everywhere perceived and understood) has made the people rally round me with ten times the zeal that they otherwise would have done; and let them, for their comfort, take this, that ninety-nine men out of every hundred, in the whole island of Great Britain, are firmly convinced that the reform will not be worth one straw *unless I be in Parliament!* There, mass of stupid pride, take that, get it down into your stomach, or chew it about and spit it out again, just which you please. If I had the power to destroy you (speaking with some exceptions), I should have as perfect a right to do it as a man has to kill a viper that is just about to stick its teeth into his flesh, and, if I were not to do it, as I certainly should not do it, the forbearance would be an act of generosity and not of justice. Ah! turn up your upper lip, and draw up your nostril, now, do! Be supercilious asses to the last. But, remember, that you have an account to settle with the people, who may possibly be less disposed to forbearance than I am; and whose demands, they being just and legal, no man will have a right, even to endeavour to control. Remember *that*; and now listen if you like, or let it alone if you don't, to the account of my progress in my tour, which will be much better employment for you than the endeavour to hatch addle-headed schemes for driving the working-people from the land of their birth, and for raising by steam-engines corn and cattle, which there will be nobody to eat.

After viewing Mr. MUIR's great parcels of bonnets and hats, we came on through PORT-GLASGOW to Paisley, a distance of about sixteen miles. At first, and until after we pass PORT-GLASGOW, the Firth of CLYDE is close upon our left, with high and almost perpendicular rocks, covered on the top with scrubby underwood, on our right. Then gradually wheeling round to our right, we come into a country perfectly flat, stretching all round to a great dis-

tance. The land is a sort of fenny or moorish land, but apparently bearing fine crops of corn, though we saw here none of those noble fields of turnips which we saw in the counties of Berwick, Haddington, and EDINBURGH, that is to say, in the Lothians. The cows are still of the AYRSHIRE breed, and very fine. We arrived at PAISLEY about five o'clock, and I lectured at seven, in a large church; I did the same the two succeeding evenings. On the 24th, I went, in consequence of an invitation which that gentleman gave me in person at GLASGOW, to dine with Mr. SPIERS, at his beautiful seat, near the CLYDE at ELDERSLIE; where I saw some as beautiful trees as I ever saw in the whole course of my life; and a great many of them, too; in short, as well-wooded a park as is to be seen in all England, and as well arranged and as neatly kept; the pastures of this park as fine as can possibly be conceived; scores of oxen fatting, and hundreds of the little black-faced sheep, which, I perceived, get the foot-rot sometimes, when brought upon these fat lands. Mr. SPIERS, who is called the father of the county of RENFREW, who is said to be the *oldest reformer* in the kingdom, having commenced his career in that way in 1778, who was ten years a member of Parliament for this county, who is a brother-in-law of Lord DUNDAS, I believe a nephew-in-law of Lord FITZWILLIAM, and who, of course, has had ten thousand tugs at him to withdraw him from his reforming principles, has, nevertheless, the surprisingly great merit of having been able to resist the power of all those tugs; as a complete proof of which, I mention for the satisfaction of my readers, and for the mortification of those toad-eating, spiteful devils, the hired scribblers of the *Scotsman*, and JACK WALTER and the she-proprietors of the bloody old *Times*, the fact, so honourable to me, as well as to all the other parties concerned in it; that Mr. SPIERS (the greatest land-proprietor in the county of Renfrew) came to PAISLEY to be chairman of a

dinner, given to me there, on the 26. of October, accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. BONTINE, who is a candidate for the county (against Sir MICHAEL SHAW STEWART), whose address I shall by-and-by insert, who is a young man of great promise, and who is, I am glad to say, likely to succeed: this venerable and universally-respected gentleman, accompanied, besides, by his eldest and second sons, did me and the reformers of PAISLEY the very great honour of presiding at a dinner, which was conducted in a manner worthy the good sense and public spirit of the parties, and which, after short, neat, and pertinent speeches from the gentlemen whom I have named, and from others, and particularly from Mr. SPIERS's eldest son, who discovered in this little specimen, quite enough to convince me of his capacity to be greatly useful to his country. After these things, this dinner terminated at a very early hour, without a single man appearing to have partaken of anything stronger than water. Here I, in fact, took my leave of the people of PAISLEY, amidst marks of friendship, such, indeed, as I have everywhere experienced, and such as would, if there were no other ties, bind me fast, to the last hour of my life, to the service of my grateful, kind, and generous countrymen.

Dalzell House, near Hamilton, 28. Oct. 1832.

The day before the dinner took place I went to see the beautiful manufacture of silk, carried on by Mr. FULTON and Son. I never like to see these machines, lest I should be tempted to endeavour to understand them. I constantly resist all the natural desire which people, out of kindness, have to explain them to me. It is also wonderful that as in the case of the sun and the moon and the stars,

I am quite satisfied with witnessing the effects. This silk affair, however, afforded one very pleasing circumstance. It was all put in motion by a wheel, turned by three men; and there was a great number of young women and girls employed at the work, and all very neatly and nicely dressed. The things they make are beautiful beyond description. I went afterwards to see the weaving of shawls and of waistcoat-stuff at Mr. BISSITT's; the means and operation relating to which, appeared still more wonderful. In these fabrics our countrymen now surpass, not only all the rest of Europe, but those of India too; and I understand that PAISLEY surpasses all the rest of the kingdom in this respect. A blessed *Government* it must be to produce a state of things in which a *barrack*, furnished with well-fed, well-clothed, and well-armed soldiers, is established for the purpose of keeping in a state of obedience to the laws, these ingenious and indefatigably industrious people, who, while the soldiers are well fed, well clad, and well lodged, have not half a sufficiency of food of the very coarsest kind; have their bodies half covered with rags; scarcely know what a knife, fork, and plate mean; and have, in many cases, nothing but a mere whisp of straw to sleep upon! Blessed state of things! Better that the country should be abandoned; better that it should become a desert, than that such a state of things should be suffered to exist; better that destruction should come upon the whole of us, than that the makers of these beautiful goods should be thus compelled to live like hogs and dogs, while those whose bodies are decorated by these goods are wallowing in luxury, proceeding from deductions made from the earnings of these indefatigable people. On the same day, when I expected to go and see Mr. DUNCAN HENDERSON, who, from his attachment to me, or rather to my writings, had taken so much pains to cultivate my *corn*, I was informed, that I had to see his widow, for that he had died on the day of my first

arrival at GLASGOW. As a mark of my respect for the memory of so worthy a man, a man of so much public spirit, and so justly beloved, I went to see Mrs. HENDERSON, at which she was very much pleased; and she showed me a letter, written by myself to her late husband, on which she had set so much value as to have it framed and hung up as a picture. Not to see him, and still more to find that he was dead, really cast a damp over my pleasures at PAISLEY; though at no place where I have ever been in my life was I ever received with more cordiality, nor was my reception anywhere ever accompanied with circumstances better calculated to leave lasting impressions of gratitude on my mind; amongst which circumstances I must by no means overlook the hospitable, the kind, the cordial, the brother-like, and sister-like manner in which I was received, lodged, and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. ARCHIBALD STEWART, of whom I took my leave yesterday morning (Saturday the 27th), and came to this place by the way of Glasgow, stopped again at Mr. BELL's, being there taken up by him and brought to HAMILTON where (again in a church) I lectured last night. I forgot to mention, that, even on the day of the dinner, I went out, in the middle of the day, and lectured at a very nice little manufacturing town called JOHNSTONE; and I will be bound to say, that a more soul-stirring sermon never came from that pulpit before. I did not *melt* the hearts of my audience, but I made them pretty hot, when I described the manner in which my Lady SUTHERLAND *had swept the people off the land in the North*. "What!" exclaimed I, "have we not a right to be upon the land of our birth? Are we to be told, that we are bound in duty to come out and venture our lives in defence of that land against a foreign enemy, and yet, that we can be swept off from it when 'the landowners please?'" Faith, my Lady SUTHERLAND would have had some new thoughts come into her head, if she

could have witnessed the indignant and enraged looks of my hearers.

This noon-lecture at JOHNSTONE was to make up for the idle time in the evening that was to be passed at the dinner. So that, here have I been in Scotland twenty days, and I have lectured every day except the Sundays, and on each of the Sundays I have written a *Register*. Having travelled, besides, the better part of two hundred miles during the same time, slept in seven different beds! "What!" the LORD ADVOCATE and ABERCROMBIE and the POTTERS and SHUTTLEWORTH and their mountebank, and CHARLEY PEARSON and *Sergeant* WILDE and Lord MELBOURNE and the tallow-man and brewer privy-councillors; "what!" will they all exclaim, "will this devil of ours never die and never be ill!" And old daddy BURDETT, that poor decrepit patriot, will exclaim, "What! and is he then 'actually to come and pull me along by the ears, 'gout' or 'no gout, and perhaps through 'a heavy fall of snow;' is 'this never-eating, never-drinking, never-sleeping, never-resting, inflexible, hard-hearted dog, to come and remind me of what I used to say about the regiment and the room; about Lady LOUISA PAGET and Mrs. FOX and 'her daughters; and about 'hired sheriffs, Parliaments, and kings;' is he to come at last, in reality, and drag me 'as a badger is dragged out of his hole, and remind me of what I used to teach about the 'necessity of pulling down great families;' and, above all things, is he to come and drive me out to face the cheated people of WESTMINSTER, or compel me to help him 'to tear the leaves out of the accursed Red Book?'"

From GLASGOW to HAMILTON (near which is the famous palace of the Duke of that name), the road runs along not far from the CLYDE, and we enter, in fact, into what is called "*the vale of the Clyde*," which has in it everything that can be imagined that is beautiful. Corn-

fields, pastures, *orchards*, woods, beautiful in their own form as well as in the variety and fine growth of the trees. Dr. DREAD-DEVIL (who wrote in the same room that I write in when I am at *Bolt-court*) said, that there were *no trees* in Scotland, or at least something pretty nearly amounting to that. I wonder how they managed it to take him about without letting him see trees. I suppose that lick-spittle BOSWELL, or Mrs. PIOZZI, tied a bandage over his eyes, when he went over the country which I have been over. I shall sweep away all this bundle of lies. I have no whim and no prejudice to gratify: it is my business to speak of things as I find them. On the 1st of November, I am to go to LANARK, which is at the "*falls of the Clyde*." I defer my account of this vale till I have been thither, and until I have seen both banks of this beautiful river. How surprised my readers will be to hear of Scotch orchards, one single orchard being worth from five hundred to a thousand pounds a year; and that, too, an orchard not exceeding ten or twelve English acres in extent; and, how indignant they will be when they are told that the present Reform Bill, brought in by a native Scotchman, GIVES FEWER MEMBERS TO ALL SCOTLAND, than are given to a population in England NOT EXCEEDING THAT OF EDINBURGH ALONE, and not anything like that of GLASGOW alone!

But to remark on these matters, and to prove to Englishmen, that this treatment of Scotland is as injurious to England as it is to Scotland herself, must be put off till my next, which will be dated from I cannot tell where.

New Lanark, 1. November, 1832.

Here I am upon the most interesting spot of earth that I ever set my foot upon in the course of my long and rambling

life. But, before I proceed to give an account of what I have seen on the two banks of the river CLYDE, I must go back again, as in reality I did, from DALZELL HOUSE to GLASGOW, on Monday, the 29. October, to attend at a public dinner there given to me; and at which place on the 30. and 31., I gave lectures for the benefit of two classes of the working people. I must therefore quit the CLYDE for the present, and go back to GLASGOW, where I remained from the 29. to the 31. inclusive, and where the transactions were such as not to pass without full notice in this my account of Scotland. I shall probably not have room for my notices relative to the country, the scenery, the orchards, and other things on the banks of the CLYDE, until my next; but, at any rate, I must do full justice to the *political part* of these my CALEDONIAN adventures; this, after all, being the matter of the greatest importance: the sense, the steadiness, and the courage, of the Scotch; their adherence to what they once get firmly into their heads; these being well known to the whole world, it is of vast importance that all my readers, *and particularly my* Lord GREY, know the true state of their minds with regard to me; for though his lordship may possibly smile at that, and draw up his nose, and turn up his upper lip, it were as well if he did not do it, and if he paid attention to the facts which I am about to put upon record, and which facts it is impossible for me to misstate, putting them here upon paper which is to be read by thousands upon thousands of witnesses.

In my last I mentioned that I lectured at HAMILTON on Saturday, the 27., went that night and slept at DALZELL HOUSE, whence I dated the close of the last number of this account; as that lecturing belongs to the part which this number is to embrace, I shall notice some particulars belonging to it, before I come back to GLASGOW, and give an account of what took place there. These particulars are

very interesting, and will show my readers all over the kingdom the nature of the struggle going on in Scotland. The lecturing place was in what is called the BURGHER church; that is to say, the dissenting church. Here is an established church in Scotland; an established *Presbyterian church*; the priests of which have the ancient Catholic churches (where such remain); and which priests are paid by what are called TIENDS (which is only another word for tithes or tenths): but these TIENDS are *not a tenth part of the produce* as in England. They are an annual allowance of a certain quantity of corn from each estate. This is not rendered in kind, however, but in money, according to the market-price at the time when the payment becomes due. For instance, the priest is to be paid for so many boles of wheat, on account of such an estate, on a certain day of the year; so on throughout his parish. This mode of payment renders it a great stretch of disinterestedness to induce the priest sincerely to pray for plenty; for the scantier the crop, the higher the price; and the higher the price, the higher is his pay. This is putting disinterestedness and piety to a very severe trial. In the great towns, there is an assessment on the rental for the payment of the priests. The patronage of the livings is in *the principal proprietor of the parish*; so that one of these great lords has the appointing of a dozen or two of priests.

This is called the established church of Scotland. But there is the seceding church; that is to say, there is, in every considerable place, a large part of the people that have *seceded*, or *drawn off*, from this established church. They do not differ from the other in their creed, or in their mode of worship; but each congregation insists on the right of nominating its own minister, and also insists on the minister being maintained by voluntary contributions, and not by compulsory assessments, or by TIENDS. So that here are *two churches*, one of which is pretty nearly as ex-

tensive and as firmly established as the other; and, as the seceders have generally the most able and most diligent ministers, they are daily gaining ground over the established church.

It will easily be conceived that the established church, exclusively under the patronage of the nobility, and trembling for the stability of the TIENDS and the compulsory assessments, are not *very warm friends of any change at all*, particularly of that very great change, the absolute necessity of which is the great burden of all my lecturings. Parsons have noses as keen as that of a crow: they smell danger at a greater distance than any part of God's creation. It is said that the *Bald-Eagles*, in North America, they being in CANADA, will smell a dead horse upon the borders of the Gulf of MEXICO; but, wonderful as this may appear, my belief is, that the noses of parsons are still finer than those of these *Bald-Eagles*. No wonder, then, that I have everywhere found the established churches shut against me, while the seceding churches have, wherever necessary, flung open their doors for my reception. This was the case at HAMILTON, where the fine-nosed gentry carried their hostility a little farther than merely shutting the doors of their church. They spread about the assertion that I was an *infidel*, and did everything in their power to prevent people from attending the lecture, in which, however, they by no means succeeded; and I had a very numerous audience, considering the size of the place. Having heard of what had been going on, I began by observing, that I had written and printed a hundred volumes; that I challenged the *Kirk* to set a hundred of its priests, each to take a volume, and to find, in the whole hundred, if they could, one single sentence hostile to religion or morality. I then related to them, that the Government itself, once took a paper of my writing, had a *million* of copies printed, at a cost to the public of between three and four thousand pounds;

copies of which it sent by the post to every parish in the whole kingdom, *with directions to have it read from the pulpits!* And read from the pulpits it was; and that, therefore, it was rather hard that the *Kirk* should represent me as an *infidel!* After having prefaced a little further, I proceeded with my lecture, striking my opponents in a very *tender part*, of which, however, I was not fully aware, until I afterwards learned the following particulars; namely, that the registration of votes for this borough (which has been hooked on to that of FALKIRK and another or two) showed that about a hundred and twenty pensioners resided in this little borough of HAMILTON; that a Mr. AUGUSTUS MURRAY, a son of Lord DUNMORE, and a nephew of the Duke of HAMILTON (the great lord of the country here, who has a mansion in the town, and a monstrous palace in a park just by it), is the "*Whig candidate*" for this bunch of boroughs, *against* Mr. GILLON, the present member and the radical candidate, whose friends had invited me to lecture at HAMILTON. Besides all this, this Mr. AUGUSTUS MURRAY is either the brother or the nephew of Lady AUGUSTA MURRAY, the mother of the children of the Duke of SUSSEX; the monstrous pension of which lady I have so strongly remarked upon on so many occasions. It is very curious that the party whom I met at my friend's house at HAMILTON, all went to see the very fine and noble palace recently erected by the Duke; and some of them told me, that he wished me to go, if I chose, and have the palace and other things shown to me. It is very curious, I say, that I should take it into my head not to go, notwithstanding importunities so very pressing, that it was hardly good manners to resist them. I did resist, however, to the great astonishment, and not entirely to the satisfaction of friends whom I was naturally extremely anxious not to displease. I saw there was danger of some atrocious newspaper lie arising out of my appearance at that palace. Besides, there would

have been a species of meanness, even in putting my head under the roof of a man whose power it is one of the professed objects of my labours to curtail. The circumstances which I have above related as to Mr. MURRAY, will, when the paper shall reach the eyes of my friends who were of the party on that day, convince them, I trust, that my refusal to join them on their visit to the palace was founded on good reason, and did not arise from perverseness or caprice.

From HAMILTON I went, as before related, to sleep at DALZELL HOUSE, stayed there on the Sunday, and on Monday morning, the 29. of October, went back to GLASGOW to the dinner. This dinner is a matter of great importance; not as it concerns me, but as it shows the temper in which the people of Scotland now are. I shall insert a report of it, as given in the *Glasgow Chronicle* of the 31. of October. Every one will know how impossible it is to be accurate, in a report made under such circumstances and to such an extent. The report, therefore, must not be taken as at all unfair, because it omitted to mention the most material part of what I stated relative to the calumnies of BURDETT and his most infamous crew of newspaper hirelings. After stating the circumstances under which I received the money from him, I proceeded thus: "The ruffian miser sees it continually put forth, as he himself first put it forth; that I went off to America, to carry away his money and defraud him of it. The miser knows, that he gave it me to clear off a debt owed to Mr. SWANN, a paper-maker, and an acquaintance of his own, and that Mr. SWANN went and received the money, and not I; the villainous miser knows, that I had to borrow money of WILLIAM CLEMENT, the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* (who then published the *Register*), in order to carry me and my family to America; the miser knows that he spread the story, in order to prevent me from ever again showing my face in

“ England ; the vile lady-and-child miser knows, that I
“ voluntarily came back again to face him and his demand ;
“ the wretched miser knows, that the Government having
“ stripped me of everything, my own friend, Mr. TIMOTHY
“ BROWN (whom he first introduced to me), made me a
“ bankrupt, and carried the bankruptcy through at his own
“ expense ; the grinding miser knows, that Mr. BROWN
“ wrote to him, ‘ You say that COBBETT owes you money,
“ ‘ come then AND SWEAR TO YOUR DEBT ;’ the
“ wretched miser knows, that he did not dare to come and
“ swear to his debt ; the miser knows, that in 1824, when
“ a subscription was proposed to be begun for the purpose
“ of putting me into Parliament, and when he was afraid of
“ seeing me upon the same boards with him, that he then
“ wrote to his crony, RICHARD GURNEY, of NORWICH,
“ to say that he would subscribe five hundred pounds,
“ and that he authorised GURNEY to show the letter to
“ my friends in Norfolk ; the ruffian miser knows, that,
“ when, in 1826, a subscription was proposed to put me in
“ for PRESTON, he wrote to Colonel JOHNSTONE, then
“ member for BOSTON, telling him that he would subscribe
“ for that purpose, and that he afterwards repeated this to
“ Colonel JOHNSTONE verbally, and told the COLONEL
“ to name the sum that he should subscribe ; let the ex-
“ crable miser choose, then, between the baseness of tender-
“ ing his money to put a rogue into Parliament, the baseness
“ of having made the tender without an intention to fulfil
“ it, and the baseness of hiding himself from taking a part
“ in the atrocious lies published by the hirelings, while he
“ is underhandedly assisting the hirelings to circulate those
“ lies. The conclusion is, either his charge against me is
“ utterly false, and he is the foulest of all calumniators ; or
“ he has been, twice, under his own hand-writing, offering
“ his money to put a rogue into Parliament. Let the ruffian
“ miser choose between the two.”

With regard to the rest of the proceedings at the dinner, they will speak for themselves. Every one concerned in them not only makes allowances for little inaccuracies, but must feel wonder that a report at such length, and so accurate, could possibly be made out and published in so short a space of time. As to what BROUGHAM and MELBOURNE and *prosperity* ROBINSON and the EDINBURGH REVIEWERS and such-like people may think of this dinner, it is, perhaps, of very little importance; but it is quite necessary that *my Lord GREY* view it in its true light. *He* ought to see, and he will see, that we did not meet here for the purpose of eating and drinking; that it was a meeting held for the purpose of declaring to the whole nation what was the feeling of this great and opulent city, with regard to those principles which I am so well known to entertain, and those great measures of which I am regarded as the champion. In this light it is that *my Lord GREY* will view the thing. It was not to honour me personally, nor to honour me at all; it was to do honour to the political principles which I have so long been maintaining. It would be childishness to view this matter in any other light. Viewed in this light, every incident, however trifling in itself, becomes matter of importance. Here, then, in a city consisting of two hundred thousand people, distinguished at once for everything that is elegant, and everything that is opulent: literary institutions, arts and sciences, navigation, commerce, manufactures, and all in the highest perfection; the emporium of Scotland, surrounded in every direction by towns and villages, all animated with the same spirit; and here, in this great city, under the name of a convivial meeting, it is sent forth to the world, that the political principles of COBBETT are the predominant political principles of Scotland! This is the light in which every man of sense will view it. The low and filthy wretches at MANCHESTER have actually been sending down pamphlets from their mountebank to Glasgow,

and writing pressing letters to their friends at that city, to circulate the pamphlets about, "in order to show up COBBETT!" The proceedings at this dinner constitute the answer to the despicable reptiles, whom, if I live but a few years longer, I will hunt off the face of this earth: I will make them, and the tallow-man privy-councillor, know what it is to employ a mountebank-player to do that which they were too great cowards to do themselves. I shall be back with them pretty quickly now; and I will make them feel the consequences of sending pamphlets to GLASGOW. So much for the dinner at GLASGOW. I wished very much to get off for England immediately after that dinner was over; but the working people had been excluded from the lectures by the prices necessary to keep the theatre from being a scene of confusion. They very much wished that I would lecture to them upon terms different from those on which admission had been given at the theatre. There were two bodies of them, the *Trades* and the *Mannufacturers*. I, at once, very gladly offered to preach to them for nothing; and it was fixed that I should do it to the *Trades* in the theatre, on the 30. of October, and to the *Manufacturers* in a church, on the 31. of October; and this I did. The delegates of the *Trades* delivered to me, upon the stage, an address; to which I, upon the spot, gave an answer, which I had written before. These two papers I here insert, deeming them to be of sufficient importance to justify this application of the space that they will occupy. The address was prefaced by a very handsome and eloquent speech from the delegate who handed it to me. I do not know what BROUGHAM and his gang of reviewers may think of this matter; but I know that if I were a minister, every bone in my body would rattle at the bare thought of attempting to carry on a system held in detestation by millions of men, of whom these delegates are a fair specimen.

MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

Respected Sir,—We, the undersigned delegates from various shops, factories, and districts, in behalf of a great portion of the operatives of Glasgow, are desirous of expressing our heartfelt gratification at meeting with a person whose voluminous political writings, the produce of half a century, have done so much towards keeping the public mind in wholesome agitation, enabling us to form a just estimate of the men and measures which have so long misdirected the magnificent resources of a mighty nation.

We rejoice to behold speedily approaching the inevitable doom of those enormous impositions, in the exposure of which you have been such a valuable instrument. And we are proud to think that a man, originally a labourer for his daily bread, should be thus fated to rise on the ruin of the aristocratic caste by the mere force of his own industry and talent, proving that mind, when vigorously exerted and directed aright, is all-powerful in overcoming the fallacious systems imposed upon the many by the greedy and ambitious few.

Notwithstanding the epithets which you have so unsparingly bestowed on persons whose conduct you could not approve, and however much you may have wounded the national pride of Scotland by so liberally slandering her name and people, the operatives of Glasgow regard these ebullitions as the effects of a strong dislike to the iniquitous measures and false theories of political economy associated with the parties you addressed, and that you must have drawn the character of Scotland and Scotchmen from the cringing *booing* place-and-pension hunters, who, in bye-past parliaments, presumed to represent our much-abused country; and we sincerely hope that you are now happily undeceived.

We also sincerely trust that a place for you in the ensuing

Parliament will be secured, whereby you will be the more effectually enabled to apply those gigantic powers which you have hitherto displayed in your writings; and you will, by a consistent, steady, and undeviating perseverance, prove that neither wealth nor place, but the reduction of that astonishingly iniquitous Government which has so long degraded us, is the great object of your life—that you will ever bear in mind the ruinous condition of the working classes, the justice and necessity of extending to them the elective franchise; and that you will loudly call for immediate amelioration, by the increasing of our means of comfort, and removing every obstacle to the free exercise of our industry.

The operatives of Glasgow are the more immediately interested in the removal of the stamp duties on newspapers, having one of their own, the cheapness and wide circulation of which they deem of the highest importance; and also a law to limit the time of working in public factories, and in every other department where children are employed. They consider it equally necessary to afford workmen opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge, and they therefore press these matters upon your attention as they would upon the attention of all those who assume the functions of legislation.

That you may long enjoy sound bodily health, and unimpaired mental vigour, for the great struggle in which you are about to be engaged, is the sincere wish of,

Respected Sir, your friends and admirers,

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| James M'Donald, Chairman | Charles Mathieson, from the |
| John Tait, Secretary | Painters |
| John Stewart, from the Weavers | Charles Kelly, Bridgeton District |
| James Nish, from the Cotton- | James Simpson, from North |
| Spinners | Quarter Union |
| Henry Dunn ditto | James Houston, from the Brewers |
| R. Campbell, from the Shoemakers | Donald M'Intyre ditto |
| John Balauntine, from the Brass- | Alexander M'Kay, from the |
| Founders | Bricklayers |
| D. Dewchbrass, from the Bakers | John Henderson, South West |
| Robert Grindlay ditto | Union |

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| William Muir, Tenter | Peter M'Grigor | } Var. trades. |
| Hugh Kirkland, Dresser | Thomas Steel | |
| John Henderson, West-street | Robert Gilfill | |
| Factory | James Brown | |
| Hugh M'Kenzie, Pres. of Green- | Matthew Thorup | |
| street District | Charles Rattray, from the Calico- | |
| Robert Stewart, Daygate Toll | Printers | |
| District | Stephen Fenner, Carver and | |
| Alexander M'Culloch, from the | Gilder | |
| Letter-Founders | Neil M'Visor, Spinner | |

MR. COBBETT'S ANSWER.

Gentlemen,—It has been the boast of the present Prime Minister, that “*he would stand by his order:*” it is my boast, that I have always most firmly stood by mine, which is that, as you truly observe, of those who labour for their daily bread. The other order, not being able to endure the thoughts of acknowledging the superior talents and wisdom of our order, and not being able to corrupt me, have been, for now pretty nearly thirty years, endeavouring to cast me, by some means or other, into the shade, if not to effect my destruction; and (most curious to behold!) they have gone on, sometimes adopting measures, sometimes rejecting measures, seemingly for the sole purpose of opposing my principles and of falsifying my predictions; till, at last, they have made it a question, whether their order shall, or shall not, continue to exist; while I have gone on increasing in influence, and while my order is as firmly established as the foundations of the earth itself.

Be assured, gentlemen, that this journey to Scotland was not at all necessary to convince me of the intelligence and virtues of Scotchmen, against whom, in general, I never had a prejudice in my life, and, therefore, had none to be removed. In speaking of the perverse and renegado *pretended philosophers*, who, like similar reptiles in the distant provinces of the Roman Empire, have gone to the seat of government to sell their own country and help to enslave ours, I have been obliged to designate them by naming the part of the kingdom from which they came; but I have

invariably said, at the same time, that I imputed not their disposition to the people of Scotland, whose oppressions, whenever I shall have the power, I deem it my duty to remove to the utmost of that power; and, in some measure, my journey to Scotland, by the great knowledge that it has enabled me to acquire, will assist me in the performance of that duty.

With regard to an extension of the suffrage, the abolition of stamp-duties, the rescuing of children from the hardships to which the wants of their parents induce them to expose them; with regard to all these, I not only heartily concur with you in opinion; but am already bound, by a most solemn pledge, to the people of Oldham, to do my utmost in accordance with that opinion.

Gentlemen, be pleased to receive, and to communicate to the working people of Glasgow, with every mark of my respect and regard, my sincere thanks for this address, compared to which, a patent of nobility from the King would be regarded by me as some dirty, toad-eating ballad, put in competition with the Bible.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful friend, and most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

Glasgow, 30. Oct. 1832.

The next evening I gave a lecture to the manufacturers at the TOLCROSS church, in the eastern district. Upon this occasion also an address was delivered to me, before the audience, previous to the beginning of the lecture. This address was also preceded by a very clever speech, from the gentlemen who presented it; for gentlemen these are, if we be to judge from their understandings and their talents. The ADDRESS was as follows. After which came the lecture, to a very numerous audience.

TO MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

SIR,—The inhabitants of the east district of the barony parish of Glasgow, and other villages adjacent, having themselves, according to their different circumstances and abilities, long and arduously struggled in the cause of radical reform; and who, through many years of protracted suffering and deeply-felt degradations, have, from the strength and acumen of your many writings, which they have been in the practice of consulting with a studious avidity, been led to look up to you as the mighty champion, the undaunted and unshaken advocate of that great and glorious cause. And, Sir, with feelings deepened by an interest and pleasure which they want words to express, they congratulate themselves on the event of your visit to Scotland, your progress to, and stay in, the important city of Glasgow; but in a particular manner in your appearance here this evening, to give a satisfaction of heart, and a triumph to the recollection of an anxious and intelligent community.

And now, Sir, as they hold that through your agency, by the strength of that mighty weapon which you have long wielded, and do still so indefatigably wield, the enemy has been made to bow his head, that one step has been gained on the road to national emancipation, they do hope, nay are assured, that in life your labours of love shall not cease until the whole is accomplished. That the sphere of your usefulness may be extended by soon having a seat in the legislature of our country; and that you may live and enjoy the blessing of health until your soul being satisfied with the success of your work, your spirit may rejoice together with the spirits of an emancipated people, when they shall raise the song of triumph over the broken chains of oppression, and the grave of tyranny, is the fervent and sincere prayer of, Sir, your ardent friends and admirers,

The radical reformers of the east district of the
barony parish of Glasgow, &c.

(Signed in their name and behalf by)

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| John Kenniburgh, Chairman | William Gray |
| George Allan | James Brash |
| John Donaldson | James Brongh |
| William Paterson | James Crichton |
| William Thomson | James Waterston |
| Robert Craig | John Hannah |
| David M'Connell | John Kenniburgh, jun. |

East District of Glasgow, Oct. 31, 1832.

To describe the enthusiasm of these worthy fellows is quite impossible; men, boys, women, girls, children six or seven years old, all squeezed about me, stretching out their hands begging to touch mine. The men, who conducted the business, scolded them and wanted to keep them off; but I said, "Let them alone, let them do what they like: they won't take any piece of me away." Upon these occasions it always occurs to me to think how quietly the base POTTERS and SHUTTLEWORTH and haughty BAXTER and the tallow-man privy-councillor and the brewer and old bawling BURDETT; how quietly and uninterruptedly they would get along in the same place! They got me into the vestry: one brought a Bible, which his wife had desired him to bring to me, that I might write my name in it, on the blank leaf, that she might have it to show to her grandchildren: another brought one of my own grammars for the same purpose; another brought another book. I was quite astonished myself to find that my name and all about me were so well known amongst these people. One blessed me for the *Protestant Reformation*, another for "*my Advice to Young Men*." "Ah! poor deluded creatures! Poor enthusiastic creatures!" BROUGHAM and his EDINBURGH *Reviewers*, will exclaim. Oh, no! my bucks! That won't do; for this is the country of "*antalluct*." If, indeed, it had been in SUSSEX, or KENT, or HAMPSHIRE, or WILT-

SHIRE, where I had been saying that fire was a good thing, then, indeed, you might have said that it was chopsticks applauding a brother chopstick; but this was in the country of "*antalluct*." Therefore, no shuffling, if you please. I knew very well, that I had the *Scotchies* on my side as well as the *chopsticks*; but I had not the proof to produce without coming here: I was sure that it was so; but I wanted the means of making others sure of it, too; and I have now done the job: I have now blowed up MALTHUS and the whole crew: I have been into the accursed "*boothies*:" I have sent my account of them over the world; I have brought it back to be read in Scotland, while I am here and publicly exhibiting myself with that description having been read by the people of Scotland. I have shown, I have proved, the doctrines of MALTHUS and the EDINBURGH crew to be damnable doctrines: I have proved to the chopsticks of England, that they ought to perish to the last man to maintain the poor-law of *Elizabeth* unimpaired: I have now produced practical proof of the object and tendencies of STURGES BOURNE'S BILLS: in short, I have blowed the hellish conspiracy against justice and humanity into the air. I am thinking *whether* the "*feelosofers*" will now go to find out that *happiness and independence* which arise from an absence of poor-laws! What do they think of *Ireland*? I really should not wonder to see Dr. BLACK turn to Ireland *now*, and to be followed by BROUGHAM and all his puffing tribe. Ah! Doctor! come and join me before I get out of Scotland, and you shall hear some of the execrations which your countrymen pour out upon the *Malthusian* "*feelosofers*." They do hate you all from the bottom of their souls. Come and tell them that you are a *Malthusian*. Let the "*all jaw and no judgment*;" let him come and tell the people in the eastern district of GLASGOW, that he is "*prepared to defend, to their full extent, all the principles and propositions*" of the pensioned parson

MALTHUS; let him come and say that to the people of the eastern district of GLASGOW: let the jawing fellow do it on a wet day; then let him see how long it will take for the waters of the CLYDE to wash from him the dirt with which, in five minutes, he would be covered.

Scotland; the *happy state of Scotland arising from the absence of poor-laws*; Scotland being thus snatched from them, and their being hardly base enough to refer to the happy state of Ireland, I should not wonder if they were to go to AUSTRIA, or, in case of failure there, to POLAND or RUSSIA; or, which would cut the thing short, at once to the infernal regions themselves. The base and lazy villains must endeavour to keep their doctrine up; by preaching this doctrine they get placed and pensioned and provided for by the detestable oligarchy of England: the scrawling ruffians must keep up the doctrine; or, awful to think of! they must. . . . go to work! The vulgar-minded, the lazy, the unfeeling villains, who seem as if they could drink hot blood, rather than suffer sweat to come through their skins, must keep up this doctrine; must continue to feed the landed tyrants with the hope of being able to reduce English labourers to lodge in "*boothies*," and to feed upon oats, barley, and peas; they must keep this hope alive; they must continue to make the land-fellows in England hope that they shall be able to sweep the people off the land, or to make them live upon the food of horses and of hogs; the ruffian slaves must keep this hope alive, or they themselves must rake kennels, empty privies, or crack stones.

On Tuesday evening, after having been at the lecture before mentioned, I went to see the Royal Exchange by *candle light*. When I was there before there was an immense crowd in every part of the building, so that I could have no fair view of it. I wished to be able to notice it in a rather particular manner; because their "*exchanges*" are the subject of boast with LEEDS, MANCHESTER, LI-

VERPOOL, BRISTOL, and other great commercial places. I have never viewed any of them in a particular manner, having no very good opinion of the politics of the persons generally assembled in them. Here the case is different: every thing that I have met with here (laying aside the constant kindness and politeness with which I myself have been treated) has had a tendency to create in my mind a great respect for the persons that usually assemble in this place; and from that feeling I am now induced to give a hasty account of it, thinking that it may be entertaining to my readers, if not *useful* besides, in enabling them, from this specimen, to judge of the style and manner, as well as of the magnitude and opulence of this city of GLASGOW, which, observe, has, by the gracious goodness of the pro-consuls of Scotland, two TRINITY-HOUSE pensioners, while NEWBIGGIN (consisting of a hundred and twenty-five souls) has *eighty-five* of those pensioners!

This edifice is placed between two of the principal streets of the city, *Queen-street* and *Buchanan-street*, with its front to the former, looking eastward, having a noble *Corinthian* portico, which faces and is seen from the whole length of INGRAM-STREET; another very fine street, terminated to the west by this grand portico of the Exchange. The portico is formed of two rows of pillars, eight advanced in front, and four farther back on the flanks. Above, and immediately behind the portico, rises a cupola or lantern, built of the same fine white stone as the Exchange building is. This cupola or lantern is also of the *Corinthian* order of architecture, and is supported by about a dozen columns, with a vane surmounting the whole. Here is a place intended for a clock, which, being to be lighted by gas, is to show the time at night as well as by day. Round the other three sides of the Exchange are numerous columns of the same order, of course; and at the western end of it, separated by a broad and finely-paved street (there being the

same on each side of the Exchange) stands the Royal Bank of Scotland, which is also built with the same fine stone, having a portico with six columns of the *Ionic* order, and capacious enough to hold ten thousand bales of paper-money; while on all sides you see splendid shops and places of business; all, in their several degrees, bearing the outward and visible signs of great solidity and opulence within.

As to the inside of the Exchange, after passing under the lofty portico, you pass through a grand entrance-hall into an oval-shaped saloon, having a cupola above for the purpose of light. You then enter into the GREAT ROOM, or, as they call it, the NEWS-ROOM, which is about a hundred and twenty, or a hundred and thirty feet in length, I suppose, and about sixty or seventy feet broad. The floor above is supported by several lofty pillars, most judiciously arranged, in two rows, running the whole length of the room, each pillar consisting of *one single stone*. Thus there is a grand *promenade* in the middle of the room; while the two sides, each of which has three large and elegant fire-places, are fitted up with highly-finished mahogany tables, for the subscribers, merchants, and strangers, to read newspapers, magazines, and other periodical publications. They say that here are a hundred newspapers taken in; and, amongst the rest, I cast my eye, without seeming to know it, upon a little octavo weekly publication, in the fate of which I felt somewhat interested, but which, in an account of a building so magnificent as this, the reader will consider as too unimportant to be named. This splendid room is lighted by several brilliant gas-chandeliers, pendent in a row from the middle of the ceiling, which is arched, and very beautiful as to its decorations. The height of the middle of this arch from the floor may be thirty or forty feet.

Very much to the credit, and strongly bespeaking the character of the directors and proprietors of this establishment, and, indeed, bespeaking the character of the city

itself, this NEWS-ROOM, which is opened about seven in the morning, and is not closed till ten at night, is quite free for the admission of all strangers gratuitously, without even an introduction by a subscriber, as is the case in all the news-rooms which I have seen in England. The subscribers are about fourteen or fifteen hundred in number, who pay, I am told, not forty shillings a year a piece, which, one would suppose impossible to be sufficient to remunerate those who erected the building and who sustain the establishment. The construction of the building reflects the highest credit on the architect, who is a Mr. HAMILTON, somewhat famous, however, in his other undertakings of a similar sort, both private and public. The principal projector and promoter was Mr. DAVID BELL, who is said to have devoted that attention to it, a share of which doubtless (and a largish share) he will devote to a very different object when he shall have exchanged his present state of "single blessedness" for a state of vastly greater blessedness, because that will be *double*!

A gentleman who appeared to be a West India Merchant, told me, that the grand room up-stairs was devoted entirely to the exhibiting of samples of all the sugar imported into the *Clyde*; there being, however, a variety of other rooms for other mercantile purposes. This affair, which, Royal Bank and all together, is said to have cost not more than fifty thousand pounds, would, if it had been an undertaking conducted under the auspices of the jobbers of the city of London, have cost half a million of money. Those vagabond jobbers, who make me pay church-rates to two churches without letting me have a church to go to, would have spent more than fifty thousand pounds in eating and drinking success to the undertaking; and would have voted themselves, and their wives, another hundred thousand to pay the expenses of "*summer excursions*," in order to produce a renovation of their faculties, impaired by the

excess of their guttling and guzzling, undergone in projecting and executing the job; in short, they would have made a loan, and plunged the city deeper in debt than it is now; and that is quite deep enough. The city debt and the "national debt" will both go together; their destruction will overwhelm and extinguish a set of vermin as vile as any that ever were destroyed by water or by fire.

Below the ground-floor of the Exchange, are, a coffee-house, private rooms, a larder most beautifully and abundantly furnished, all kept in the neatest and nicest manner. After coming from the lecture, as I mentioned before, I went down into these apartments with some friends, where we were furnished with tea, and other things, according to our fancy; amongst which were oysters, which are very abundant both here and at EDINBURGH, small and white, and as good as I ever tasted in London. A friend asked me, upon this occasion, whether "I did not think that this "would be a good place for the collective, who might come "down and gorge and guzzle here below, while the law-making was going on above, instead of coming rattling "down-stairs to give their votes at the risk of their drunken "necks." I answered, that those beastly and infamous scenes were "*by-gone*;" for that, if a reformed Parliament were base enough, and insolent enough, to attempt to pass laws, and say "AYE" and "No," while picking their teeth, and belching out brandy and water; if a reformed Parliament were to consist of men base and insolent enough to sit and make laws in the midst of a cook-shop and a tap-house, I trusted that the people would know what was due to themselves, and that they would soon convince the *reformed* Parliament that it stood in need of further reforming.

Thus I quit this very elegant building; and, for the present, GLASGOW itself; for though I am to go back to it again for one night, it will only be to give a FAREWELL LECTURE, and then set off into Ayrshire, on my way to

England. I am, here, at the famous NEW LANARK, which is near the celebrated "FALLS OF THE CLYDE." I saw a book once of views of the CLYDE. Nothing upon paper can give any one an idea of the reality in this case. But, to give anything like a true account of what I have now seen; to do anything approaching to justice to the waters, the woods, the verdant hills, the numerous and most beautiful orchards of apples and pears and plums, that I have seen on the banks of this river, and on those of the CAULDER and AVEN, which empty themselves into it; and of the *glens* (as they are called) which lead from the hills down to these rivers; to do anything approaching towards justice to all these, will demand time, one moment of which I have not now at my command, having to lecture at the borough of LANARK to-night, and having to set off for GLASGOW early in the morning.

WM. COBBETT.

New Mills, 5. November, 1832.

I got here yesterday, lectured here last night, am to go to KILMARNOCK to-morrow, to DUMFRIES next day, and the day after to CARLISLE. I shall have to say a great deal about this place, very near to which is Loudon castle; and of course, the Marquis of HASTINGS is here the chief lord of the country. I have no time to say anything at all as to this place; but I will just say, that I wish BROUGHAM and the "*feelosofers*" had seen me come in yesterday, and had heard me make the church ring last night with a description of the conduct and future intentions of the Whigs, and had heard me urge the necessity of introducing the English poor-law into Scotland. That is all at present.

New Mills, Sunday, 4. November, 1832.

At the close of the last letter, I informed my readers that I had arrived in this little and most beautifully-situated manufacturing town, which is an ancient borough of the county of AYR, and of which I shall have to say a good deal by-and-by, after I have gone back, in order to do something like justice to the banks of the CLYDE, and after I have pursued my rout from GLASGOW to this place.

The CLYDE, the firth, harbours, and commerce of which I have spoken of sufficiently, takes its rise in the lofty hills which divide the counties of PEEBLES and DUMFRIES from the county of LANARK. Like other great rivers, it has tributary streams falling into it; but it becomes a great river soon after it has tumbled over the celebrated falls of LANARK. No man living has ever beheld, in my opinion, a river, the banks of which presented a greater number and a greater variety of views, or more beautiful views, than those which are presented to the eye on the banks of the CLYDE. Some persons delight most in level pastures on the banks of rivers; some in woods of trees of various hues; some in hills rising up here and there nearer to, or more distant from, the banks, some of the hills clothed with woods and others with verdure; others (delighting more in utility than in show) seek on the sides of rivers for an intermixture of corn-fields, pastures, and orchards; others (having a taste for the wilder works of nature) want to see deep banks, some of them three or four hundred feet high, with woods clinging to their sides down to the water's edge; while there are others (caring nothing about sterility so that they have the romantic) that are not satisfied unless they see the waters come foaming and tumbling down rocks thirty or forty feet high, with perpendicular sides, as if cleft by a convulsion of nature, and these side rocks crowned at the top with every variety of trees, over the tips of which you,

from the opposite bank, see the verdant land covered with cattle and with sheep, or the arable land with corn or with turnips, the finest that the eyes of man ever beheld. Such are some of the various tastes of various persons : let them all come to the banks of the CLYDE, and each will find that which will gratify, as far as this matter goes, every wish of his heart.

I do not by any means exaggerate in any one particular. In Scotland or out of Scotland, justice to my subject as well as to my readers would bid me say this ; but I am not sure that I should say it if I were not sure that I shall be out of Scotland before it can possibly be read. To be sure, the kind treatment that I received from every soul that I came near, gentle or simple, on the banks of this river, was extremely well calculated to make everything appear to me "*couleur de rose* ;" and, if I had been forty years younger, it might well have apologized (considering who were some of the persons from whom I received it) for a very considerable degree of exaggeration ; but any description that I can give is very far short of the reality. I have always taken great delight in viewing the earth in almost all its shapes, and in contemplating its various productions. Born in a very beautiful valley, lying in the midst of the wildest heaths in the world, but which heaths are continually presenting to the eye of the traveller little beautiful spots, I contracted the habit, when a child, of comparing one of these beauties with another, and the habit has stuck to me throughout my whole life. In NOVA SCOTIA and in the United States of AMERICA, how often have I stood to admire the water-falls in the rocky *creeks*, with lofty banks, trees growing out of the interstices in the rocks ! How often have I wished that every soul in England were there to see the same ! These creeks, as they call them, are cross rivers, falling into the great river ; some of them mere little streams ; others, such as we should call rivers ; just thus it is with the tributary

streams of the CLYDE, with this difference, that, in America, the surrounding country consists of endless woods; whereas, on the banks of these Scotch creeks you see the green hills or the corn-fields over the tips of the trees that cover the lofty banks. These creeks have all their *falls* upon a smaller scale. The CLYDE itself has three grand *falls*; the first in going up the river, a little nearer GLASGOW than the borough of LANARK; the second about three miles farther up; and the third about a mile above that; and beyond that the river, comparatively insignificant in size, winds gently through a moory tract of land lying at the foot of the mountains. The first of these falls brings the water down sixty feet from the bed above; the second about eighty feet; the third not so much. The middle falls are just above the manufacturing village of NEW LANARK; the vast and various machinery of which is put in motion by the waters, taken in a most curious manner out of the river, and applied to these purposes. This NEW LANARK, of which we have heard so much as connected with the name of Mr. OWEN, stands upon a little flat, which nature has made on one bank of the river, on which the manufacturing buildings stand, and also dwelling-houses for the work-people. This village is about a mile and a half from the town of LANARK. At one end of it is a beautiful park, which, together with its mansion, are occupied by Messrs. WALKERS, who are managers of this manufacturing concern on account of a company called the "NEW LANARK Company." This house and park were the residence of *Lord Justice Clerk*, Mr. QUEEN, who was made Lord BRACKSFIELD (the name of this seat), after his famous works with regard to MUIR, PALMER, GERRARD, and MARGAROT, those parliamentary reformers who were transported by the sentence of this man. In this house, which looks down into the CLYDE, at about two hundred yards distance, and is in every respect as beautiful

a spot as can well be imagined, I was lodged in the very same room which contained the present imperial slaughterer of the Poles, and the present LORD CHANCELLOR, who, in *his way*, is full as great a man as the other, and entitled to full as much admiration. In going from the town of LANARK, down to the new village, you come to a spot, as you descend the hill, where you have a full view of the great falls of the CLYDE, with the accompanying rocks and woods which form the banks of the river. At the same time you see the green hills, and the cattle and sheep feeding on them, at the summits of the banks on each side, and over the tops of the trees. The fine buildings of the factories are just under you; and *this*, all taken together, is by far the most beautiful sight that my eyes ever beheld.

We went up to the very edge of the falls, stood upon the tips of the rocks and looked down upon the smoking water. In the crevices near the tops of the rocks, the jackdaws have discovered inaccessible places for depositing their nests; and here I saw such multitudes of that bird, such as I had never seen before. There were thousands upon thousands of them skimming about over a sort of bay, formed by the twirling water after it comes down the falls. I could see that their mouths were open, but the noise of the water prevented me from hearing their chattering, for which I was very sorry, as the same noise necessarily prevented them from hearing an invitation which I gave them, to come up and take possession of Lord HOLLAND's new church, in "ADDISON ROAD," near "*Cato Cottage*" and "*Homer Villa*," in the sensible parish of KENSINGTON. On the side of the rising hill, on one side of these falls, is the seat of Lady MARY ROSS, sister of the Duke of LEINSTER, who has very kindly had paths made in her woods, for the convenience of persons coming to see the falls. On the other side are the remains of an old castle (rising up amongst the trees) called COREHOUSE CASTLE, near to which is the

seat of a Mr. CRANSTOUN, a Lord of Session, who has now the title of Lord COREHOUSE.

After having been to the falls, we came back through the manufacturing village. All is here arranged with great skill; and everything that you behold, dwelling places of the people (about fourteen hundred in number); their dresses; their *skins*; all bespoke cleanliness and well being; all savoured of the Quaker. I have never been into any manufacturing place without reluctance, and I positively refused to go into any of them here, alleging, that I had no understanding of the matter, that the wondrous things that are performed in these places, only serve, when I behold them, to withdraw my mind from things which I do understand. Mr. BELL prevailed upon me, during my first visit to the CLYDE, to stop at a manufacturing village, belonging to Messrs. MONTEITH, at a place called BLANTYRE. Here the water-wheels were wonderful to behold; but they afforded nothing interesting to me, who thought a great deal more about the condition of the people, which appeared to be very good here also, than I did about the cause of the movement, or about the mechanical effects of the machines. Being at NEW LANARK, however, I was rather curious to know whether there was any reality in what we had heard about the effects of the Owen "*feelosofy*." I had always understood that he had been the author of his own great fortune, and the founder of this village; but I found, that the establishment had been founded by a Mr. DALE, who had had two or three daughters with great fortunes; that Mr. OWEN had got one of these daughters, and one of these fortunes; that Mrs. OWEN had been dead for some years; that the concern had long been in other hands; that the only part of it which was ever of his invention, was a large building, in which the "*feelosofical*" working people were intended to eat and drink in common; that they never did *this*; that there had been a place at some distance from

LANARK, fixed upon for the execution of the "OWEN PLAN;" that a large space had been surrounded with a high stone wall for the purpose; that the scheme had been abandoned; and that the wall had been taken down, and sold as *old stones*! The building, in NEW LANARK, which OWEN had erected for the "*feelosofers*" to carry on their community of eating and of drinking, is used as a *school-room*; and here I saw boys in one place, and girls in another place, under masters appointed for the purpose, carrying on what is called "education." There was one boy pointing with a stick to something stuck up upon the wall, and then all the rest of the boys began bawling out what that was. In one large room they were all *singing out something* at the word of command, just like the tribe of little things in *Bolt-court*, who there stun the whole neighbourhood with singing "*God save the King*," "*the Apostles creed*," and the "*Pence table*," and the fellow, who leads the lazy life in the teaching of whom, ought to be sent to raking the kennel, or filling a dung-cart. In another great apartment of this house, there were eighteen boys and eighteen girls, the boys dressed in Highland dresses, without shoes on, naked from three inches above the knee, down to the foot, a tartan plaid close round the body, in their shirt sleeves, their shirt collars open, each having a girl by the arm, duly proportioned in point of size, the girls without caps, and without shoes and stockings; and there were these eighteen couples, marching, arm in arm, in regular files, with a lock-step, slow march, to the sound of a fiddle, which a fellow, big enough to carry a quarter of wheat, or to dig ten rods of ground in a day, was playing in the corner of the room, with an immense music book lying open before him. There was another man who was commanding officer of the marching couples, who, after having given us a march in quick step as well as slow step, were disposed of in dancing order, a business that they seemed to perform with great regularity and elegance; and,

it was quite impossible to see the half-naked lads of twelve or thirteen, putting their arms round the waists of the thinly-clad girls of the same age, without clearly perceiving the manifest tendency of this mode of education, to prevent "premature marriages," and to "check population."

It is difficult to determine, whether, when people are huddled together in this unnatural state, this sort of soldier-ship discipline may or may not be necessary to effect the purposes of schooling; but I should think it a very strange thing, if a man, calculated to produce effect by his learning, could ever come to perfection from a beginning like this. It is altogether a thing that I abhor. I do not say that it may not be useful when people are thus unnaturally congregated; and, above all things, I am not disposed to bestow censure on the *motives* of the parties promoting this mode of education; for the sacrifices which they make, in order to give success to their schemes, clearly prove that their motives are benevolent; but I am not the less convinced that it is a melancholy thing to behold; that it is the reverse of *domestic life*; that it reverses the order of nature; that it makes minds a fiction; and, which is amongst the greatest of its evils, it fashions the rising generation to habits of *implicit submission*, which is only another term for civil and political slavery. However, the consolation is, that it is impossible that it ever should become anything like general in any nation. The order of the world demands that nine-tenths of the people should be employed on, and in the affairs of, *the land*; being so employed, they must be scattered about widely: and there must be *homes* and domestic life for the far greater part of the rising generation. When men contract a fondness for anything which has a great deal of novelty and of strangeness in it; when they brood over a contemplation of some wonderful discovery which they think they have made; when they suffer it long to absorb all the powers of their minds; when they have been in this

state for any considerable length of time, they really become *mad*, as far as relates to the matter which has thus absorbed all their mental faculties; and they think themselves more wise than all the rest of mankind, in exact proportion to the degree of their madness. It is unfortunate enough when follies of this sort lead only to disappointment and ridicule; but the parties become objects of real compassion, when the eccentric folly produces dissipation of fortune and the ruin of families.

From this account of the "OWEN-PLAN" I come to something a great deal more pleasant, the numerous and plentiful and beautiful orchards on the banks of the CLYDE, on its two great tributary rivers, the CAULDER and the AVEN, and on the banks of the numerous *glens*, which terminate when they arrive at one or the other of these rivers. Now, I have seen the orchards over the greater part of Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire. I have seen the orchards in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and in that "garden of America," Long Island; and I have never seen finer orchards than on the banks above mentioned; and I have never seen, at one time, a more beautiful show and variety of apples, than I saw on the table of Mr. HAMILTON, of DALZELL-HOUSE, on the 29. of October. The apples, pears, and plums, were gathered in; but there were the trees, and the leaves still upon them; and more clear, more thriving trees I never saw; and I believe that some of them surpassed, in point of size, any that I had ever seen in my life. At the exquisitely beautiful place of Mr. ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, called MAULDSLIE CASTLE, which is situated in a beautiful flat, washed on one side by the CLYDE, and having a semi-circular wood running round the back of it at a convenient distance; at this place I saw, standing out in the park as ornamental trees, apple-trees, which I thought extended their lateral branches to twenty feet in every direction from the trunk of the tree,

which, observe, is a circumference of a hundred and twenty feet, forming a shade quite sufficient for fifty oxen to lie down in. These trees were straight in the trunks, and their top shoots perfectly vigorous and clean. I *may* have seen larger trees in Herefordshire and Long Island; but I do not think that I ever did see any so fine, taking trunk, branches, and cleanness, altogether. But these fine orchards are *general*, all the way up the CLYDE, from very near GLASGOW to the falls of that river. Mr. PRENTICE, the editor of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, has the good sense to have a pretty considerable farm, at six or seven miles from GLASGOW. About three English acres of his land form a garden and orchard, the trees of which are about six years old, very fine, quite free from canker, bearing very fine fruit. The cherry-trees are very fine also; the plum-trees are fine; and an orchard is not a mere matter of ornament or of pleasure here, but of prodigious profit; under the apple and pear-trees are gooseberry or currant-bushes, very well managed in general; and these orchards very frequently yield *more than a hundred pounds sterling in one year from an English acre of land!* This year, it is very curious, that the crop of apples and pears has been so extraordinarily small, while it has been so extraordinarily large in all the apple counties of England. Like other things, the fruit here has fallen in price since the time of the PANIC, in spite of the "*cherished one-pound notes*," as Sir JOHN SINCLAIR calls them. Money has not grown up "*like grass under the cow's mouth*," as Mr. ATTWOOD says it ought; and therefore the pecuniary produce of orchards, like that of fields and manufactories, has been greatly diminished. But these orchards are always a source of very considerable income. I think that my friend Mr. M'GAVIN, of HAMILTON, told me that his orchard, which is less than an English acre, has yielded him eighty pounds a year, clear money; and it is no uncommon thing for the proprietor of ten or a dozen

acres, to sell the fruit by auction upon the tree, for something approaching a hundred pounds an acre. In our apple counties no man thinks of anything but fruit to make *cider* and *perry*: here, the whole is table-fruit; and, as I said before, I have never seen so great a variety of fine apples in England, at one time, as I saw upon the table of Mr. HAMILTON, of DALZELL-HOUSE. This orcharding is a real *business*; it is conducted in a very excellent manner; a cultivation of the land generally takes place amongst the trees; the trees are kept in a very nice state; I saw scarcely any canker; no cotton-blight; and in very few orchards did I see any moss, though I did see it in some.

Amongst other pleasing things belonging to these orchards, Mr. STEWART (the proprietor of some very fine orchards) has some American trees, sent to him by me, which are just beginning to bear, and he gave me a very fine apple which had been gathered from one of them this year. "Cast your bread upon the waters," says the precept, "and have patience to wait to see it return." I sent from England to Long Island, to Mr. JESSE PLATT, to send me some *cuttings* of apple-trees; they came to me at KENSINGTON; Mr. M'GAVIN, at HAMILTON (four hundred miles from KENSINGTON), got some of the cuttings after they came from Long Island; he put some of them upon some of the branches of his trees: and he showed me a bough which had proceeded from this cutting, from which he gathered forty pounds weight of fine apples last year! What a deal have I done in my life-time to produce real and solid good to my country! and how different has been the tendency of my pursuits to that of the pursuits of the noisy, canting, jawing, popularity-hunting, newspaper-puffing fellow, BROUGHAM, who, or whose partisans, cannot point to one single *good thing* that he has ever accomplished!

Mr. HAMILTON, of DALZELL, took me and Mr. BELL to LANARK, as I have before mentioned, on the 1st of No-

vember; on our return to GLASGOW on the 2nd, he was kind enough, in pursuance of previous invitation, to take us to Sir HENRY STEUART's, at ALLANTON. I had met Sir HENRY STEUART at DALZELL-HOUSE, on the previous Sunday; and he had done me the honour to present me (in my character of brother tree-planter) with a copy of his book on the removing and planting of trees. This book is not to be read in a hurry, being full of principles and of science; but before I got to ALLANTON, in spite of *dinnering* and other hubbubing, I contrived to find time to read some part of the book. Sir HENRY STEUART lives in a very ancient family mansion, in the midst of his own moderately-sized estate. He found the spot around the house destitute of trees, and, therefore, destitute of beauty; and he has actually, by his own mechanical operations, made it as pretty a landscape as can possibly be imagined. A run of water, or rather a soak, that came down a sort of swamp, he has turned into a very beautiful lake; and, as to trees, he has brought them, *of all sizes*, from the size of your leg to the size of your body, and a great deal bigger, and placed them about upon the ground just where he pleased. Landscape has been his study, and anything in greater perfection than this, as far at any rate as relates to trees, it is impossible to conceive. The trees are not only of the proper sorts, but in their proper places; not only present the greatest possible variety that nature has given them, as to kind, height, and form; but *every tree is in a state of vigorous growth*, having an appearance of having grown from a seed upon the spot; shoots at the tops of them two or three feet long; and not leaving the smallest room to suppose that they had ever been removed at all. How many country mansions are there in England that stand in need of the hand of Sir HENRY STEUART! He showed me trees as big round as my body, which he had caused to be taken up and carried a mile, or thereabouts, and to be planted where

I saw them, at an expense of about fifteen shillings a-piece. To know how he has done all this, you must read his book, it being impossible for me to give any thing like an adequate description of the operation.

From Sir HENRY STEUART'S, which lies a few miles distant from the CLYDE, we came back to DALZELL-HOUSE, on our way to GLASGOW, passing through the estate of Sir JAMES STEWART, at COURTNESS; and here I saw some of the prettiest *hedges* that I had ever seen in my life. They are composed of a mixture of beech and of whitethorn, with a great predominance of the former. They are about seven feet high from the ground to the top; the base about seven feet wide, and nicely clipped on both sides up to a ridge. The fields, in one part that we went through, were fine pasture: on the side there was a dairy of beautiful AYRSHIRE cows, and over the other hedge a little drove of West Highland cattle, feeding into fat beef. These hedges are very common all over Lanarkshire. Sometimes they are clipped into the shape of a *wall*, lower or higher, according to the fancy of the owner, and always in good taste. On our way we were shown the seat of Sir ALEXANDER COCHRANE, and then, passing through the grounds, and close by the house, of Lord BELHAVEN, we came to Mr. HAMILTON'S, at DALZELL, which is, after all the endless variety of pretty country seats on the CLYDE and on the CAULDER, the AVEN, and on all the GLENS which are tributary to these larger waters, the place at which, if I were to be compelled to reside in Scotland, I would choose to reside. In point of beauty, Mr. DOUGLAS'S, at MAULD-SLIE, does, perhaps, exceed all the rest. A Mr. LOCKHART has a most beautiful place, fine woods, trees of great height and girth, where I was shown a Spanish chestnut-tree, twenty-four feet round; another Mr. LOCKHART has a beautiful seat on the CLYDE. In short, it is all such a mass of pretty places, and all with stone-built mansions,

of the most solid structure, and in the best possible taste; that one is at a loss to say which one would like best; but, if I were compelled to choose, I would choose Mr. HAMILTON's, of DALZELL. The most amiable manners of the parties within might have some sway with me in this decision, but the place itself was just to my taste; the house a very ancient structure, with plenty of room; from the windows of one end you look into a deep *glen*, where the waters come tumbling over rocks, and wash, in the time of high water, the walls of the ancient castle; the trees in this glen, ashes, beeches, oaks, elms, as tall, and nearly as straight, as the tulip-trees in the *gleüs* in America, with all sorts of native underwood, not forgetting an abundance of yews; the bridges across this glen; the walks winding about on each side of it; the orchards, and the fruit trees mixed amongst forest trees, seen from the windows of the other parts of the house; the fine low lands and meadows (at the end of the pleasant walks through the orchards), down upon the banks of the CLYDE, where it runs as smooth as if there were not a rock in the country, and where it is lined with beeches and sycamores and ashes, as large and as lofty as I ever saw: then, on the other side of the house, at the end of half-a-mile of gentle up-hill, through some very fine plantations of larches and of oaks, a farm-house and farm-yard, and pastures with dairy cows feeding, and Highland cattle fattening: all these put together, made me think this the place, of all the places in Scotland, that I should like to live at. There is nothing to be called a view from the house itself; but, on a part of the estate, where this bank of the CLYDE becomes steep and lofty again, there is a view of the CLYDE, and of the grand palace and park of the Duke of HAMILTON; there is a view here, to behold which all strangers are taken to see. I did not think it equal to the view at LANARK; but it is very fine, very grand, and is the boast of the CLYDE.

Well, then, should I not like to *live here* better than amidst the really barren heaths and sands of Surrey, with only here and there a little dip of ground on which it is worth while to bestow labour? Oh! that is quite another matter. To *live* here is a proposition not to be decided on without consulting the heart as well as the eye. That philosophy was quite sound which said that "our last best country ever is at home;" and mind, where you do not find this feeling implanted in the breast, nature has not done her work well. Where there is not this feeling, there will be but a very feeble love of country; for we go on, first, from our own families and neighbours and parish to our own counties; then to our own country at large; and, observe as long as you will, you will find that he who is not more attached to the spot on which he was born than to any other spot of his country, will very easily bring himself to like any other country as well as his own. Hence it is that we always find the patriot-passion most strongly implanted in the hearts of the common people; and if it had not been more strongly implanted in those hearts than in those of the renegado pretended *higher* orders and *feelosofers*, who have gone from Scotland to England, Scotland would, at this day, have been wholly abandoned, instead of presenting, as it does, such a mass of public-spirited men, resolved upon a restoration of their rights.

It is curious, that, the substratum of the land here is just that sort of *red stone* which is everywhere the substratum in Devonshire, Somersetshire, Herefordshire, Worcester-shire, and Gloucestershire, which are the counties of orchards. Sometimes here is white stone beneath; but, generally speaking, it is *red*; and the top soil is very frequently red also; and here is iron stone frequently found near the top of the ground; and coals are everywhere at no great distance, precisely as it is in the vicinity of Ross in Herefordshire; and the rocky glens here, precisely

resemble those of the forest of DEAN, and on the banks of the WYE. I believe that this vein of red ground and stone runs the whole length of the island, for I have traced it from Devonshire to COVENTRY, with my own eyes. I find it here upon the CLYDE; and, I dare say, it winds about till it comes out somewhere or other at the north end of the island. Wherever apples will grow well, HOPS will generally grow. In a *Register*, written last summer, I observed, that, if it were not for this grinding and taxing system of Government, people would grow their own hops all over the kingdom; that God had given them to us, to grow up spontaneously; that I had seen them growing in the hedges from the Isle of Wight to Lancashire, and that I made no doubt, that they were to be found in the Highlands of Scotland. During the time that I was on the CLYDE, Mr. HAMILTON took me to see the "*wild cattle*" of the Duke of HAMILTON, which are kept, *like deer*, on a part of his estate on the banks of the AVEN; which cattle, when of full size, are about the size of the Devonshire cattle: they are all over white, except the ears and the nose, which are black; they are wild, just like deer, fed in the winter as deer are fed, caught as deer are caught, or shot as deer are shot. They form a sort of heir-loom of the family; and are kept, as if they were such, in the exclusive possession of the family. In our way to see these cattle, we stopped at the house of Lady RUTHVEN, which is situated within thirty or forty yards of the top of one of the banks of the AVEN. These banks are two or three hundred feet high, set with trees as thickly as possible, beeches, birches, and ashes, all growing beautifully up out of the interstices of the rocks, upon a bed of which the river comes rattling over below. On the side of the bank on which Lady RUTHVEN's house stands, a beautiful garden has been made by moulding the bank into the form of steps resembling stairs. A little distance above this garden the river takes a wind; a little

distance below the garden, you see the river passing under two bridges at some distance from each other, over which two roads pass, both of which, I believe, are turnpikes: so that this is one of the prettiest spots that man ever set his eyes on; and as if Providence had designed that nothing should be wanting, there were, within the house, some very polite and obliging ladies, one of whom, was, I was told, Miss Stirling a cousin of Mrs. HALSEY, or HOLSEY, of HENLEY-PARK, in the county of Surrey; and a portrait of which Miss Stirling I, if I were forty years younger, should certainly attempt to draw, however impossible it might be for me to come up to the original. In this garden we found *some hops growing*, a branch of which I gathered and dried, and have now very carefully packed up to take to London, along with a variety of apples, which I intend to exhibit at *Bolt-court*, to the astonishment, I dare say, of nine tenths even of the Scotchmen that are living in London, of whom I never yet met one who seemed to know anything at all about his own country, and who did not seem to assent to the sententious and dogmatical lies of old Dr. JOHNSON, who, from the remissness of Scotchmen themselves, has been suffered to misrepresent their country, and to propagate mischievous error concerning it, from one end to the other of the world. Mr. HAMILTON told me, with regard to *hops*, that their growing upon the banks of the CLYDE, was by no means a new discovery; for that, his father had a whole piece of ground in *hops* sixty years ago; that this piece of ground is now an orchard, and is called the "*hop-garden orchard*."

There are, besides coal-mines, innumerable iron works on the banks of the CLYDE as you approach towards GLASGOW. We went over the bridge, called BOTHWELL-BRIDGE, where the famous battle was fought, in 1679, between the *Covenanters* and the army of Charles I., under the Duke of Monmouth, or, rather, between the *Covenanters* and the English troops and the *Royal Scotch troops united*.

And this has always been the way with Scotland and Ireland: always kept down by domestic defection: always like the distant Roman provinces. But, it was Cromwell who was the great *destroyer*. He must have been in reality, what BURKE calls an "architect of ruin;" for, everywhere, in Scotland as well as England, when they show you a disfigured and partly-demolished edifice, they ascribe the mischief to CROMWELL. Like the devil, old NOLL, as the cavaliers used to call him, seems to have been *everywhere* and in all places at one and the same time. The Scotch of the present day, as well as the Irish, seem to think, that he was the devil for the time being. But, the Scotch sent forth a worse devil than CROMWELL, of whom they do not seem to entertain a just degree of abhorrence; namely, that surprisingly wicked old vagabond, BURNETT, who was born here, near one of these beautiful banks of the CLYDE, and after whom they name one of their plums, of which they grow a great abundance. This crafty fellow did more mischief by his quiet scheme, than CROMWELL ever did by his bayonets, bullets, and cannon.

While I acknowledge, with great gratitude, the politeness, the kindness, the unaffected hospitality, with which I was everywhere received, by persons of fortune and of fashion in Scotland, and particularly on the banks of the CLYDE, I am not stupid beast enough to ascribe their conduct towards me to any merit that they thought me to possess. It is possible, indeed, that, in some of the instances my manners (so different from what the atrocious villains of the press had taught them to expect) might have excited feelings of rather a friendly character; but I ascribe their treatment of me to their natural good disposition and their polite education; and their manifest desire to see me, I ascribe solely to that *curiosity* which must naturally have been excited in their minds, to see a man whose name the accursed newspapers,

hired and bribed by the accursed corruption, had made to reach the ears of every human being in the kingdom; and in which man, this band of incomparable villains, hired and paid by this incomparable feeder of villany, had made all the world believe that there was something more than mortal. While, therefore, I shall always be proud of the attention shown me by gentlemen so respectable, and by ladies so amiable, I would have it understood that I am not coxcomb enough to ascribe it to any other than the true cause.

Before I quit the CLYDE, to which the reader will say I cling, as Adam is said to have clung to Paradise, there is something which I have to mention, of which I am still more proud than of the things just treated of; something that rouses the politician again, drives away the waterfalls and the trees and the orchards, and which would, were it not a shame, make me forget even the Scotch ladies amongst the rest! I mentioned before that Mr. HAMILTON took me and Mr. BELL to LANARK, on the 1. of November, and that I was to lecture in the town of LANARK in the evening of that day; to do which I had received an invitation from my readers in that town, to which invitation I had given my answer that I would do it. As we were going to LANARK from Mr. DOUGLAS's at MAULDSLIE CASTLE, we saw, out in the middle of a field, near a cottage, a blue flag flying at the top of a long pole. When we got near enough to see what was upon it, we saw that there was a GRIDIRON *painted in colours of gold*, with these words over it: "COBBETT TRIUMPHANT;" and on the other side, "PERSEVERANCE, PUBLIC VIRTUE, JUSTICE TO THE WORKING PEOPLE." And, which added prodigiously to the interest of the thing, this flag had been made for the purpose of a reform jubilee, at LANARK, and had been carried at that jubilee long before my coming to Scotland! Now, I will not bid the grovelling, the envious, the mercenary, the bribed, the base, the bloody villains

of the London press to look at this; but I will bid *Lord Grey* to look at it, as something very well worthy of his attention. I will beg him not to try to make up a laugh, as he did, in the Court of King's Bench, while four thousand people were muttering out "shame, shame," at my description of the shearing of the heads of two girls in Sussex by one of *STURGES BOURNE's* hired overseers; I will beg him not to try to muster up a laugh at the history and description of this flag; but, seriously to consider, what will finally be the consequences, if he and the *sergeant WILDE Ministry* persevere in obstinately pursuing the conduct of their predecessors, in turning a deaf ear to every thing proposed by me! Let him seriously consider this; let him consider whether the question between Whig and Tory, be not now a mere trifle, compared with the question, *whether my principles shall prevail, or whether they shall not*: whether, in other words, the *MANCHESTER propositions are to be adopted or rejected*. But, to do justice to these good people of the town of *LANARK*, I must insert the ADDRESS, which was read to me by the chairman of the committee before I began my lecture, in the presence of the audience assembled in the church, and which address was as follows: delivered to me in writing, after it had been read:

" TO WILLIAM COBBETT, ESQ.

" SIR,—We, your readers in Lanark and its vicinity,
 " take the liberty to express ourselves highly gratified by
 " your visit to this place. We have long considered you
 " the most enlightened political writer of the present day;
 " the most honest exposor of the heartless insolence and
 " specious cheatery of public men. You have associated
 " yourself with our best feelings as haters of corruption,
 " with our highest aspirations as lovers of our country,
 " and above all with our most anxious hopes connected

" with the labouring people. With esteem never inter-
 " rupted, we have accompanied you through many years
 " of intellectual labour and excitement, and with pleasure
 " indescribable we are now beginning to taste the result;
 " a result rendered greatly more important to your fame,
 " because of the unjust and disgraceful persecution to
 " which you have been subjected, and the immeasurable
 " magnitude of the THING's power. Sir, we are deeply
 " grateful to you for your exertions in the good cause; we
 " are proud that there is at least one fearless, one inde-
 " pendent man in England. We rejoice that your charac-
 " ter and merits are now becoming rightly understood and
 " duly appreciated; that your triumph over baseness and
 " misrepresentation will speedily be complete, and that con-
 " sequently your power of putting to rights the affairs of
 " this great country will be increased a thousand fold.

" (Signed in their behalf,)

" JAMES HARPER."

BROUGHAM and DICK POTTER, and such-like people,
 will exclaim, " Poh! what's that? Those poor souls at
 " LANARK are quite in a state of seclusion from the
 " world." Very true, BROUGHAM and DICK; but how
 the devil did they come to hear of me in this their state of
 seclusion? These two, one a sort of simply spiteful simple-
 ton; and the other a sort of giddy-headed gormandiser of
 praise, that feeds on newspaper-puffs, as a magpie is said
 to delight most in sucking rotten eggs; this couple will
 come to a sort of puzzle upon reading these strange proceed-
 ings in Scotland. In England, indeed, amongst the stack-
 burners and thrashing-machine breakers, they will think it
 natural enough that I should have partisans; but in the
 country of "*antalluct*," they will think the devil is got into
 the people. " I will send them down some of my friend
 the mountebank's pamphlets," says DICK. " No," says

BROUGHAM, "send them down some of my *Penny Magazines*."

Let these fools alone, my Lord GREY, and think a little for yourself about it. Look well at this little ADDRESS from these people at LANARK; and ask yourself what, except their own sincere conviction, could have made them act and speak thus? Ask yourself what power I could have, to have influenced them to do this? What means I, whom they had never seen before, and were, in all probability, never to see again, could have had to induce them to do this deliberate act, which cost them some pains, and which, in fact, cost them some little money? No! You will not reason: you have present power in your hands. You will curl up your lip and draw up your nostrils, just as they did when NOAH was actually stepping into the ark.

Before I quit LANARKSHIRE, it is right for me to observe, which I do with great pleasure, that the working people are treated much better here than in the Lothians; that the farms are smaller, the occupations numerous, the proprietorships not a few; that the farm-servants are frequently in the farm-houses, and that the "*boothie*" system is by no means so prevalent. Though, mind, small farms have been here moulded into large ones within the last thirty or forty years; cottages have been swept away in very great numbers; the people have been huddled together in great masses; and that every one of these masses has to exist under the continual scowl of a barrack. As to *agriculture*, LANARKSHIRE is a very fine county altogether; it has a due mixture of orchards, woods, corn-fields and pastures. Its cows are generally of the AYRSHIRE breed; its neat-cattle, the West-Highlanders, and Highland sheep. Near to GLASGOW and PAISLEY, butter and milk are the chief products of the soil. The county is famous for its *breed of horses*; and they are, indeed, very fine horses, whether for riding or for draught. These horses, as is the custom all

over Scotland, go single, in a cart, and draw a ton weight very well, on a good road. They are not *heavy*, and yet they are stout. They are very much prized all over Scotland; and many of them are taken into England. Now, bidding adieu to LANARKSHIRE for the present, and returning to my departure from GLASGOW, on my way home, which departure I mentioned in my last *Register*, I must here publicly bid farewell to Mr. HAMILTON, of DALZELL, which I do with every sentiment of gratitude for his great kindness to me, and with the most fervent prayers, that, at an age not less than that of his venerable father, he may terminate a life, the happiness of which may meet with as little interruption as any that ever was experienced by any human being.

On Saturday, the 3. of November, I set off from GLASGOW towards England, in a post-chaise, accompanied by my friends, Mr. BELL and Mr. TURNER, who took their leave of me at an inn on the road, about fourteen miles from GLASGOW, where I changed horses. In quitting GLASGOW we almost immediately entered Renfrewshire, and passed across it into Ayrshire. A chain of hills intervenes and divides the two counties. For several miles from GLASGOW the land is exceedingly good, naturally, besides the goodness which it derives from its nearness to so populous a city, and from its nearness also to PAISLEY, which we leave a little to our right. After this flat and fine land, we go over about seven or eight miles of high country, not under the plough, except here and there; having some bits of heath and furze here and there and some moory parts very full of rushes. This is not, however, by any means a *barren* country. There is grass to the tops of the hills; and, these hills, even to their tops, have numerous *herds of cows* feeding upon them. Sometimes so few as ten in a herd; but, very frequently as many as *fifty*. KINGSWELL, the little place where we changed horses, is in AYRSHIRE, so famous

for its beautiful breed of milking cows, and for the making of that cheese which is so highly prized all over Scotland, and all along the English border, under the name of DUNLOP-CHEESE. DUNLOP being a little village, about six miles to the right of KINGSWELL, and being in the middle of these extensive hills, which are *pastures* resembling our *downs* in the west of England; but on a bed of rock instead of a bed of *chalk*; none of which latter, by-the-by, is to be seen, I believe, to the north of DUNSTABLE, in Bedfordshire. To see herds of cows instead of flocks of sheep, was a novel sight to me; but this was quite enough to convince me, even before I had made any inquiry at all relative to the *dairies* or the *cheese*, that this is not barren land. From KINGSWELL we soon began to descend into a country of fields and woods; and, coming down a hill, towards a river, by the side of a park set with stately trees, we saw a flag flying from a staff on the top of a fine castle, to signify, as I supposed (after the manner of Duke SMITHSON), that the castle contained at that moment the precious deposit, consisting of its Lord. We were yet a mile and a half from NEW MILNS, that public-spirited manufacturing village, a deputation from which had come on foot, twenty-four miles to GLASGOW, to present that address to me which was published in the *Register*, dated from GLASGOW, and published in London on the 27. of October. The chaise was yet a mile and a half from the village, when the *boys* (always the advanced guard) began to meet us in groups. As we advanced, the groups grew more and more numerous, and the parties composing them continued to increase in size, the *sexes* also becoming duplicate at the same time. Arrived at the very first house in the village, the committee, accompanied with three flags, and a tremendously large *gridiron* on a pole, made for the purpose, met us, with a request that I would be so kind as to get out of the chaise, and walk in the procession to the inn; a request with which

I instantly complied, and on we went preceded by a drum and fife. It was a general holiday in the village, every soul of which seemed to be present, from the oldest person down to the baby in arms. Arrived at the inn, I found the magistrates of the BURN, who are called bailiffs, assembled, with a great number of burgesses, to present me with the freedom of the BURN, which they did in due form, delivering to me the necessary document, and I going through the usual solemnities; the chief bailiff stating, as the grounds of this mark of their respect and attachment, that the people of the BURN owed their political knowledge to me; that the nation owed the reform, in their opinion, to me more than to any other man, and more than to all other men put together; and that they had more reliance upon my future exertions than upon those of all other men, to make the reform productive of good to the people. Upon receiving the document into my hand, I said, "Gentlemen, "I am a freeman of a city, to obtain my freedom of which " (which I was compelled to do to be enabled to carry on " my business in it) I had to pay fifty pounds, and I would " sell it now for the price of a pot of beer, if it were not " necessary to protect me against the persecution of those " who carry on the government of that city, the rulers of " which are amongst the lowest of mankind, who tax me " at their pleasure, who now make me pay a new-church-rate and an old-church-rate, and give me no church to go " to; who tax me for the purpose of depriving my fellow-citizens of PORTOKEN Ward of their rights; who expend the resources of the city in guttlings and guzzlings " enormous, and who daily add to these oppressions the " unspeakable insult of taking away my money, for the purpose of purchasing gold boxes and jewel-set swords, to be " given to men whom I class amongst the ruiners of my " country. For these sufferings (to which I hope the reform " of the Parliament will put an end) this mark of appro-

"bation from you is great compensation, especially as I
"deem it a pledge on your part, that you will do your ut-
"most in supporting me, and men like me, in our efforts to
"obtain redress for those manifold and sore grievances, of
"which those that I have just mentioned form a part."

I now found that the castle which I had seen with the flag flying upon it, was LOUDON-CASTLE, the seat of the Marquis of HASTINGS; and I further found, that this Marquis had expressed his desire that I might not be permitted to lecture in the great church of the place, which led me to observe on divers things connected with this Marquis's relationship to the public affairs, with regard to which I might have been silent, if I had not heard this. How wise these people are! What pains they take to get themselves beloved, and to have their unsightly parts kept from people's eyes! Will they *never see*? Puppies and kittens see at nine days old, though born blind. There was some excuse for impudent AYLESFORD, when he and his brutal tenant, signed and published a protest against the innkeeper at MERIDEN, *because he suffered me to be in his inn*, though I was very ill from a horrible cold, and required rest for a day or two; there was, on the score of prudence, some excuse for impudent AYLESFORD, the THING being then unshaken; but now, when there is bank reform and church reform, as well as parliamentary reform, all in agitation! Well, let them go on; let them be blind to the last; let them do nothing that shall make one feel regret, whatever may take place.

It was my intention, agreeably to the notification that had been given, just to harangue the people of this excellent village, in the middle of the day; and then, to push on, and lecture at KILMARNOCK (seven miles distant) in the evening. I found, however, that the disappointment would be so great, that I could not depart; and, therefore, I resolved to stay here until Monday, and to go to KILMAR-

NOCK (to which I have just sent a messenger) to-morrow evening; and to stay here and write the *Register* to-day, which, I knew would be extremely gratifying to these kind and good and sensible people.

Wednesday, Carlisle, 7. Nov. 1832.

In the above part of this letter, which was written at NEW MILNS, I had not time to say anything upon a subject which the greater part of my readers will deem to be of very great interest; namely, the Ayrshire cows and dairies; and I will, now, speak of that matter, when I get to that part of my journey where I quit this very nice and very valuable county of AYR. From NEW MILNS, after lecturing there to a church crammed full of people on the Saturday night; after writing there on Sunday (which these people excused on the score of *absolute necessity*); after breakfasting with the clergyman of the burgher church, on the Monday morning; after looking at some beautiful cows, and spending as much time as I could in talking with the clever men of the village; after enjoying the surprise of seeing a man who was born upon the *same spot with myself*, and who had strayed from the sand hills of Surrey, and had been here for fifty years, till he had lost every semblance of the Surrey dialect; after passing forty-eight hours, as delightfully as I ever did any forty-eight hours in my life, I set off in a post-chaise, which had come from KILMARNOCK to fetch me. The country to KILMARNOCK, a very fine farming country, and on every side dairies of cows. On our approach to KILMARNOCK, which is a manufacturing town, containing from twenty to thirty thousand souls, and a very beautiful, solid, and opulent place, we were met with three banners flying, and, soon afterwards, a band of music; and in this order were conducted to the *Turf-inn*. I had

to come on to DUMFRIES (sixty miles) the next day, and to lecture there at night; so that I had not a moment to take a look round this fine town of KILMARNOCK. After lecturing in a church, I got to bed as soon as I could; breakfasted the next morning at the house of Mr. HUGH CRAIG, who had met me at my approach to the town, and took me in his open chaise, behind the flags and the music; after thus breakfasting, and being delighted with the hospitality; with the manners, and with everything belonging to Mrs. CRAIG, the heartiness of whose welcome was a thing to admire, but not to be described; after this, very sorry not to be able to stay another day, in this nice town, in which I had been treated with such signal distinction, in which a band of music had preceded me, to and from the place of lecturing, and, supposing me, of course, to be fond of music, had remained until a late hour to play tunes at the inn; and in which the people seemed to vie with each other in their eagerness to get at me to shake me by the hand; extremely sorry not to be able to stay another day in this pretty town, and with a firm promise made to myself to come and make due acknowledgment for its kindness, when I come to Scotland again; after all this, ruminating what HUME and sweetly-simpering DICK POTTER might, in their wise heads, think of the matter, we set off in a post-chaise to MAUCHLINE, fourteen miles on the DUMFRIES road, there to see the native place of ROBERT BURNS, and to see also, the most ingenious, the most interesting *manufacture of snuff-boxes*, made of the wood of the sycamore, and painted and finished, in all the various shapes and colours that the manufacture exhibits to the eye. Mr. SMITH, the proprietor, most obligingly conducted us through the several departments. Some of the work-people were hewing out the wood, which, from that rough state, we saw passing on from hand to hand, till it became an elegant piece of furniture for the pocket. Some were

making drawings upon paper ; others making the paintings upon the boxes ; and all was so clean and so neat, and every person appearing to be so well off.

At this little town, we waited the arrival of the stage-coach, which took us on at a great rate from MAUGHLINE to CUMNOCK, soon after which we got into DUMFRIES-SHIRE. But, now, let me stop and do justice to this county of AYR, which will always be a great favourite with me. There are some high and mountainous lands in it; but, I saw not one acre of real *barren* land. Some moors; but these not large, and yielding peat so good as to be better than inferior coal. On the banks of its rivers there are excellent orchards; indeed, there are orchards, here and there, all along the road. The country is well set with farm-houses; and hardly any of the farms very large; but, the great glory of this county is its cows and its dairies. These cows are so renowned that you find them, here and there, all over the South of Scotland; and, I am told, that they are scattered about Cumberland and Westmoreland too. In my *Register*, dated from PAISLEY, I think, I spoke of having seen some of these cows, when I went to take a look at the SHAW-WATER, at GREENOCK. But, Mr. THOM (not "THORN," as my printers have chosen to print it), who went with me to see the SHAW water-works, and who appeared to have great understanding in such matters, told me, that those which I so admired, were "ugly mongrels;" and this I have really found to be the case; for, when I came to see them at NEW MILNS, I was almost ashamed to remember that I had admired the others. It is a most perfectly shaped DURHAM-cow on a reduced scale; and, much more abundant in milk in proportion to the size, and perfectly hardy at the same time. The colour is very handsome; being, generally, a deep-red ground, with white, distributed in somewhat the form of a branch of a tree. The white colour is prevalent sometimes, and sometimes the

animal is pretty nearly quite red all over. Many of these cows will give twenty of our quarts of milk at a time; and the milk is much richer than that of any other cows, except the ALDERNEY; and they are not known in the North. It is the habit here to *let*, or *set*, the cows. That is to say, a farmer gives up the produce of so many cows to another person, who is, of course, a sort of labourer. The farmer finds the house, the sheds, the food of the cows, and every thing necessary for the carrying on of the business; and the renter agrees to give him so many stones of cheese, to be delivered at certain stated periods, and to be of a certain quality, for the use of every cow. A farmer, who thus sets his cows, told me, that, this year, he had set his cows for *sixteen stones* of cheese each for the year; but, observe, that, in spite of JOSEPH HUME and his "*feelosofers*," who have caused the people to expend more than a million of money by their vile and silly Scotch job, to make uniform *Imperial* weights and measures; in spite of this foolish and something worse "*Imperial*" weight-and-measure job, which was to make us all regulate our lives and conversations by a standard, founded on the "beating of a pendulum, in a heat of sixty degrees, according to FAHRENHEIT's thermometer;" in spite of all this most boggling manner of extracting money from our pockets, to put it into those of "*feelosofical*" jobbers; in spite of all this, the *stone in Ayrshire* consists of sixteen pounds; and each pound consists of twenty-two ounces and a half, in spite of JOSEPH and his jobbing "*feelosofy*," which is a matter for the serious consideration of JOSEPH's enviable co-operator, DICK POTTER; and may become an interesting theme, or exercise, for the pupils in their reformed Mechanics' Institute. This being the case, the AYRSHIRE sixteen stones amount to three hundred and sixty London pounds of cheese; and this the farmer now sells at nine shillings and fourpence a stone, hard money; for

the one-pound "*nots*" do not enhance his price one single farthing, and cannot, as long as the Old Lady is compelled to pay in gold. Thus, then, the farmer receives seven pounds nine and fourpence for each cow. If the cow do not yield so much, the renter is compelled to give the stipulated quantity and quality of cheese. Whatever she may yield more he has for his profit, besides having the whey for his pigs; and, observe, it is but a smallish cow, and is not fed upon rich pasture, generally; and the food, as allowed by the farmer, is very little besides oat-straw, all the winter long. If they have anything better, it must arise from the care and exertion of the renter; he must cut the straw into chaff, and boil it, or do something or another to make it better than raw straw. Yet he makes a living out of this, and generally saves money.

I was so delighted with these cows, that I was resolved that my country should not be wholly without them; and, therefore, a very kind friend at NEW-MILNS is to send me up a bull and ten cows, three of them three years old last spring, seven of them two years old last spring; all of them to calve by the month of May next, and the bull two years old last spring. If they come safe and sound, as I dare say they will, they will be worth a Kentish, a Sussex, or Surrey farmer's going fifty miles to see, in the month of June or July next. I have directed them to be caused to rest a week in the neighbourhood of MANCHESTER, and if BARON TOM POTTER have a mind to make it up with me, he will give them a run for a week in the park at PIPKIN-PLACE. The drover has a written direction to take them to some field "near PIPKIN-PLACE, in the parish of PENDLETON;" and I recommend to the electors of WIGAN, when they shall hear of the arrival of this seedling dairy, to go and candidly and frankly make an estimate of the "*antalluct*" of this young Scotch bull; to question him with regard to the principles now proper to be acted upon by a member of

Parliament; to ask for an explanation of his ideas relative to the measures necessary for the relief and deliverance of a nation; to ask him what he thinks of *Whig-war*, of the "*church reform*," of the "expansion of the currency;" and ask him to show how it is possible for the working man to be benefited by "the improved system of banking," now carried on at the sign of the Three Golden Balls. Then I advise them to put exactly the same questions to DICK POTTER. If the bull talk less nonsense than DICK; discover the possession of less brains than DICK discover; then the electors of WIGAN, if no third candidate offer, will, in duty to their country, their neighbours, and their children, be bound, by every thing sacred amongst men, to reject DICK, and to elect the bull; and upon my soul (and I should not be afraid to take my oath to the fact) I believe that the bull would talk the less nonsense of the two. Oh! I would go a thousand miles to see the looks of these Scotchies, especially at NEW MILNS, while DICK, or TOM, or SHUTTLEWORTH, or BAXTER, was making a speech to them. To see their looks at them, and to hear them exclaim, "*Ah gude Gode!*" Ah, DICK! I would find other guessmen than JOSEPH HUME; if you were to come to Scotland yourself, instead of sending your dirty pamphlets to GLASGOW; and let JOSEPH HUME take care, or he will get properly chastised for posting down to MANCHESTER to keep you in countenance. I can tell him, that his countrymen look at him with a very suspicious eye; and, that this last movement of his, intended to prop you up in your slanders against me, will only tend to swell into certainty that which before was only suspicion.

I leave AYRSHIRE behind me, with a great deal of satisfaction at having seen it. It is a nice country; not rich, but good and solid; and it is well studded over with comfortable farm-houses, and the accursed "boothies" do not offend the sight. It wants, particularly in the ma-

nufacturing towns, what all Scotland wants; namely, the English poor-laws, and all the laws of England; but this is a large subject, and of vital importance. There are many matters of interesting moment to be discussed and settled; but here I, at any rate, mean to make my stand; I mean, let what else will be done or left undone, to fight to the last inch with all the legal means in my power, to cause STURGES BOURNE'S Bills to be repealed, and to establish, beyond all question, the RIGHT of every man and woman, to be upon, to remain upon, and to have a sufficient living out of the land of the country in which they were born. I mean, and I am resolved to make this the first point of all, if I be intrusted with the representation of any part of the people: and I would pledge my life, that BROUGHAM and his *Poor-law* Commission will shrink into nothingness at the approach of the discussion of the subject.

We reached DUMFRIES about five o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 6. and I lectured at the Theatre at half-after seven; and, considering that the people have been frightened half to death about the cholera morbus (of which disease great numbers have actually died here), the attendance was wonderfully good. Poor BURNS, the poet, died in this town, an *exciseman*, after having written so well against that species of taxation, and that particular sort of office. Oh! *Sobriety*! how manifold are thy blessings! how great thy enjoyments! how complete the protection which thou givest to talent; and how feeble is talent unless it has that protection! I was very happy to hear that his widow, who still lives in this town, is amply provided for; and my intention was to go to her, to tell her my name, and to say, that I came to offer her my respects as a mark of my admiration of the talents of her late husband, one single page of whose writings is worth more than a whole cart load that has been written by WALTER SCOTT.

I was prevented from putting this intention into execution

by the necessity under which I was of being at ANNAN, to breakfast at ten o'clock, and to lecture there at twelve; after which I had seventeen miles to come to this city, in which I am to lecture to-night at half-past seven! One would need lead a sober life to be engaged in "*carryings-on*" like this! But I must make haste along now, for the fellows "up at Lunnun" have got into a war to keep our pensioner upon his throne; and most likely, contrary to the wishes of their "*allies*" and to the wishes of our pensioner's subjects also. Faith! I must get along; but it is now six o'clock and I must go and shave and dress for the play.

Carlisle, 8. Nov., 1832.

I had not time, last night, to speak of the country from AYRSHIRE, across DUMFRIESSHIRE, to DUMFRIES, from DUMFRIES to ANNAN, and from ANNAN to the river that divides Scotland from England. I have not time to do it now: I must, therefore, leave what I have further to say of Scotland until the next letter, which will, *possibly*, be written in *Bolt-court*. It is hard to say, much less to swear, what one will do in such case; but my project is, to go hence on Saturday morning, lecture at PENRITH on Saturday night, go on Sunday and sleep amongst the "*pig-styes of APPLEBY*" (which are to send no more members to Parliament), taking a look at BROUGHAM-HALL in my way, having painted its owner in his true colours at PENRITH; on Monday to lecture at DARLINGTON, on Tuesday at STOCKTON, on Wednesday at BRADFORD, passing through sensible LEEDS, and leaving it to choose between the nominee of the Duke of NEWCASTLE and the nominee of BROUGHAM, the placeman-son of ZACHARY MACAULAY, ZACHARY himself being in our pay. Leaving *sensible* LEEDS to this its alternative, and quitting BRADFORD on Thursday morning; lecture, if they like, at ROCHDALE,

on Thursday night; go to OLDHAM on Friday; to MANCHESTER on Saturday, the 17.; to BRUMMAGEM on Sunday, the 18.; and to London on Monday, the 19. There to behold DENMAN on the bench, with a big wig hanging down his shoulders; *Sergeant WILDE*, "our right and entirely beloved THOMAS WILDE," a "right honourable privy-councillor," one of that body which Lord COKE calls "*honourable, noble, venerable, and reverend.*" There to behold CHARLEY PEARSON I have not yet heard what; but surely, CHARLEY is not to be overlooked! Oh, how I sigh for the sight; how I do long to know what CHARLEY is to be! If there had been a *setting-in*, as the women call it, of peers, in the month of May last, CHARLEY, people about *Fleet-street* said, was to have been one of the batch; and, at any rate, the thing will never be complete till CHARLEY be in it some way or another. Here I must break off, having, by these enchanting thoughts, been led along till I have almost written the eyes out of my head; and I must not do that quite; for I may possibly be charged with the duty of reading cart-loads of papers; for loan-maker BARING said, that the great towns would send "*pushing men, who would read every paper that was laid before the House.*"

WM. COBBETT.

I must not omit to notice a letter which I received from BARRHEAD, to which I was obliged to return an answer, saying that I could not go, as I had fixed, immoveably, on the line of march which I had to pursue. The letter is of no consequence now; but I publish it, as a mark of my respect for the gentlemen from whom it came; and I hereby assure them that, if I return to Scotland next year, which it is my present intention to do, I will go and thank them in person for the honour which they have done me.

"Barrhead, 30. Oct., 1832.

"SIR,—At a public meeting of the inhabitants of this village, held on Friday evening last, it was proposed by some of your admirers, and unanimously agreed to, that you should be invited to lecture here at your earliest convenience. A committee was then formed to correspond with you, and learn *at what time* and upon *what terms* you could come.

"We think we may get the burgher church here for your lecture, which we can secure after hearing from you. The lecture would require to be in the evening, to suit the inhabitants, as they are nearly all connected with public works.

"I am, sir, for the committee, yours truly,

"JAMES LAMBERT."

Oldham, 16. November, 1832.

In the last letter I mentioned that I must postpone, until the present letter, my account of the county of DUMFRIES, across which we go from AYRSHIRE to get into Cumberland. Dumfriesshire is much about like Ayrshire in point of land and productions; it is hilly occasionally, and has some fine farms on the flats, some of which are large; but generally they are small; the cottages numerous, built of stone, and made white by whitewashing, which gives a very pretty appearance to the country, though there are, generally speaking, very few trees. We cross several very pretty rivers; the orchards are by no means bad, and the apple-trees very clean; the land is moory, and affords peat in several instances; a large part of the land is in pasture; dairy work and the fatting of hogs seem to be the principal uses

of the land. The hogs are of the white lop-eared breed. Hams, bacon, and butter, are the principal products of the county. The woods are very fine in some parts, especially from SANQUEHAR to THORNHILL, which consists, in great part, of the estate of the Duke of Buccleugh. I suppose that Dr. JOHNSON did not travel this way, for here is a beautiful river, and immense woods on both sides of it for nine or ten miles at the least; this river, which is called the NITH, goes all the way to the town of DUMFRIES; and after dividing Dumfriesshire from Kirkcudbrightshire for a few miles, falls into the SOLWAY FIRTH. Leaving at a great distance to my left the lofty hills, celebrated by BURNS, now crowned with snow, while the valleys below are covered with grass and dairies of fine cows, I got on to the town of Dumfries.

From DUMFRIES to the town of ANNAN (sixteen miles), is a very fine farming country; here and there a peat-moor, with large stacks of peat; that being the fuel of the country, and it being exceedingly good fuel, a man telling me that it boiled a pot quicker than coals, and produced less ashes. Here the cattle are the Galloway breed, and the dairies are very numerous. Fine large valleys of corn-fields; hanging woods on the sides of the hills like those of Surrey; sometimes hills consisting partly of furze, and partly of broom, with a good deal of grass land between them; the cottages very numerous, and the people, particularly the children, looking very well. At eight miles from DUMFRIES, the SOLWAY FIRTH, with the sun shining beautifully upon it, presents itself to our right. Here we go through a long scattering village, which it would drive BROUGHAM and MALTHUS half-mad to behold; for, here the *little Scotchies* seem absolutely to swarm. What is to be done to prevent these Scotch women from breeding? Nothing short of "*clearing the estates*" A LA SUTHERLAND; a mode of proceeding so much eulogised by the

ignorant and brutal scoundrels of the *Edinburgh Review*, and by their London echo, Dr. BLACK. At thirteen miles from DUMFRIES we come to an estate, where something in the "*clearing way*" appears to have been put in practice, some years ago, by the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY, who is, it seems, the principal lord of this beautiful country called ANNANDALE; and who, having seen some remarks published respecting his "*clearing*" works, published in the *Carlisle Journal*, prosecuted the editor, criminally, and got him *finned and imprisoned*! Well, then, the account of the "*clearing*" was libellous, I suppose; but, though libellous, it might be *true*; for, the truth could not be given in evidence to justify the publication. Now, I should like to have the report of that trial, and the account of that sentence, which would give me some account of the clearing work; and would enable me to get at *positive evidence* respecting the "*clearing*" work, of which the miscreant *Edinburgh Review* has been the eulogist. I am determined if I be in Parliament, that this question of ABSOLUTE RIGHT to *exclusive proprietorship of land*, shall be brought to the test, and submitted to a solemn decision. It is to establish this absolute and exclusive right, that all the monsters who are endeavouring to destroy the POOR-LAW, are labouring; and, if we do not beat the monsters at this game; if we do not teach them to repent of the hour, or rather teach the greedy and insolent tyrants who employ them, to repent of the hour when they attempted to establish this ABSOLUTE RIGHT on which they proceed to clear the lands: if we do not teach them to repent of this; if we do not teach them that the doctrine which gives all men *a common right in the land*; if we do not teach them that this doctrine, though it implies a total destruction of civil society; if we do not teach them that this doctrine, horribly unjust as it is, is still *less unjust* than the doctrine which says that a man *has NO RIGHT to be upon, and to*

have a living out of, the land of his birth; if we do not teach them this, and make them give way in time, events will teach it them with a vengeance.

At about four miles from ANNAN, we leave the famous parish of GRETNA, about a mile to our left, a spot so dear, doubtless, to the "*feelosofer*" WAKEFIELD, who, with brass of extraordinary thickness, is now writing and publishing pamphlets, describing the innumerable hordes of villains said by him to be assembled in London, and insisting on vigorous measures to keep the "*lower orders*" in subjection. We have now fine land and fine farming, fine dairies, and everything fine, with here and there a piece of moor and peat land, all the way to the river that divides Cumberland from the county of DUMFRIES. At ANNAN we were very hospitably received, and met several gentlemen of the town, at breakfast, at the house of Mr. NELSON. At noon I lectured at the Assembly Room to a very respectable audience, and thus took my farewell of lecturing in Scotland. At the end of ten miles, or thereabouts, we pass over the river Esk, over a very fine bridge, into Cumberland, having about seven miles still to go to reach CARLISLE.

It is curious that, the moment we get into England, at this point, 'all becomes sterile and ugly, and continues on heathy and moory, for several miles; so that one would think, that it was England and not Scotland, that is the beggarly country. The land, however, soon begins to be inclosed and to be better in quality. Sir JAMES GRAHAM, he of the bright sword, has his estate lying off this road to the left. He has not been clearing his estate: the poor-law would not let him do that; but, he has been clearing off the small farms, and making them into large ones, which he had a *right to do*; because it is he himself that is finally to endure the consequence of that: he has a right to do that; and those who are made indigent in consequence of his so doing, have a right to demand a maintenance out of

the land, according to the act of the 43rd of ELIZABETH, which gave the people a COMPENSATION for the *loss of the tithes and church lands*, which had been taken away by the aristocracy in the reigns of the TUDORS. This is all *right*; but it is not right to command a man to come out, and submit to military discipline, and to risk his life in *defence of his country*, and then tell him, that he has no right to be upon, and have a maintenance out of, the lands of that country; and, this is what Englishmen *shall not be told!* They shall not be told this, say the knight of the bright sword and the execrable "*feclosifers*" of EDINBURGH just what they please about the matter. If Sir JAMES GRAHAM choose to mould his fine and large estate into immense farms, and to break up numerous happy families in the middle rank of life, and to expose them all to the necessity of coming and demanding sustenance from his estate; if he choose to be surrounded by masses of persons in this state, he shall not call them "*paupers*;" for that insolent term, which the tyrants make use of, is not to be found in the compensation-laws of ELIZABETH; if he choose to be surrounded with swarms of beings of this description, with feelings in their bosoms towards him, such as I need not describe; if he choose this, his RIGHT certainly extends thus far; but, I tell him, that he has no right to say to any men, born in his parishes: "You shall not BE *here*, and you shall not have a maintenance off these *lands*."

Along through the lands not very well cultivated, we come to the city of CARLISLE, a very nice place, very good streets, and here we see the first brick buildings that we have seen since we left NEWCASTLE, which suggests the remark, that, countries abounding in stone have a vast advantage over those which are compelled to resort to the brick. The fences against roads, and between fields, are here so easily made and are so permanent, buildings are so

cheaply raised and so lasting; yet, as if these natural advantages were not sufficient of themselves, our wise and just Government has used its power to make the comparative advantage greater by laying an enormous tax on the countries not provided with stone, in which countries they make the people pay for turning their earth into building materials! Oh, God! *It is time*: it really is time, that we had a thorough change!

The cathedral of CARLISLE is, as in all other cases, the most magnificent pile in the county; but while it is quite sufficient to prove to the people of Cumberland, that their forefathers were giants in intellect as well as in moral and political wisdom, compared with those who pretend that those forefathers were a sort of beggarly savages, it is not, in point of magnificence, equal to several other of the structures of this name in England. The castle is a very large and lofty pile, now used for the purpose of one of those great modern improvements, commonly called *barracks*, which BLACKSTONE says, "are things held in abhorrence by the laws and constitution of England." Upon the top of the castle has been recently erected a sort of shed for the purpose of placing musketry, in a situation to *shoot up the streets if necessary*. CARLISLE has a very fine market for produce of all sorts. It was *Martinmas* the morning that I was coming out of the city, and the streets were all crowded with farm servants, who were there for the purpose of hiring; and, a more pleasant sight I had not seen for a very great while. Innumerable carts in the streets, all ranged nicely in rows, loaded with various things, especially small pigs and poultry; and, which I admired very much, with a barred frame over the top of each cart, and with a door in it, to take out the poultry or other things. Upon the whole, this city is a most respectable and pleasant place, and is surrounded by meadows, woods, and gardens, of a very delightful description, to which I ought to add,

that the city was not rendered less agreeable to me by the kind entertainment which I experienced at the house of a very cordial friend, and by the conversation of many as sound and intelligent men as I have met with in the whole course of my journey.

PENRITH, also in Cumberland, observe, and just upon the edge of Westmoreland, was my next place for stopping to lecture on Saturday, the 10. of November. The distance from CARLISLE to PENRITH is eighteen miles. The country is a good plain farming country; the farms not large, and barns for thrashing with the flail; the corn-stacks made very nicely; the farm-houses small; the cottages numerous, with nice gardens about them; in all these gardens *privies*; and to every one a pig-stye; many orchards of different sizes, and the trees looking exceedingly clean and well; coal not nearer than twenty miles, for the greater part of this road. A good deal of fine oak woods; a peat moor here and there; much of the land pasture; the farming consisting in great part of dairy; stone walls on both sides of the road of reddish stone; turnips fine, but not so fine as in Scotland; the cows large and bony, and generally white nearly all over, but a good many of the GALLOWAY cows, which are said to be very good milkers; white large lop-eared hogs, and I have seen none of any other sort (except in a sort of styes near PAISLEY), all the way from Northamptonshire to the FIRTH of FORTH and the FIRTH of CLYDE; which is a certain proof, that, all things taken together, they must be the best sort for the farmer. The chief articles of produce in Cumberland, are *bacon*, *hams*, and *butter*, which are sent to MANCHESTER, to LONDON, and to other great towns in the South. All these articles are very well known in London, under the names of *Cumberland* hams, *bacon*, and *butter*, though a great part of them comes from Westmoreland and Dumfriesshire; and it is curious enough that, while they make "*Dunlop-cheese*"

in *Cumberland*, the Scotch return the compliment by making "*Lancashire-cheese*" in Dumfriesshire, and plenty of "*Cumberland-hams*" in two or three of the Scotch counties in the border. This is not so bad as the affair of the "*STILTON-CHEESE*;" not one ounce of which, as they told me when I was in Lincolnshire, was ever made at STILTON.

PENRITH is a very nice little old town, solid as the hills themselves; the door-frames and window-frames made of the red stone, just like those of CREWKERNE, in Somersetshire; here the soil is just like that, and, curious to observe, here the apple-trees grow as well as in Somersetshire. The land-owners are very numerous in Cumberland; the farms generally small; dairies prevail everywhere; the people look very nice and clean; and this town itself, being much such another, is equal in neatness to that of GODALMING in Surrey.

After lecturing to a most respectable audience at PENRITH, on the Saturday night, I came off in a post-chaise on the Sunday morning to sleep at APPLEBY, in Westmoreland, and to stop and dine with a very considerable farmer (Mr. CROSSBY) at KIRKBY THORE, a very fine village, about seven or eight miles from PENRITH. Immediately after quitting PENRITH, we cross the river EMONT, which is a branch of the EDEN, and which EDEN goes down to CARLISLE. Just by the side of the road there are some new cottages, erected for the purpose of giving the "*feelosophers*" the right to vote for BROUGHAM, at his contested election with the LONSDALES; at a step from this is the famous "*BROUGHAM-HALL*," till lately called the "*Bird's-nest*," and of which I made sufficient mention in my former letter. After this came something serious; namely, my Lord THANET's estate, stretching out a great width on both sides of the road, for miles of that road, and consisting of a tract of very fine farming land, divided into farms of a moderate size. The turnips very good,

and cultivated in the Scotch fashion: but fed off by sheep upon the ground, which is not done in Scotland: The sheep are not managed here so well as they manage this matter in the South. You see here a couple of hundred of sheep, with two or three or four acres of turnips given to them at a time, whereas we give them only as much at once as they can eat in the twelve hours, and we do not put them in such large flocks when we put them to fat; so that, by their having the food a little at a time, they eat up clean, eat more, and fatten faster. Then we peck up the bottoms, and the sheep go over them at their pleasure; and, finally, nearly the whole is eaten up clean. The reason for this wasteful mode of using the turnips, appears to be the want of hurdles, or wattles, to make the divisions with; and this want arises from the want of coppices and hedge-rows. The divisions here are made by cords formed into nets, which are at once expensive, and tedious in the use. Here the fences are principally of stone, which are much more cheaply kept up than hedges; and therefore no underwood is grown; and this is the principal cause of this unprofitable manner of using the turnips.

The country continues on of this plain farming and dairy description till we get to KIRKBY THORE, which is a very pretty neat village, at which I learnt something which would be very useful to communicate to the King's servants, if anything having sense in it can be made to enter into the minds of men everlastingly bawling about "*surplus population*," and about "*lessening the weight of the poor-rates*." BROUGHAM's grand puffer, "the GREAT LIAR OF THE NORTH," NED BAINES, publisher of that mass of lies and nonsense called the "*Leeds Mercury*," who has half a dozen sons and sons-in-law, surprisingly well qualified "*to serve his Majesty*," in any capacity to which a good lump of the public money is attached. This great lying puffer of BROUGHAM has just announced to his cracked

skulled readers of that clever, industrious; active, frank, zealous, but enthusiastic and *quack-ridden county*, who has always taken care to have one member, at least, to do more mischief to public liberty than any other fifty members in the House of Commons; this swelled-up, greedy, and unprincipled puffer, who has been the deluder of Yorkshire for twenty years past, has just announced to his quack-ridden readers, "that Lord BROUGHAM's poor-law commissioners, quickened, most likely, in their operations, "by the fires in the South, have actually visited *sensible* "LEEDS in person, to inspect the *management of the affairs of the poor*." As they are got so far North, let them go on into the county where BROUGHAM has a "*Bird's nest*;" and let them pay a visit to Mr. CROSSBY; at KIRKBY THORPE, and they will soon learn from him how it is that the county of Westmoreland has to pay in poor-rates only a TENTH part of the amount of its rental; while the county of Surrey pays a THIRD part of the amount of the rental in poor-rates. Mr. CROSSBY will tell them why there is this difference in the two cases, and why, in Cumberland, the poor-rates amount to only one-TWELFTH of the rental; while in Hampshire they amount to a FOURTH of the rental. If BROUGHAM, instead of circulating trash, under the name of useful knowledge, were to *read*; I will not give him leave *to print it and sell it at his shop*; I forbid him to do this; and if he do it, I will move for an injunction to himself against himself; I will not run about whining and crying about his society's pirating upon me, and underselling me; I will punish his society if it pirate upon me; but if, I say, he will read (buying it first) the "*Statistical Account of England and Wales*," at pages 522 to 525 of my "*Geographical Dictionary of England and Wales*," containing a neat little map of each county, and containing a full account of all the ecclesiastical divisions, of all the new parliamentary divisions, &c.; if he will *read* this "*statistical table*," he

will there see pretty nearly everything that he ought to understand, and well understand, upon these subjects, as far as the state of the several counties, one compared with another, is concerned. But he, and his band of "poor-law commissioners," who will *cost more annually than the annual amount of the whole of the poor-rates of the county of Westmoreland*, must go to Mr. CROSSBY, of KIRKBY THORE, to know why the poor-rates are only a TENTH of the rental in Westmoreland, while they are a THIRD of the rental in Sussex. Mr. CROSSBY will tell them, if they go to ask him, how they are to diminish the amount of the poor-rates, and how to prevent stack-burning in future; to begin by treating the labourers better than they are now treated; *by keeping the young men, young women, the boys and the girls, in the farm-houses*, as was formerly the case all over England; by giving a young man from *fourteen to seventeen pounds a year wages, with board and lodging in the house*, with table-cloth and knife, fork and plate, laid for him, twice in the day, with bread and cheese for supper, and with beer to drink with his meals. Mr. CROSSBY will tell them, not to bother him about their "*surplus-population men*," and with the infernal nonsense of PETER THIMBLE and Lord HOWICK, but to pay the young women, and the boys and girls, in the same proportion, and to keep them in the same manner. And with regard to the married labourers, Mr. CROSSBY will tell them, to cause them to have *seven shillings a week* (and more in the South), in money, and *board in the farm-house besides*, along with the yearly servants: that is to say, when they are at *day-work*; and, when at *job-work*, leave them to board themselves. This is what he will tell them; and he will tell them, that this is what is done in Westmoreland, and in Cumberland too, and also in the greater part of Northumberland, in which last county the poor-rates are only a TWELFTH of the rental, as they are in Cumber-

land. Mr. CROSSBY; who is a banker as well as a farmer; a man of great knowledge as to all these matters, will tell them, that the young people thus brought up under their natural directors, are moral, and well-behaved; that, having wages so suitable to their usefulness, both men and maids save money before they be married; and that, a great proportion of the farms being small, a considerable portion of them become farmers themselves upon marrying and quitting their servitude. He will tell them, that hen-roosts can remain unrobbed in Westmoreland and Cumberland; and, if he had all the land-owners and farmers of the South before him, Mr. CROSSBY, after telling them all this, would say, "*Go you and do likewise.*"

The treatment of the labourers in Westmoreland and Cumberland, was the treatment of the labourers all over England, before the Scotch nobility urged the sharking landlords of England to *throw farms together*, and to bring up infernal Scotch "*feelosofers*," and scourging Scotch bailiffs to introduce the damnable "*boothie*" system into England. Ever since that system began; and stupid and greedy COKE of Norfolk was the beginning of it; ever since that system was begun, there has been war between the labourers of England and the owners and occupiers of the land. The former had obtained a security against this species of oppression, when they compelled the Parliament of ELIZABETH to pass the POOR-LAW, by which they obtained a *compensation* for the loss of that patrimony; for the loss of that share of the produce of the lands, which they had in the *tithes and in the church estates*. Mark, and never leave out of mind, that the POOR-LAW of ELIZABETH gave them a compensation, for the *tithes and church lands which the aristocracy had taken away from them*. Let this *always be borne in mind!*

By various acts of the late Parliaments, this compensation was, by degrees, craftily diminished, till, at last, came

STURGES BOURNE's bills; came the alienation of the voices of the middle class in the vestries; came the "*select vestries*" with power to have "*HIRED OVERSEERS*;" came, in short, the power of the rich, almost to starve the necessitous at their pleasure, and to compel the labourers to work, in fact, for such wages as they chose to give them: Thus the compact between the land-holders and the labourers was broken; thus the latter were deprived of the compensation awarded by the act of ELIZABETH; and thus were the harmony and the happiness of the agricultural community in England destroyed. Hence all the turmoil; hence the sleepless nights to the farmer, and hence that farewell which he may bid to peace until the COMPENSATION be fully and fairly restored to the people. It must be restored; it shall be restored, or I will end my life in an endeavour to cause the restoration. The first step to be taken would be to repeal STURGES BOURNE's bills. But, instead of that, there was this Ministry, two years ago, putting *this very* STURGES BOURNE into a commission to try the rioting labourers; and here they are, now, again, with *this very* same STURGES BOURNE, in what they call their "*poor-law commission!*" Here will I take my stand; whatever I have left of labour in me shall be exerted till this object be accomplished, and until the young people be back again in the farm-houses; to effect which latter, would now, with a wise and just Government, be more than the work of one single year. Here will I hold. If there be a God above, "and that there is, all nature cries aloud in all her works, he must delight in justice;" and justice says, that it is most damnable tyranny to say or to do that which says, that a man ought to be called upon when necessary, to venture his life in defence of the land of his birth, and yet, that he has *no right to be upon*, and to *have a living out of*, that same land. This is my great point; the best energies of my mind shall be directed towards its accomplishment, and I have

the pleadings of reason, of justice, of human nature itself, so loudly on my side, that my efforts must be crowned with success. The question for the aristocracy to decide upon, is simply this: Will they give way, and give up STURGES BOURNE's bills to begin with; or will they not? I will soon put them to the test; and let them remember, that their decision will be *final*. The *Edinburgh Review*, that base creature of the Whig-faction, has just expressed its alarm, at the wild notions that some of the people seem to have, about a *general proprietorship in the land*, and about a *division of it amongst the whole of the community*. And, whence has this wild notion come? Why, from the doctrines of the "*feelosophical*" villains, who have maintained the doctrine, of the *right* of the landowners to "*clear*" the land of the people; or, which is the same thing, to deny them a sufficiency to live upon out of the produce of the land. Extremes meet, in this, as in all other cases; and this doctrine, being such an outrageous insult to common sense and common humanity, men naturally rush on to the opposite extreme. I, for my part, have always deprecated the latter extreme; but if at last we be compelled; if the injustice of the landowners push us, to acknowledge their right of "*clearing*" the country of us, or compelling us to starve amidst abundance raised by our own hands; if they push us to this acknowledgment, or to insist upon our general right of participation, I am decidedly for the latter. Better, therefore, yield in time; better repeal STURGES BOURNE's bills to begin with, and let us once more see lords and gentlemen beloved by the common people; once more see happy cottages, cheerful farm-houses, and farmers able to go to sleep without starting every moment at the thought of fires.

Leaving BROUGHAM to give his nose a sarcastic twist at this, and leaving Lord GREY, pointing it out to his enlightened son with his finger, to draw up his nose and affect a

smile of contempt at it; leaving STURGES BOURNE, HARRY GAWLER, SENIOR (wise HARRY DRUMMOND'S "*jeelosofer*") COULSTON the *reporter*, and TAIT, all the "right trusty and well-beloved" of the King; leaving the group to look at it *very seriously*; trembling for the duration of their office (and especially for their *salaries*) at the same time; leaving all these to act thus, or in any other manner that they please, I now proceed with my journey, and come on, after dining at KIRKBY THORE, to sleep at the borough of APPLEBY, which is very beautifully situated, with a pretty river running through it; everything pleasant to the eye; but, as is well known, politically rotten as a pear. From APPLEBY (on the Monday morning), to a little old-fashioned town called BROUGH, which has the ruins of a castle close to it, belonging to Lord THANET, we found the land to consist of small pasture farms, many of which are owned by the occupiers; great numbers of cows, and also of sheep, some black-faced Highlanders and some of the CHEVIOT-BREED. From BROUGH to within a mile of BARNARD-CASTLE, which stands close on the Durham side of the river TEES, we went over a tract of land nearer to the barrenness of the Surrey, Hampshire, and Berkshire heaths, than any spot that I have seen since I left London, except a small tract behind the hills at the back of GREENOCK. It is all an uninclosed common, partly rock, partly rushes, and partly grass. We now-and-then came to a spot where there were fields inclosed, and little farms; the cows looking very well; and, even in the most barren parts, there were great numbers of the black-faced sheep, and they are all looking well. Upon a high hill which we went over, the ground on each side was more than half covered with rocks; yet there were sheep picking about amongst these; and, here and there, there were little farm-houses; barren as all appeared to be, there were more people upon a square mile than in the rich counties of the Lothians! When we

approached near to any of these little farms, we saw nice little cow-houses and stacks of hay, or of rushes, the cows looking very well, and the people all well dressed and good-looking. When we were upon the highest ground of all, which was at the same time the most barren, and the most destitute of all human dwellings, lumps of unmelted snow lying here and there, not far from us we saw something *red* at a distance from us upon the road. As we approached this mass of sanguine hue, we perceived that it was moving towards us; and, as the post-boy rattled us along at a pretty good pace, we soon found that it was a knot of soldiers. We had just been looking about us, and observing how far we were from human dwelling; and, upon the sight of these defenders, I could not help exclaiming, "My God! they are everywhere! I saw them, but the other day, paraded before the court of justice while the judges were sitting at GLASGOW, and here they are again upon this wild and desolate hill." Coming up with them, we found that it was a very common-place concern: three of them only conducting a deserter towards CARLISLE. It put me in mind of poor GRIFFITH JENKINS, who had the strange fancy to enlist for a soldier, to *run away*, as he called it, and to get "*whipped*," when he had a good estate at the same time; and *whose story must yet be told to this whole nation*. A very large part of the lands all along here, does not exhibit real *sterling sterility*, like the barrens of Surrey, Hampshire, and Berkshire, which consist of heath at the top, and of sand under it, which sand is quite fit to run through an hour-glass; and upon which grass will no more grow, than it will grow upon one of aristocratical WEDGWOOD's plates. This is a country of rock; no chalk, no sand, and nothing that we, in the South, call clay. Here is peat sometimes under rushes and heath; but, everywhere, even to the tops of the hills, which are very lofty, there is more or less of sheep-feed; and the Highland sheep, which you see everywhere

hereabouts, and which are certainly first-cousins to goats, climb about amongst these rocks, nibbling the grass, and looking very well even in the barrenest parts of this country; and I dare say that this country, which we have come over between BROUGH and BARNARD-CASTLE, is a full-blooded first-cousin of the Highlands of Scotland. The sheep, which they have here in the rather lower and better lands, are the CHEVIOT sheep; very pretty, short-wooled sheep, with white legs and faces and no horns. They fat to a greater weight than the South-down sheep; great numbers of them go into the North and West-Ridings of Yorkshire, where they raise lamb from the ewes; for which purpose they told me they were excellent. They are sold at the fairs, in June, at fifteen months old, at from fifteen to eighteen shillings a piece, present prices.

About a mile before we got down to the river TEES we looked over into the county of Durham, which is, here, very beautiful, presenting a most striking contrast with the open, hilly, rocky, and treeless country that we had just passed over. During this mile, I beheld with delight the small dairy farms very thickly scattered about on both sides of the road; there appearing to be more human beings upon a square mile here, than in the whole of the rich county of HADDINGTON, the town of HADDINGTON itself excepted. Some few miles before we get to BARNARD-CASTLE we are in Yorkshire, a strip of which runs up on the side of the TEES, and cuts off Westmoreland from that river.

BARNARD-CASTLE is a good solid old market town, with some little matter of manufactories; but the TEES, though at some seasons a large river, is at others almost destitute of water, and, therefore, it is not navigable. The castle itself, which is still of considerable magnitude, and has an extensive inclosure about it, with very lofty walls, is, they told us, the property of the Marquis of CLEVELAND, who was lately the Earl of DARLINGTON, and

who used to be said to put BROUGHAM into Parliament for WINCHELSEA. His Lordship is the owner of the *manor* of BARNARD-CASTLE, which I understand is very extensive. Now it is no harm for me to express my wish to know how he became the owner of this castle and this manor. I wish with all my soul that I did know it. Did he *purchase* them? If he did, he can show the conveyance; and, at any rate, they once belonged to the nation in one way or another. His predecessor had, I shall be told, a grant of them. Agreed; and I allow the title to be perfectly good; but then I will not allow that any granter, even if it were the whole nation giving their assent, man by man and woman by woman; I will not allow, that even a grant thus made, would give him a *right* to "*clear*" the people off the land, or to refuse them a subsistence out of the produce of the land. If his Lordship ask why I make these observations, upon seeing his estate, let him ask his man BROUGHAM. It is he, who, by his impudent assertion, "*that he was ready to maintain the doctrines of MAL-THUS to their full extent*," that extent going to a total refusal of all relief to the poor; it is he, and not I or any of the people of England, that has given rise to the starting of these ticklish questions. When the grant was made to the predecessor of this Marquis, there were the tithes of the manor, and the church lands of the manor, being the *patrimony* of the necessitous part of the people. The grant was necessarily made with that reservation; the poor-law gives a *compensation* for the loss of the thing reserved; STURGES BOURNE's bills annihilate, in a great measure, that *compensation*. Now it would be wisdom in the Marquis of CLEVELAND to inquire of his "*learned*" *protégé* what answer can be found out to these observations of mine. And if sublime BROUGHAM, swelling with pride at the sight of his turret on the "*Bird's-nest*," should disdain to

think of an answer, I do beseech his Lordship to think of it, and to think of it *in time*, too.

From BARNARD-CASTLE to DARLINGTON, all the way on the left bank of the TEES, is a very fine farming country, and the farms not very large; the fields, in considerable proportion, pasture, and that pasture exceedingly good. Here we have Durham cows in great abundance, Durham cattle, young and old, and abundance of Durham oxen fattening; hardly any turnips but the Swedish, and those prodigiously fine. There had been a fair at DARLINGTON, and amongst the things unsold were about a score of *West Highland heifers*, for which I bid money, but the dealer would not take my offer, or I would have had twenty little "*cookies*," at twenty cottages in Surrey, next spring, all giving milk, and every one of them telling her master, every day, that nothing but the Devil himself would ever deny him the *right* of having a living out of the land.

Having lectured at DARLINGTON that night, we set off for STOCKTON the next day, actually without seeing the country, being in a thick fog every step of the way. Here, at the theatre, I lectured in the evening to a very respectable and numerous audience, in the presence of whom I received an ADDRESS on the stage, which ADDRESS, by some means or other, I have so mislaid, that I cannot find it amongst my papers, for which I am very sorry, as it was a very neat piece of writing, and expressed sentiments highly honourable to me. As the gentlemen who presented it will doubtless have a copy, I request them to have the goodness to send it to me at *Bolt-court* with as little delay as possible. The next day, Wednesday, the 14. of November, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we got to BRADFORD, in Yorkshire, travelling in a post-chaise all the way, and coming through a very fine farming country, in the North Riding, by the way of

the TONTINE Inn, and the towns of THIRSK, BOROUGHBIDGE, WETHERBY, and LEEDS, seventy-two miles in the nine hours; and leaving *sensible* LEEDS behind us to settle the important point whether it were most patriotic to elect a *nominee of the Duke of NEWCASTLE*, or to choose a pocketeer of the taxes, who has also a father and a brother pocketing in the same way.

From BRADFORD, where there was a numerous audience at a lecture, we came on to TODMORDEN, where we dined, and took up, as fellow-travellers, two Yorkshire cocks and four Yorkshire hens, trusting that they will be less fanatical, crack-brained, and quack-ridden, than the fine and opulent and ever-varying beautiful county where they were born. After dining at TODMORDEN, we came to ROCHDALE, in Lancashire, and there I lectured upon the "*church reform*" which the wise Ministers are said to have in contemplation; and this morning (the 16. of November), here I am, writing at OLDHAM, and communicating to my intended constituents the kind respects and earnest exhortations of our friends in Scotland.

Daventry (Northamptonshire), 21. Nov. 1832.

At OLDHAM I found that all was settled to my perfect satisfaction. After writing in the morning, making a speech out of doors at noon, and another in the evening, by candle-light, I set off in a post-coach for MANCHESTER; slept there that night; met the electors, and addressed them in the Riding-school the next evening, which was Saturday; came to BIRMINGHAM by the coach, on Sunday; lectured at BIRMINGHAM on the Monday evening; came by the coach to COVENTRY yesterday in the afternoon; lectured at COVENTRY last night; and, by the coach, came to DAVENTRY this morning; intending to get to London to-night.

Thus I began this speaking and lecturing work at COVENTRY; and at COVENTRY I ended it. But I cannot even suspend, for a short time, the movements of my pen upon the subject, without expressing my satisfaction at having seen this part of my country, and more especially, this part of my countrymen. My friend Mr. MARTIN, of BIRMINGHAM, I found full of delight at finding that Scotland was so good and so fine a country. He, like almost all the rest of us, had formed his opinion of Scotland, from the sayings and sarcasms of ignorant or prejudiced men. He had just been reading my description of the banks of the CLYDE; and when he came to me at the inn, he seemed full of surprise at what he had read. "Why," said I, "you are not *sorry*, are you, that it is so fine a country?" "No!" exclaimed he, "but very glad, indeed; and I am glad that *you* went to see it with your own eyes; for, we should never have got the truth from anybody else: either, they do not see, or they do not know how to describe what they have seen." This was very much the truth: I do see, and I know how to describe that which I have seen; and gratitude for excessive kindness received out of the question, I must have been the basest dog that ever lived, not excepting a Scotch "*feelosofer*," or an Irish "*reporter*," if I had not endeavoured to do something like justice to the country, and to the people of Scotland.

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

The reader has been told that I only went to the foot of the HIGHLANDS, therefore he knows that I can know nothing about them in detail; but I saw quite enough to convince me, that I had always been greatly deceived with regard to the value of even this part of Scotland, which has always been called "*barren*;" and barren, meant, in my view of the matter, land capable of producing *nothing at all* that was of any use. I was born at FARNHAM in Surrey; and ARTHUR YOUNG, in his survey of England; says, that from FARNHAM in Surrey to ALTON in Hampshire is "*a space containing the finest ten miles in the kingdom.*" It is very fine. It is a narrow valley, down the middle of which beautiful meadows are watered by the occasional overflows of the little river WEY, which afterwards passes through GODALMING and GUILDFORD, and falls into the Thames at WEYBRIDGE. At FARNHAM this river is a very small affair, which, if in America, would not be entitled to be called even a *creek*, but must be content to be called a *run*. Contemptible as it is, however, in point of magnitude, it was, about threescore years ago, quite broad enough, and deep enough, to have spared the boroughmongers and tax-eaters a monstrous deal of trouble, I, from one of the bathing places in it, having, about that time ago, been pulled out by the foot, which happened to stick up above the water, and to enable a brother-swimmer a great deal older than myself to preserve this everlasting torment to the "*higher orders.*"

This little river, which I used to think beyond all comparison the greatest in the world, does, however, cause there to be some of the prettiest meadows under the sun; and these continue along from a mile and a half on the east end of FARNHAM to the town of ALTON in Hampshire. On the south side of the river the ground rises very steeply

from very nearly the edge of the meadows, and is generally clothed with very pretty woods, intermixed with hop-gardens: on the other side it rises more slowly, now and then spreading off into a level; and on this side, for the whole of the ten miles, there are the finest hop-gardens in the world, intercepted by very fine corn-fields, bounded, generally, by beautiful hedges. Therefore, I don't know that YOUNG was wrong; and I don't know, that it was necessary for him to tell the whole story about my country; and, indeed, if he went from London to CHERTSEY and did not put his spectacles on (he was very weak-sighted all his life, and blind several years before he died); if he did not put his spectacles on as he was going from CHERTSEY to GUILDFORD, and then went to FARNHAM over the HOG'S-BACK, looking right forward at the Bishop of WINCHESTER's park, and not turning an eye, even to the right or left, his unmixed praises of the vale of FARNHAM are perfectly accountable. He was not bound to know that the town of FARNHAM, and the little valley there was a mere *little strip*; that, if, when he was in the middle of the town, he had gone off due north, or due south, he would have traversed, in either direction, full *twelve miles*, compared to which the HIGHLANDS of Scotland are the land of CANAAN. There is barrenness, indeed: there it is that you see sterling sterility. It is a bed of sand, every grain of which will go through an hour-glass, and upon which a blade of grass will grow no more than it would upon the iron plate of this American stove by which I am now writing; and my real opinion is, that this tract of country, partly in Surrey, partly in Berkshire, partly in Hampshire, running, in one place, a good stretch into Sussex, contains a greater quantity of real barren land than is to be found in the HIGHLANDS of Scotland, all put together. Nothing but heath will vegetate upon this unadulterated sand, and even that will

but just live upon it. Rabbits will not stay upon it, except upon the skirts, where they have fields to go into to feed. Its native inhabitants are a little sort of lizards, that we use to call "*effets*," meaning *ests*. This is real barrenness. Now, the Highlands of Scotland consist of rocky mountains, or rocky lands; and of deep glens, or ravines; all rocky; everywhere a heap of rocks; but *grass* will grow amongst rocks; and I can readily believe that which I was told, that some of the best pasture was on the tops of the highest mountains. This is very different from the sand heaths; for, though there are little spots in them which will bear grass, you sometimes go for miles without seeing any of these spots. In so immense a tract of land as that which lies between WOKINGHAM in Berkshire and PETERSFIELD in Hampshire, there are certainly numerous very pretty dips; and in these the land is generally extraordinarily good; and, in cases where the sterility is not so complete, where the commons are greenish, and studded round with cottages and little gardens and fields, most assuredly the sight is the prettiest, and the life the happiest, in the world; because the soil is warm, the spring and the singing birds come early, the ground is dry; the air excellent, and the sand-hills, so convenient for boys to roll down; the finest places in the world for the breeding and rearing of Members of Parliament, and Prime Ministers: but, as to produce of food, acre for acre, taking in the whole space that I have described, and leaving out the valley of the WEY, I am very certain that this spot is inferior to the HIGHLANDS of Scotland.

For, now, just look at the produce of these HIGHLANDS. In the first place, they produce everything of the bread kind that is eaten by the inhabitants. It is oats, of which this bread kind is made, to be sure: but, it suffices; and that is enough for our argument. In the next place, these HIGHLANDS send out of themselves every year, as I was

assured, a hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle and four hundred thousand sheep, all bred and reared in those HIGHLANDS. Without, however, binding oneself to *numbers*, the fact is notorious that the quantities of both are prodigious. Now, though the HIGHLANDS do not, like the sand-hills of Surrey, breeds Members of Parliament, &c., they are certainly a great deal more productive than the sand-heaths of which I have been speaking; and all that we have heard about the barrenness of the HIGHLANDS of Scotland has been most monstrous exaggeration. The Island is good to the very northernmost point of it: one part is good for one thing; another part is good for another thing; but, there is in reality nothing bad belonging to it: God made it to be the happiest and greatest country in the world; and, nothing but parliaments, such as we have seen for many years past, could have steeped it in that misery, that trouble and that peril, in which we now behold it.

I do not like to conclude without saying *something* relative to the treatment of the people of the county of SUTHERLAND, which is the most northern county of the HIGHLANDS. It is a very large county: the county of CAITHNESS is equally northern, but, at any rate, *Sutherlandshire* lies at the north end of the Island. My readers will recollect what was said at the time about the "CLEARING" of this county by the Countess of that name, and by her husband, the Marquis of STAFFORD. I wish to possess authentic information relative to that CLEARING-affair; for, though it took place twenty years ago, it may be just as necessary minutely to inquire into it now. It may be quite proper to inquire into *the means that were used to effect the CLEARING*; and if any one will have the goodness to point out to me the authentic sources of information on the subject, I shall be extremely obliged to him.

And, now, I, for the present, take my leave of Scotland

with expressing a hope, that, going from, and returning to, that very identical room, in *Bolt Court*, from which Dr. JOHNSON went, and to which he returned to spread over England the belief, that there was not a tree in Scotland, and that all was sterility and worthlessness, I have done something, at any rate to remove the errors which he so largely contributed to plant in the minds of Englishmen, relative to Scotland. I never do things by halves; never depend upon mere idea when I can present objects to the eyes. While I am writing this up-stairs, I to have exhibit below, a beautiful sample of apples which I brought from the banks of the CLYDE, and a cheese of excellent flavour, and of half a hundred weight, which I brought from the county of Ayr: I could not bring Scotland itself to London; but I have brought indubitable proofs, that all that we have been told about its sterility has been either sheer falsehood, or monstrous exaggeration. To do these things would, under any circumstances, have been the duty of any Englishman, having seen that which I saw, and being possessed of the same capacity and same means. But, seeing the kindness with which I was received and treated in Scotland; seeing the generosity which every one seemed anxious to display towards me; seeing the mass of prejudice and of calumny that Scotch good sense and Scotch justice set at defiance in my favour; seeing all these, to have neglected to perform this duty, would have marked me out as the most unfeeling and ungrateful of all human beings. I have, I hope, discharged this sacred duty with good effect: at any rate, I have discharged it to the utmost of my power; and, when I look towards Scotland, I feel only one draw-back from the happy recollection; and that is, that I may, with regard to the future, have excited in the minds of my most ardent friends there, hopes and expectations that I may either want the occasion, or want the

capacity, to realize. However, of one thing I am quite sure ; that, in whatever degree I may be found wanting, in a still greater degree they will be found indulgent and generous.

WM. COBBETT.

Bolt-court, Fleet-street, 7. Jan. 1833.



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